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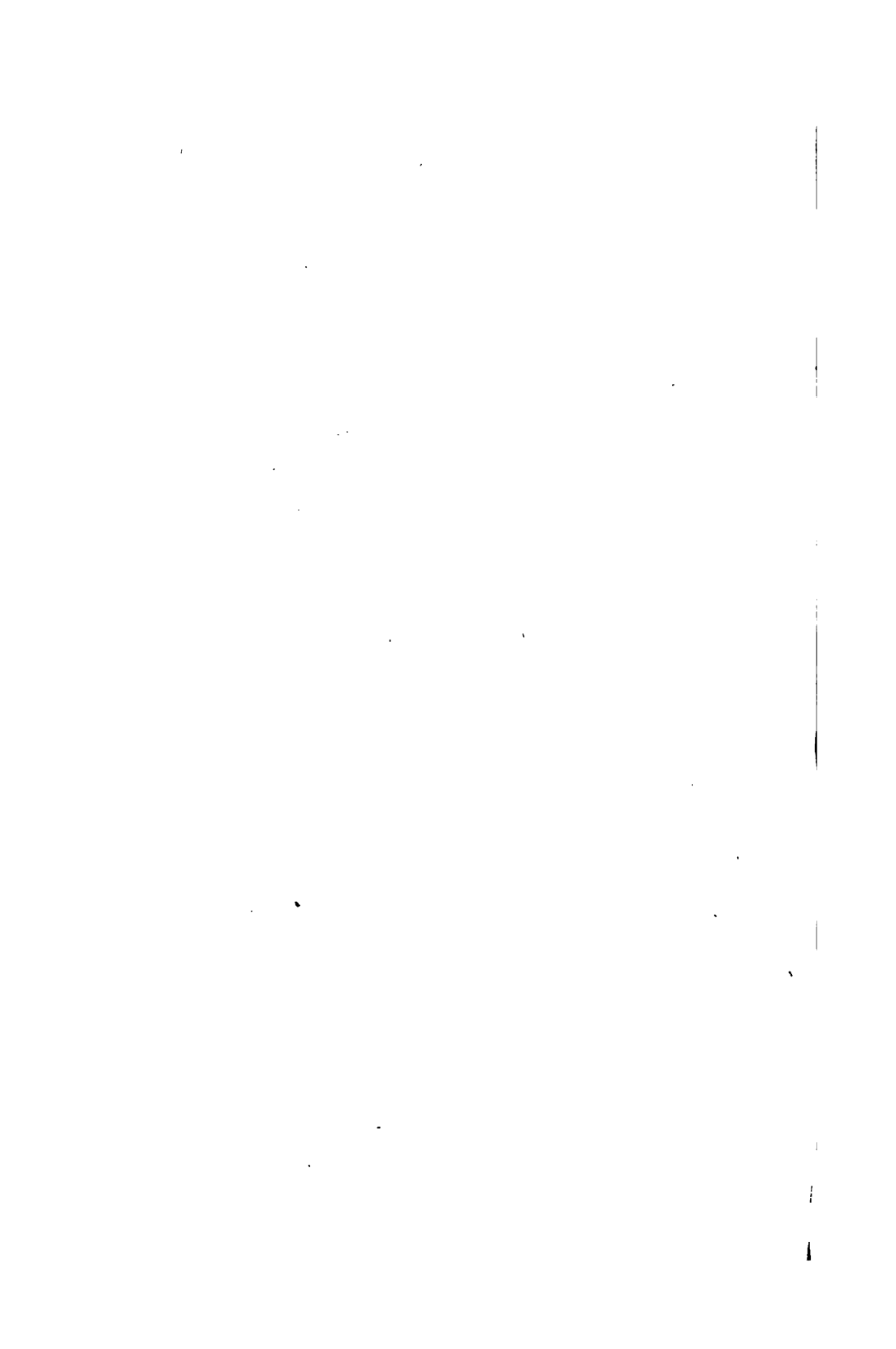
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47. 1710.





THE  
JESUIT IN THE FAMILY.

A Tale.



BY  
ANDREW STEINMETZ,

AUTHOR OF

"THE NOVITIATE; OR, THE JESUIT IN TRAINING. BRING A YEAR'S RESIDENCE  
AMONG THE ENGLISH JESUITS."

*Basf.*—Brief, then; and what's the news?

*Hub.*—Oh, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*King John*, Act v. Scene vi.

LONDON:  
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

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1847.

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Old Bailey.

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### ERRATA.

Page 115, last line, *for* approach *read* approached.

— 143, first line, *for* word *read* honour.

— 309, 9th line, *for* forget *read* forgot.

## PREFACE.

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### TO THE READER.

IN "The Novitiate" was exhibited the *Jesuit in training*. The present work is to display the *Jesuit in action*.

The Jesuit's "end" is the conquest of a soul, and all its contingences: his "means" are every motive-power that can influence the human heart.

The Jesuit is impelled by a self-idea: but his selfishness is not the littleness of common men. It is something preternatural. It scorns the petty motives of other men, and seeks to rival Providence in its comprehensive grasp. It is a mortal's infinitude.

To the Jesuit all things are "indifferent," except the "end" he has in view. That "end" of his endeavours may, with certain modifications, be common to the leaders of all professing Christians: but the main characteristic of the Jesuit is his tenacity of purpose — his determination to compass his "end" by all the means which he

believes the God of his cause offers for his appliance. For it were absurd to suppose that the Jesuits are not sincere in their desire to proselytize the world. They are sincere, — preternaturally earnest in this determination.

But their “means”—their method—their *modus operandi* strike us with dismay. And yet, could we enter into all their modes of reasoning, we might be compelled to justify their “means.” This is impossible:—hence we are not Jesuits.

But whence that energetic tenacity of the Jesuit? How is it that he exceeds all his competitors in the strength of his will: his yearning to gain a proselyte? We must find the answer in his protracted training: years and years indefatigably spent in acquiring knowledge of a peculiar kind—in preparing himself, by all the multitudinous exercises of his spiritual gymnastics: during all which time he has had but one object before his eyes—the great “end” of all his toil and trouble.

Is not this enough to effectuate in him a habit-will — a preternatural self-system, whose heart, “blind obedience to his superior,” shall vigorously beat at the word of command?

Now with this gigantic will to effect his “end,” how plausibly does he satisfy his conscience with the “inspiration” that He who made all things, made them for an end—that end himself: hence the Jesuits use all things to bring all to God—

after their own mode. Hence they work on the passions *by* the passions: hence they operate on the weaknesses of men *by* the weaknesses of men: hence all human woe or joy, pleasure or pain, are things purely “indifferent” in themselves: but, as *means*, they become of the first importance.

A glance at society in general, discovers similar principles influencing the conduct of men, in particular circumstances: but no attempt is made to justify the “means” by “the end” in view: if men are immoral, they are convicted by conscience, by the law of the land, by Christian morality. The Jesuits take a step in advance.

There is not a crime which is not directly, or by implication, permitted or palliated by their casuists, with certain specious conditions or mystifications. Surely if man sins by propensity and temptation, it is more than dangerous to supply him with seemingly good motives for his evil deeds. It is the intention which is to qualify an action: *intentio enim discernit actionem*, says the Jesuit Filliucius.\* In other words, you have but to impress your mind with the idea that you wish “to fulfil all justice,” and then break the commandments; you may “believe like angels, and sin like devils!”

Perjury, fraud, equivocation, falsehood in all its ramifications; murder and violence, and things not

\* Quest. Moral. Tract. xxv. c. 11, n. 331.

to be named: these are the crimes which we see permitted by the Jesuit-moralists, when deemed "expedient"—*cùm eis visum fuerit expedire*.<sup>\*</sup> Ample quotations were given in "The Novitiate:" Suarez, Sanchez, Reginald, Lessius, Fabri, Lacroix, Busembaum, Taberna, De Castro Palao, &c., all accredited Jesuits, may be referred to, in proof of this convenient and seemingly expedient morality.<sup>†</sup>

Meanwhile, the modern Jesuits are solemnly in earnest. The "end in view" glimmers in the distance, like the blaze of the shark at night, when he splashes on the phosphorescent waves of a tropical sea. They justify themselves to their consciences; and, after their own way, are the devoutest of men. They will talk divinity most divinely; morality most morally; and, unless you remember the Covenanters of old, you will exclaim in your heart's simplicity, "Your Jesuits are really most devout."

But was not that bewitching accomplishment thoroughly learned in the Novitiate? Is not the heart there blinded—and in its utter blindness, fashioned into the requisite shape by Holy Obedience? . . . .

Still, let us wonder at the personal and moral sacrifices which these men have made to accomplish

<sup>\*</sup> Escobar, Lib. Theol. Moral., 8vo. Lugd. 1659, in *Præf.*

<sup>†</sup> The English reader will find ample information on this subject in a work entitled "The Principles of the Jesuits." Rivington.

their "ends." They became Brahmins and Pariahs in India, in order to "ingraft" (such is the significant expression of the Jesuit Cahour)—in order to ingraft their curious bud of Christianity on Paganism. DE' NOBILI, JOHN DE BRITTO, BESCHI, and others have immortalized themselves as Jesuit Brahmins. How triumphantly does Father Cahour, a living Jesuit, translate the original narrative respecting these worthies!

"When," says he, "the Indian Brahmins beheld the European Brahmin dressed like themselves, speaking as well as themselves, resembling them in every feature, from the tuft of hair at the top of his shaved head, down to the socks or clogs, in which he moved with ease, despite the goading peg of wood by which they were held to the feet,—all were eager to see and hear him. Still there remained doubts respecting his titles of nobility. *He produced witnesses, and swore that he was from an illustrious caste.* The document was prepared; and the Roman Brahmin, juridically recognised, received the name of Tatouva Podogar Souami: that is to say, 'the man who has passed master in the twenty-five or ninety-six qualities proper to the true sage.'"<sup>\*</sup>

But to come nearer home—nearer the times in which we live. GEORGE GOBAT, a Jesuit, relates the following anecdote:—

"A merchant who had been given over by his

<sup>\*</sup> Cahour—*Des Jésuites*, Part II. p. 159.

physicians, desired that a Lutheran priest might be summoned to attend him. But his servants brought a Catholic. He had no sooner arrived than *he began to praise some of the excellences of Luther; for in the very devil himself some natural good qualities are to be found—in ipsomet demone sunt aliqua bona naturalia.* He secured the attention of the sick man, instructed him in the Catholic religion, heard his confession, administered the communion, and even to his latest breath exhorted him to acts of contrition. This merchant believed indeed that he was confessing to a Lutheran priest: for auricular confession, as Luther rightly, though contemptuously calls it, still prevails in many towns among the Lutherans; yet, in fact, he was only a Lutheran *materially*. Hence the deception in regard to the person of the confessor did not vitiate the confession.”\*

The Jesuit’s appliance of such and similar means—all in accordance with their “licenced and approved” casuistry, is the burthen of the narrative now offered to the world. It will be seen throughout that the Jesuits are perfectly in earnest. The Jesuits will be the first to recognise the fidelity of the pictures; though, of course, the last to make the acknowledgment.

The hero of the narrative is JESUITISM, as Satan is that of “Paradise Lost.” The principal per-

\* G. Gobat, Op. Moral. tom I. tr. 7, cas. 19, n. 619. Duaci, A.D. 1700.

sonage of the story is not a "hero" in the usual acceptance of the term.

Power and weakness, vigilant foes and undefended outposts,—such is the picture of the times in which we live, attempted in this narrative.

It is usual to describe a character, and then write up to the description. A contrary method is pursued in the present work. First impressions are described, or permitted to be made; but, as in society, the characters are left to attest, or belie, or correct those first impressions on further acquaintance.

To say that the "fiction" is "founded on fact" were to debit a very trite common-place: the reader will judge for himself from the heartfulness with which his friend, the author, has achieved his enterprise.

It has been his object throughout to avoid useless details, and obvious reflections; conscious, as he is, that the hearts whose sympathies he craves, need but prominent facts to arouse their generous emotions.

He is prepared for misrepresentation, and shrinks not from the ordeal,—animated by the hope that his book may do good service, by pointing out the awful effects of Jesuitism in its disregard for human suffering; by exhibiting the wiles and tricks of propagandism—in fact, "The very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."



His work is suggestive : his object is to enlighten mankind on the mystery of "conversions."

To the Jesuits, he believes, he has done ample justice : they will be found true to themselves on every occasion.

In conclusion, his sweetest hope is that many a gentle heart will find in him a sympathizing friend and defender.

ANDREW STEINMETZ.

*Garden Cottage,  
Fakenham, Norfolk, Feb. 1847.*

# THE JESUIT.

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## PART I.

### THE PLOT.

K. HEN. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;  
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife:—  
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

HENRY VI. Act v. Scene vi.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A DISCUSSION.

"BUT what reasonable objection can you make to the proposal?" said Mr. Devigne, addressing Mrs. Malcolm, his elderly sister.

"Objection? Every objection that religion and prudence can suggest."

"Religion! Prudence! Really I cannot conceive what *they* can object against my son's travelling on the continent. It seems to me that both religion and prudence demand that a change for the better should be effected in him; and this, I

B

think—nay, I am certain—will be brought about by travelling. For the last three years I have observed in Leonard, a morbid sensibility—a sort of sentimentalism; equally opposed, as I take it, to what even you understand by religion and prudence. If you think *my* opinion worthless, be satisfied with that of his tutor, who strongly advises the step.”

“His tutor, forsooth!”

This exclamation suspended the discussion for a moment. Mrs. Malcolm’s sarcastic irony was not without effect on her brother. He rejoined:—

“Do you know, sister, your pointed dislike to Mr. Bainbridge is less excusable than your religious alarms? I cannot account for it.”

“Nor I, brother.”

“From the very first you showed him little favour: you have been at times positively uncivil to him; and yet he has neither resented, nor complained of your treatment. He has given you some rare lessons of patience, allow me to observe, sister! I never saw two persons so successful in their respective determinations—*you* to try his temper in every possible way, and *he* ‘to possess his soul in patience,’ to borrow your favourite sentence. You have both succeeded; but all will allow the greater praise to Mr. Bainbridge. His ‘long suffering’ is truly wonderful; but his ‘soft word’ cannot, it seems, turn away the wrath of a woman. Why don’t you fulfil the Scriptures, if you won’t practise charity?”

“A truce to this irreverent bantering! Remem-

ber, brother, that you mock not *me*, but Him who inspired those words which you profane."

"Well, well; I stand corrected. But really, I am, and have been, very curious to discover the cause of your antipathy. How is it that every body else esteems the man? A favourite with all who know him: one of those rare men who have discovered the art of pleasing—who are born to make others happy; and in that fulfilment to be happy themselves."

"Mr. Bainbridge is obliged to you for a 'character.'"

"But what can *you* say against it? Take him in detail—analyze him—and state your objections. His politeness is proverbial—"

"I admit it—"

"His conduct strictly moral—"

"So it would appear—"

"He is open, generous, sincere—"

"Striking resemblances, I grant—"

"His learning immense—"

"Doubtless—"

"Again, his personal appearance is decidedly favourable: you were yourself struck with it, you remember; and allow me to remind you that you said a very kind word to him in the first interview."

"Yes! the hearts of the old as well as the young, may be surprised: but the former are sooner re-established. Mine was surprised: it is re-established. It is the very perfection which he displays, that makes me dread the man. He is

unnaturally captivating. In the tones of his voice, constantly varying—firm when speaking to men, soft to women, pleasing to all; adapted to all with wonderful skill—in all these traits I detect a self-possession,—a power that all the faculties of his mind have been enlisted to acquire, and that, too, with some mighty object in view. Oh! I have read enough—I know enough—of Romish arts to make me fear the wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Oh!—wonderful!—the truth is out at last! So you fancy that Mr. Bainbridge is a *Jesuit in disguise*! Truly your reasons are most fantastic. But surely 'tis not to me you would debit the absurd rumours of fanaticism about the existence of such disguises. If you have no better reasons than these for your antipathy, I will answer for their absurdity in the case of Mr. Bainbridge at least."

"Oh! I do not give reasons—I cannot give reasons in this case. 'Tis my *heart*—a mother's heart—trembling at the presentiment of peril, like the defenceless lamb when the tiger, unseen, is lurking at hand."

"Peril?" what can you mean? Explain yourself."

"Of what avail will be my explanation? To *you* it will be 'fantastic,' 'absurd,' 'illiberal,' as usual. You would reward my anxiety for your son with scorn, which, I feel, it does not deserve. I will only ask you one question: Are you sure that Mr. Bainbridge is what he professes to be—a clergyman of the Church of England?"

"Sure? How preposterous! Yes,—quite sure: and if he were not, he *deserves* to be one. I wish there were more like him. More like *him*, and fewer fanatics—whiners of Bible-texts—outrageous sticklers of exclusive opinions, yet faggot in hand against all who differ with them in interpretations wisely left open to the human mind: cuirassed in egotism, yet preaching charity sermons—Self-seekers, who find it to their purpose to make religion a terror, faith a bugbear; and, reversing the divine work, strive to make for our adoration a god after their *own* perverse propensities—after their own hearts!"

"Mercy! my dear brother. *Whose* portrait have you drawn?"

"That of your fanatics—and not that of Mr. Bainbridge, I am happy to say."

"Brother; again I ask you, are you sure that he is a Protestant clergyman?"

"And you'd have me repeat the same answer for ever? Did he not offer me numerous testimonials in your presence?"

"Yes; but you did not *take* them. You were too fascinated by the man's address and talk to examine them. You politely refused his offer. I was on the point of taking them, but, rising to do so, my handkerchief fell; he stooped to pick it up, and in doing so, returned his "testimonials" into his pocket. I deeply regret that I was weak enough to suppress the wish, baffled by his 'politeness.'"

"How unutterably absurd! And you have

treasured up these suspicions for three long years; contenting yourself with showing him a marked coldness of manner, which I attributed to a pardonable jealousy of his influence with Leonard."

"Brother, you are right: I have waited for proof. I have watched the object of my suspicion: I have watched him narrowly; and have been foiled at every point. In my utter despair of being able to detect him—for I believe him false,—I say this very unsurprising vigilance of the man has confirmed my suspicions."

"Upon my word you are a very polypus of perverseness! There's no escaping you. You believe the man guilty because you have discovered no proof of his guilt. This may be uncommonly good prejudice, but allow me to observe, 't is uncommonly bad law."

"Oh! a mother's heart cannot err in its instincts. By these intuitive instincts has God guaranteed the wellbeing of those who need a guide in their utter helplessness. Man, with all his boasted intellect, is often confounded. To whom shall woman fly for counsel, if God speak not to her heart? Yes; my heart tells me that the destiny of my nephew is about to be decided. Alas! you will let him stray without a guide into the land of the prowlers,—into the very den of the prey-beast, whose food is such as my poor nephew: the hungry tiger of corruption, that lurks in darkness to spring upon the weak in mind, the unwary, the undefended. Am I not a sufferer,—a bereaved mother?"

"Yes, yes. You allude to your son eternally; but it does not follow because *he* turned Papist, that Leonard will follow his example."

"It does not follow, I admit; but of what use is experience, if we expose ourselves to the same cause from which we have suffered? Ah! you are right; I do allude to my son. Take, then, a mother's warning. Two youths could not be more alike in disposition than Donald and Leonard,—I mean when Donald was my son. The same sensibility perpetually excited by a taste for all that the spirit of sadness broods upon; a self-tormenting, godless, irrational discontent,—a life of inner darkness, which even the natural light of day, so beautiful, ought to shame away. Donald had mind: he had heart; but they were not in his keeping: a spirit of darkness possessed them: his eyes were not opened to the light of the Gospel day.

"His father was dissatisfied, and sent him to travel; thinking, like you, that seeing sights would cure him. But what happened?—*he turned Papist!* He wrote me a long letter, setting forth his motives, and even urging *me*,—*me*, the descendant of Pierre Devigne, driven into exile by the revocation of that edict which scattered forty thousand Protestant families over the world, fleeing from the oppression of Rome;—Donald, the son of my own breast, insulted his mother with the sophistries of Rome,—seduced, perverted, ruined by the pitiless Moloch!

"I replied to his letter: which I strongly suspected

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was not written by Donald; for my son had been always affectionate, whereas the letter was formal, cold, repulsive,—a disgusting clap-trap dissertation. I commanded him to return to me. I received no reply. Letter after letter went in vain. His father left Scotland, resolved to assert his authority, and compel him to return. He reached Rome, went to the house to which he was directed, but they told my husband that no such person was there: all his inquiries came to nought. He wrote me word that Donald was not to be found: he feared they had sent him away!

“My poor husband caught the fever at Rome, and died there. Son and husband both taken from me by the same cause! Can you then wonder that the spiritual death of my son, and the loss of my husband, have made me what I am, and have been, for the twenty years that have elapsed since then,—an enemy to Popery, and all its deceits?”

“I feel for you, sister. Till now you have only alluded to that event: I never like to press the subject, evidently painful to your feelings. I grant that you have cause for indignant regret; but I can see no danger in Leonard’s case: it is a matter of nervousness—as I and Mr. Bainbridge take it to be,—a want of proper excitement, and certainly not a tendency to Romanism: which, by the way, he abhors *almost* as much as yourself. It’s the effect of home education; which, like home-brewing, is only fit for very small beer. You would have me remove him from Eton, where he would have been

drilled into fortitude. I complied. You see the consequence."

"You are then resolved to send him abroad with this man?" exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, trembling with emotion.

"I am."

The brother's reply seemed an echo,—so quick, short, and twitching was the word of final resolve. Who does not remember some such word—some such word of doom to the despairing heart?

"Then I tell you, brother, the day will come——"

At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and a third party entered. The aunt dried her tears; but the mother's recollections were renewed, and her anguish burst forth again when she beheld the mental image of her son in her nephew, devoted, as she believed, to the same sacrifice.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE FAMILY.

THE revocation of the Edict of Nantes gave this Protestant family to England.

Pierre Devigne, the emigrant for conscience sake, originally an extensive manufacturer, had retired from business with an ample fortune. The greater part of his wealth was vested in the English funds. To the shores of England he fled from the land of intolerance.

He purchased an estate in one of the southern counties, where he enjoyed to a good old age the rewards of his early industry, and died beloved and respected for his heart's uprightness and benevolence; for, commiserating the lot of his poorer fellow-exiles, he had built factories and given them employment. If his wealth was increased by this benevolent enterprise, it is only a proof that the human sympathies do not necessarily stand in the way of worldly advancement. The gains of selfishness are surely not more certain than the rewards of benefi-

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cence, though they *may* differ in their kind and duration.

It might be inferred that the persecution which had driven this true Protestant from the land of his birth, caused to rankle in his breast a hatred of the creed in whose defence that measure was deemed expedient;—that the self-tormenting passion would give him no rest whilst life and memory endured; but such was not the case. His was one of those hearts which are emphatically self-restorers. He was thankful for present blessings, striving incessantly to trace them even to past misfortunes. He remained true to his religion, and also true to his sympathising heart; and whilst he promoted the welfare of his religion in every possible way, he indulged his heart in all its glowing suggestions, for the good of our common humanity: thus, perhaps, he proved the divine influence—the reality of true religion.

Such was the great-grandfather of Leonard Devigne. It will be readily perceived that his father's character, as shown in the discussion just given, was but an exaggeration of the simple features which marked that of his grandfather: for the deviations from any given type of character might be traced to their causes, if the candour of parents, and the individual, would endure the ordeal of inquiry. But facts only are here required, as in the world at large; where the thoughtless stare and wonder, but the wise calmly observe and draw conclusions.

Leonard Devigne, an only child, was in his twentieth year. His mother died in childbed; and his aunt, Mrs. Malcolm, supplied the place of a tender, intelligent mother.

Mrs. Malcolm was now a widow for the second time: her first husband, as the reader remembers, having died at Rome, whilst in quest of his son.

The bent of her mind—determined, perhaps, by her son's prevarication—was not diverted by a long residence in Scotland: for her first and second husbands were both Scotchmen.

Mr. Devigne had objected to her first marriage; a quarrel ensued; the families neither met nor corresponded. Hence, perhaps, the little interest that Mr. Devigne seems to take in the fate of Donald, his sister's son, alluded to in the discussion. The nephew had scarcely ever heard the name of his uncle: domestic feuds scorch up the memories of the heart.

A reconciliation took place at the death of her husband; and Mrs. Malcolm continued to reside with her brother: with the exception of four years, during the life of her second husband, whose name she now bears.

A settled horror of the Roman Catholic religion possessed her mind, and rankled in her breast. "The plots and designs of Popery" always made her eloquent and impressive, when she detected their workings (as she always did) in all parliamentary intelligence that had the remotest reference to the Established Church and its prerogatives. To her

mind, the ruin of the Church was impending. Her argument would have had some effect on others: on strangers; but Mr. Devigne, a man who kept pace with the age and prided himself on his sagacity, invariably told his sister that she argued from false premises; that she began with hatred, and ended with rancour; and, "therefore," said he to her, "your arguments would do for the Inquisition or the Star Chamber, but not for the present age of enlightenment and liberality." It was the lady's misfortune to have been injured by Popery: hence she passed for an interested opponent; and as everybody could fancy what she *would* say, nobody cared for what she *said*: such is the march of intellect! The mother's allusion to the loss of her son would have touched a stranger's heart; but Mr. Devigne had heard the allusion so often, that it lost its power, and vanished unheeded: anticipated with certainty, and as certainly forgotten!

But, deeply read in divinity and church history, it was certainly excusable if Mrs. Malcolm's opinions were decided; and having long out-lived the tender passions, it was natural that their substitute, in woman—the sentiment of religion—should be in the ascendant. Religion (need the term be defined?) was her passion; and, therefore, *she* was sincere.

Hence, the early education of her foster-child was strictly religious: perhaps severely so; but the lady's motives were too good, or too strong, to admit of half-measures. Fearing to administer too little, some may say that she gave an over-dose. Of

course, this opinion will be hereafter expressed by those who "predict" a consequence *after* it has come to pass.

The child's progress corresponded with the teacher's solicitude. As may be imagined, the leading idea of her mind tinged all her inculcations. The pictures she exhibited to the boy as representations of Popery, tended to excite his naturally strong imagination to greater development: it was said that he grew up in "fear and trembling!"

This effect was simply sympathetic: the natural authority of the teacher implied conformity in the pupil.

Was there not danger in this? The youth might subsequently, as his mind expanded, see reason to doubt the inculcations, which seemed to have more of the exaggeration of passion than the conviction of judgment. One doubt leads to another: where will doubting end? Should this doubt ever occur, the reaction will be equal to the morbid excitement kept alive by the opposite cause: a stumbling man makes an effort—a violent effort at self-adjustment: there is a gravitating force which the mind resists with equal vigour; and the *passions* are not the least of its agents. Every one must be conscious of that indignation of the mind and the heart, at the discovery of having been deceived as to opinions or matters of fact. Few are satisfied with merely correcting the error: the impulse, once given, must be arrested by other motives.

Leonard was sent to Eton. His turn of mind

was now ill adapted for a public school. Without self-confidence in manhood or childhood, the intercourse of our fellow-strugglers in the world's pilgrimage is a constant source of suspicion, whose penalty is endless unrest and alarm.

Mrs. Malcolm interfered. She requested his removal. The father held out : " the whims of the boy must be checked : his crotchets were not to be humoured." Leonard's health failed. He was taken from school, and soon recovered.

Then Mrs. Malcolm obtained the doctor's opinion, that the boy's constitution was unequal to the hardship of a public school : he even indulgently added — " if Master Leonard were sent back to school, he (the conscientious doctor) would not answer for consequences !"

Mrs. Malcolm redoubled her entreaties : Mr. Devigne yielded. Perhaps his determined tone on the late occasion points to his conviction of having *erred* in yielding in the former.

Mr. Devigne advertised for a tutor. Amongst the innumerable host of applicants that besieged his door, within a few hours of the publication—all equal to the task : all eager " to suit"—he selected a " moderate" clergyman of the Church of England, according to the terms of the advertisement.

Mr. Devigne's sagacity exulted in having found the man who would counteract his sister's " fanaticism." *He* saw at a glance, like all sagacious observers, that he had found his man.

It was not " learning" that he required, in the



first instance ; nor "moral character," in the second ; nor "gentlemanly manners," in the third : and so forth down to the beggarly stipend of a footman. No: *he* wanted a "moderate" man—a "liberal-minded" man—neither a languishing saint nor a severe penitent—but a "moderate" man "to stem fanaticism" in his son : and "not over-dogmatical." The Rev. James Bainbridge united all the qualities which the advertiser did *not*, and did require ; and we have had Mr. Devigne's testimony to this important fact.

The Rev. James Bainbridge was installed tutor to the heir of Ringwood Hall, in the county of —.

Leonard was tall and slender : but his was the slenderness of the poplar, graceful withal. If the idea of mental and inner rest was not suggested by the ever-changing position of his lower extremities, whilst seated, there was pride in his erect head, which, nevertheless, occasionally drooped, as though indicating that benevolence which bends to human woe. There was high bearing, there was haughtiness in the quick mobility of his upper lip. His eyes, light hazel and brilliant, seldom ranged earthward ; his glance habitually shunned the horizon : it rose upwards, like the thoughts of ambition.

He seemed to be perpetually engrossed by thought ; but it was oftener the captivation of sentiment : a feeling—an emotion. Reflection was easy, but sentiment was natural. The former was the result of study ; the latter was the offspring of his peculiar disposition or early bent, or the influ-

ences that had warped his heart from childhood; for if his disposition was not born with him, he owed it to the circumstances of his training, under his respected aunt, and still more respected tutor. It were needless to state that he was dutiful to both.

To what but a generous and gushing nature shall we attribute that characteristic of the youth, which inspired love and won esteem, as often as occasion roused his heart's eloquence in behalf of suffering humanity?

If his supposed pride, occasional sullenness, haughtiness, and concentration of thought prejudiced you against him, that eloquence from its flood-gate would overwhelm the judgment—you felt persuaded that the man's ambition might be to *do good*. And whose is the heart that would not wish there were thousands of *such* aspirants in society, where mind, heart, and body, in the whirlpool of human wretchedness, cry for a helping hand from man to man? Such was the *youth*.

For the rest, Leonard Devigne will describe himself: he is the third party who suspended Mrs. Malcolm's prediction.

## CHAPTER III.

## JESUITISM.

“LEONARD, I have made all arrangements for your journey: you may start to-morrow.”

“To-morrow, brother! Why so precipitate? His wardrobe is not yet prepared.”

“I have made all arrangements, sister; he is quite ready to start as soon as possible.”

“I trust, dear brother, that you have matured this perilous step.”

“Perilous!—pshaw!”

“And not one word have you spoken to me of the matter, before execution.”

“Why should I? I think the step necessary. I knew you would object to it. I knew all your objections, and think them trivial,—absurd. Why should I expose myself to solicitations whose pestering continuance might wring from me the alteration of my purpose?”

“And this is the return for all I have done! I received the child from his dying mother—nursed him in infancy—was in all things a mother——”

"Spare me, sister!—spare me the implied accusation! I am grateful for all you have so kindly done. I appreciate fully all that you have done; but, as a father,—as a man, permit me for once to act from my own free will and judgment in the case of a son whose welfare is certainly as dear to me as it can possibly be to you. The time will come when you will confess that I am right, depend upon it."

"Never, brother—never! I feel that my nephew, my child, my son, is on the road to destruction. The imps of darkness clap their hands as their prey approaches. Oh, God! that I should have lived to see the day!"

"Good heavens! Is it possible that such sentiments can be called forth by so common an event as that of a youth travelling in search of recreation?"

"Not *that*, brother,—not *that*, but *the times in which we live*—his character—his—his companion!"

"Oh! sister, sister! Leonard, I appeal to *you*. What are your sentiments respecting Romanism? Have you given your aunt, or any one else, the remotest cause for suspicion on that score?"

"I am not aware that I have, father," replied the youth, astonished at the sudden appeal. He continued:—

"On the contrary, I have learned to detest the false religion; and I detest it heartily. I have never heard a word in its favour either from my aunt or my tutor; and I have sometimes been puzzled to reconcile some of your opinions with those which you permit me to hold."

"There!—now are you satisfied?" exclaimed Mr. Devigne, turning to his sister.

"Donald would have said as much," was the sad reply of the bereaved mother.

Mr. Devigne hastily withdrew, leaving Mrs. Malcolm with Leonard. The lady dried her tears, and taking his hand, thus addressed her nephew:—

"Leonard, your *trial* is now come to pass: you are led into temptation; let us pray that you be not delivered unto evil. Remember, oh! treasure in your heart all good doctrine,—all that you learned up to the time when you left my hands to be exposed to temptation in a public school, and then to return home to be given over to a teacher whose only care is 'to expand your mind,' careless of Gospel truth. To 'expand your mind,' and shake the foundations of faith; supplying its place with a phantom of belief, unreal, most deceptive! How pernicious is human learning!—how deceitful! It begins with pointing to God and Revelation; and when it has dazzled your eyes with its fair intentions, see how it leads you astray into the wilderness of doubt. Stumbling here, and stumbling there, asking your bewildered mind—'Is not this a contradiction?' till at length, what is your mind but a well furnished mansion, without the tenant, Faith, to bless Him who furnished it so well? Is not this your condition, dear Leonard? Are you as simple-hearted as you used to be? Whence this brooding sadness that dims your features at times? Of what are you discontented? Why do you not confide in me, and let me share your trouble? You are silent. I

cannot do the good I would do, nor prevent the evil I would avert! I submit to the will of Heaven! . . . . .

"How is it that your departure desolates my heart? How is it that I tremble as at some coming peril? . . . . .

"Oh! strengthen your mind,—fence in your heart against the attack! Midian is before you; you cannot turn aside. Put on the breast-plate of faith;—give battle, since you cannot avoid the unequal, desperate conflict!

"The enemy is fettered *here*; but when you leave these Protestant shores, remember that you tread over fearful mines and pitfalls. May the God who protected your fathers, driven into exile for their faith, protect and bring you back as true a Protestant as I *hope* you leave me!"

Mrs. Malcolm ceased for a moment; and thus resumed:—

"Your tutor goes with you. Better be alone than in the company of the wicked!"

"Wicked! aunt. I know not what you mean. I am bewildered. From my father's words it seems that you think me inclined to popery; and now you warn me against Mr. Bainbridge, and dangers which I cannot imagine likely to assail my faith, firmly Protestant as it is, if you will take my word."

"Leonard, I take your word; but I tell you again, beware of your tutor."

"May I ask, madam, why he must 'beware of his tutor?'" said the voice of one just entering the apartment. It was Mr. Bainbridge.

Silence ensued ; the tutor and pupil gazing fixedly at the venerable lady.

For an instant disconcerted, she recovered her self-possession, and returned the glance of the former with her large, bright, and steady eye, kindled into resentment, whilst she muttered in the under tone of passion :—

“ *You, sir, can answer that question better than I.*”

Mr. Bainbridge sighed, and turned his eyes upwards to the ceiling.

Mrs. Malcolm followed up the attack, apparently conscious of having disconcerted the enemy.

“ May I ask, sir, the cause of your unexpected intrusion ? ”

Mr. Bainbridge composed his features into their mildest expression, drew a chair, and seated himself right opposite the lady. He looked her blandly in the face, and said :—

“ I must beg your pardon for intruding, dear Mrs. Malcolm ; but as I was just about to start on a farewell visit to my relatives, I hoped you would excuse the interruption, when you knew my object. I have lately been informed that a popish priest has been visiting the neighbourhood, striving to gain what they call ‘ converts.’ I have not seen the person myself ; but have no reason to doubt the truth of the report. Popery is lurking in the very confines of the church.”

“ You are right, sir, you are right. Perhaps I am mistaken in you,” exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, too easily flattered by a sentiment which coincided with her dominant idea.

"Yes," continued Mr. Bainbridge; "Yes, Mrs. Malcolm, popery displays her seducing arts, enticing from the bosom of the church the guideless, the unstable, the infirm of our Protestant homes."

These were almost Mrs. Malcolm's *own* words. She exclaimed:—

"Ah! too true, too true; go on, sir; I fear I have wronged you."

"Wronged me, madam!"

"Go on, Mr. Bainbridge. At last I have found some one to agree with me on this momentous peril. Go on, sir."

"Yes; the emissaries of Rome are abroad—the terrible Jesuits creep and crawl, meditating destruction. And mark here the last trick of the serpents! They scatter abroad the pestilence of calumny against the true defenders of our Protestant faith. All who strive by all means to meet them in their own ground, with their own weapons, that is, with learning, meekness, and good address, are reported by these execrable Jesuits, to be—what? *Jesuits in disguise!* Yes, madam, *I* have been pointed out by these enemies of our faith, as a Jesuit in disguise! . . . . .

"But what is the calumny of men against the testimony of conscience? Why should we eschew good through fear of misrepresentation? Does not the Apostle enjoin us to make ourselves all things to all men, with the hope of winning them to God? I need not remind you, Mrs. Malcolm, of the scripture text."

"'Tis in the first epistle to the Corinthians,



ninth chapter, and twenty-second verse ; ' I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some : ' " said the poor lady, readily and with solemnity ; nor was it difficult to perceive that she was glad of the opportunity to show that she had read her Bible with care and attention. If men are flattered by being led into a quotation, why not women ? Mr. Bainbridge resumed :—

" Thus endeavouring to use all means in order to promote salvation among men—to render our holy religion attractive in their eyes—sanctifying, so to speak, the weakness of nature in the service of the Lord, I have made myself not a few enemies, whom I forgive most heartily. For 't is excusable in the best of Christians to suspect *evil in evil times*."

" How well you express my sentiments in that last sentence, Mr. Bainbridge. What you said before respecting ' the sanctification of the weakness of our nature,' and so forth, is perhaps going rather too far to meet the enemy on his own ground, and with his own weapons ; but I admit the principle—the broad principle ; and you have worded my sentiments most admirably. Why did you not express yourself thus candidly before ? "

" Surely, dear madam, you know the reason."

" Oh, yes ! My irreverent brother would have scoffed at you, as he does at me May Heaven lead him to a right mind ! "

" I am rejoiced to find that we are one in opinion, good madam. And now will you tell me the cause of your dislike to me—of your—"

" Let it rest, Mr. Bainbridge. I see my error.

I was carried away by a rash judgment. I have wronged you. I am frank to own my faults. I was wrong."

"Enough, dear madam. Whatever may have been your error in my regard, it is more than corrected by your present approbation. I cannot express the joy of my heart at the possession of that approval. The approval of the good and wise is the guarantee of supernal approbation: God speaks by the mouth of the good and wise . . . . You have done me good, dear madam. You have *confirmed* me in good. Let that conviction be a source of comfort to you: from the *evil*, suspicion, you have brought forth *good*, that is, confirmation in rectitude. Your nephew too, my esteemed pupil, will also derive benefit from this explanation: for the fact cannot be concealed that—that—"

"Yes, I admit that my conduct was calculated to prejudice him against you, his tutor; and I am to blame. But I erred with a good motive, dear sir: the same motive will now make me your friend."

"And I am right glad of it," shouted Mr. Devigne, who had entered ere the lady finished her sentence. "Right glad of it, indeed. Well, I am rejoiced to find that you *can* listen to reason, sister. . . . . But it is the medicine of truth in the honey of persuasion."

"My mind is partly relieved] of 'its burthen, Mr. Bainbridge. Still I cling to the thought of Leonard's danger in the land of Popery: but *you* will defend him."

"Oh! he's safe enough, sister. Believe me, if you take care of yourself the imps of Popery can't harm you: 't is *our* weakness that makes *them* strong."

Perhaps it will be supposed that this triumph of Mr. Bainbridge has been too easy: but let the means be well considered; the strong appeals to the lady's ruling sentiment, to agree with which is the flattery the most effectual on the human heart. Persons of decided, headstrong opinions—such as Mrs. Malcolm — are rarely, if ever convinced; argument is powerless: but they are easily flattered into friendship when they find what seems to be a congenial sentiment;—for, how can they resist esteeming those who are wise enough to entertain the same sentiments with themselves? Moreover, there is much more in the expression than in the mere words of a flatterer; his eyes, the muscles of his face, his mouth, the tones of his voice, become, as it were, magnetic, and the result is fascination.

The reader may remember how Chesterfield gained a vote from a decided opponent, by humouring his hobby—which was the paramount efficacy of blood-letting in all diseases. The flatterer incidentally expatiated on the topic,—and ended with baring his arm. He lost a pound of blood—but gained the vote.

Mr. Bainbridge immediately left Ringwood-hall "on a farewell visit to his relatives."

## CHAPTER IV.

## TWO JESUITS.

IN the highest story, almost in the attic, of the venerable mansion which Providence has permitted to shelter the sons of Ignatius, in England, was the Provincial's apartment.

The walls were bare; a table, covered with green baize, stood in the centre; two chairs there were,—one for the questioner, the other for the questioned: the Provincial's room is not for conversation.

A portrait of Ignatius hung over the mantel-piece; one of the Virgin Mary was opposite. In a corner of the room was an oaken desk, surmounted by a crucifix; on the same side stood a four-post bed, of the commonest wood, hung with curtains of the coarsest material. The floor was *not* carpeted.

The chairs are filled; the lamp is burning; you see two Jesuits;—one is the Provincial of England, the other is Father Powel, otherwise, the *Rev. James Bainbridge*.

“How fares the holy work?”

“’Tis perfected, Father.”

“ Per—fect—ed ! . . . ”

The Provincial raised his eyes from their custody, and, with a bland smile mantling his pale cheeks, he peered in the face of his companion, articulating the words—

“ Per—fect—ed ! ”

“ The youth leaves England with me to-morrow evening.”

“ Then you should have said, the work is *begun* : much yet is wanting to completion. But our prayers and efforts are so far blessed, God be praised ! *Benedicamus Domino* ! What a field of vision is opened to us from this Pisgah ! When the father of the youth demanded a tutor for his son, we began to approach the mountain ; then we began to mount ; now we have gained the top thereof—how splendid is the view ! How the prospect enlarges—spreads in length and breadth—it has no bounds. *Benedicamus Domino* ! Well, 't is well. Now to the state of matters. State all that you know of the family, just as if you had never touched on the topic to me on any previous occasion. I wish now, at this stage of the proceedings, to have a full, clear, substantial account, with ulterior views. I shall take notes. First, as to the youth.”

“ The heir of Ringwood Hall will succeed to a fortune of five thousand a year.” \*

\* Mr. Bainbridge is here mistaken : Mr. Devigne's extravagance suggested his computation. His real income was not more than half that sum, even at his father's death. Still the reader will bear in mind the *expectations* of the Jesuits.

"Entailed?"

"Not entailed."

"His age?"

"Nearly one-and-twenty."

"His form and figure?"

"Comely."

"His talents?"

"Of the first order."

"His disposition?"

"Gloomy—difficult to be understood—self-willed—proud—violent: thus at times; as it were a fit, a paroxysm more physical than mental. It passes off, the youth is gentle, mild, affable, meek, engaging."

"How disposed as to the tender passion?"

"Apparently innocent—modest—timid in the presence of women."

"No natural bias whence you conclude an inclination to our holy religion, in the absence of all insinuations direct or indirect, which at the present stage you have scrupulously avoided?"

"Yes, poetry, painting, music, excite his enthusiasm: with *him* they excite emotions; he *savours* their inspirations, and often outsoars his author on the flight of fancy."

"And yet you have said—"

"He speaks venom against our holy religion."

"You think his hatred sincere?"

"I do: he was perverted by his aunt."

"Of the woman presently. Now as to the father. His age?"

"Fifty-five."

" His health ?"

" Good."

" His character ?"

" Weak till shamed into manliness—then violent, obstinate : a scoffer, irreligious, vain."

" His ruling passion ?"

" The bestial love of women."

" Many proofs of the same ?"

" Many."

" Amongst the poor, or the rich ?"

" The former."

" Have you diligently inquired into all the circumstances respecting this most important matter ?"

" I have."

" Is there one whom he loves or seeks with more passion than the rest ?"

" There is."

" And she is—"

" A mother."

" The age of the child ?"

" Eight."

" Healthy, or diseased ?"

" Diseased—consumptive—cannot live long."

" He lavishes much wealth on these sinners ?"

" He does : he is liberal ; spends freely."

" The child with the mother lives—"

" Not far from the Hall."

" Good. Now as to the aunt ?"

" We are reconciled."

" How long since ?"

" Four-and-twenty hours."

"Good. It had not been wise before : *intimacy leads to questions hard to be answered*. You will leave the impression you have made. She will molest us no more. How did you conciliate her?"

"By the means you permitted."

"Good. But you gained the preliminary facts?"

"I did."

"How?"

"I listened to a discussion between the woman and her brother, and heard her denouncement of me."

"You heard the discussion — state its purport."

"The brother announced the intended departure of the youth, advised by me; the aunt objected; he resisted, remembering my observations on the subject. I was denounced by the woman; the brother defended me."

"Nothing else of importance?"

"Your messenger called me away; I obeyed, and lost the end of the discussion."

"Bad. 'T is of importance that *all* should be known. Can you not divine its import?"

"I cannot."

"It may be important. What is her age?"

"Sixty, I presume."

"Any children?"

"None."\*

\* It may seem strange that Mr. Bainbridge was uninformed on this point : but the fact is, Mrs. Malcolm studiously refrained from alluding to her misfortune in the presence of Mr. Bainbridge, lest the fact



"A widow?"

"Yes."

The interrogation ended; the Provincial folded up his papers, rose from his seat, and knelt before the crucifix. He repeated the *Veni Creator*, or invocation of the Holy Ghost, Father Powel alternating the stanzas of the hymn. At its termination he rose, and paced the room. After musing for a few minutes, he began:—

"You have done well. You have begun the holy work: you will continue it with assistance. Your object will be to reach Rome as soon as possible, and there Father Fraser will complete your work. Still continue as you have been with regard to your assumed profession—endure the vile semblance, for the sake of the glorious end in view. Scorn the semblance of a false religion in your heart, whilst you wear its credentials. They were given to you by their so-called bishops—*use* them to confound those who *abuse* their name without authority from Christ and his holy apostles. Endeavour to neutralize the youth's mind—unsettle his mind; but speak as you have spoken of our holy religion, if you cannot avoid the subject altogether. For we must do nothing *superfluously*. *Nihil nimis*. Above all, keep the youth from evil company: the bonds of the flesh extend to the mind: to refrain from women and strong wine enables us to rule those

might redouble his caution, which she suspected all along: besides, she rarely spoke to that gentleman; and Mr. Devigne took no interest whatever in his nephew.

who indulge in both. A chaste life is a mental life : its thoughts are the oracles of God.

“ Farewell, brother ! May the grace of our Lord direct you ! and holy Father Ignatius and our blessed Lady be with you to forward the holy work ! Farewell ! ”

On the following evening, Leonard Devigne and his tutor set out on their travels. The prospect enlarges—the plot advances.

There is a feeling which may be called the sublime of enthusiasm ; it is that which fills the breast when we first embark in some promising enterprise. The blood flows more freely, the heart beats more manfully. Even external nature seems to partake of the mind's exaltation ; and if perchance we happen to be on ship-board—the anchor weighing—men cheerily singing—sails swelling, impatient to waft the ship over the ocean—then the transports of the soul are at the highest, the body's energies are doubled by the stimulant of fancy, the idea of obstacles totally vanishes—we have but to “ go forth and conquer ! ” Feelings of this nature gladdened the heart of the tutor and his pupil on their departure. Their motives were different, but the result was the same. The former spoke not of his inner ravishings : the latter spoke of nothing else ; for all emotions in the young are like those of love—we can with difficulty conceal them—“ from the abundance of the heart the mouth ” *must* speak. With regard to the tutor, however, it will be soon evident that—

“ Checks and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear’d,  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain,  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth ! ”

Still,

“ The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below ”—

shall it fail “ in the promised largeness ? ” . . . We must have patience : the Jesuit *will* have patience.

Meanwhile, an important event is about to take place in the family. A fortnight has elapsed since Leonard’s departure. During the day, Mr. Devigne has been somewhat restless, thoughtful, absent in mind : in the evening, the following conversation naturally began between the brother and his affectionate sister.

## CHAPTER V.

### A LETTER, AND A DEATH-BED.

"How you are changed, brother! Are you ill? Is it the absence of Leonard that afflicts you? You seemed, too, in such good spirits at his departure. What ails you, brother?"

"Do I seem ill, sister? I am quite well—only a little bothered—but it will pass over."

"Have you heard from Leonard?"

"I have, this morning."

"Has he written anything that annoys you?"

"Not the least in the world. Quite the contrary. Every word gratifies me. Never thought there was so much in the fellow. See what travelling will do for him. I was just going to read the letter to you."

"Do, brother; I hope you are not deceived in your interpretation of good!"

"Well, judge for yourself."

"MY DEAR FATHER.—I doubt not that you will be exceedingly pleased to hear that we are safe

in Paris, and in excessively good quarters. I am very happy — happier than I can find words to express.

“Bewildered by the strange but delightful sensations produced by all that I can see and hear, it seems to me that I am only just born in a new world created for my own special enjoyment. An extraordinary fancy, no doubt: but I can by no other expression convey an idea of the emotions that fill me with endless delight. There is positively nothing that does not awaken pleasant, buoyant thoughts in my mind, whilst my heart melts with gratitude to the bountiful Creator, who has fashioned the mind to find everywhere the features of perfect beauty, to ravish the heart, and compel it, by this sweetest violence, to believe in, and long for that heaven of which all beauty on earth is but a shadowy image.’

“Now, didn’t I tell you that travelling would cure him? Did you ever hear anything like that from the stupid dreamer of former days? Mr. Bainbridge was right. He said: ‘all he needs is food for his eyes and ears: he suffers from mental starvation.’ And so it was. Just observe how he has digested his first meal. But listen:—

“Every sense is intensely gratified: my heart is surfeited with human kindness. What a world to remain unknown so long!

“We had a delightful voyage across the Channel.

As neither Mr. Bainbridge nor myself was troubled with sea-sickness, I preferred to remain on deck; and Mr. Bainbridge consented.

“I shall never forget the feelings that agitated my heart at the sight—the first sight of the ocean, made one vast picture—the steamer in the centre, the chief point of attraction—the beautiful blue waves in every variety of shade and light, stretching to the circling frame of the picture, the distant horizon. Rapidly cleaving the waves at every revolution of the mighty wheels—at every moment receding from the point of departure, and nearing our destination—and yet, seemingly still there, in that same, identical spot, the eternal centre of that eternal circle! How curious! I made the remark to Mr. Bainbridge, and he observed:—

“Such is man in the centre of God’s providence. He is carried forward by forces which he feels and sees in operation: but who can compute his progress to the haven of bliss? Nay, in his impatient infatuation, he complains that he does not even approach it. And yet, in the bark of Providence he is incessantly, though invisibly moved onwards—onwards for ever,—if, upright in heart, firm in faith, unshaken in hope, he yields himself, without reserve, so that in all things he may say, Thy will be done!’

“There, sister, there’s something for *you*.”

“The thought is indeed well conceived,” said Mrs. Malcolm; “I am glad we came to an explanation.

'Tis a beautiful thought, full of consolation. It could only occur to a good man. I wronged Mr. Bainbridge, and am sorry for it."

"I always told you so, but you will never listen to me."

"Go on with the letter, brother."

"I doubt not that aunt will be highly pleased with this thought. I told Mr. Bainbridge so; and he said 't was very likely, for he had heard her express a sentiment very like it. "Indeed," said he, "I freely give your aunt all the merit. So if you think of repeating it to her, don't fail to make my acknowledgment." I was much pleased with this generous candour of Mr. Bainbridge: and I hope that aunt has altogether, and for ever, recovered from her unkind feeling against Mr. Bainbridge.'

"I have, I have; he is a good, kind man, to think of me so generously."

"I love him more than ever: I esteem him more than ever. What mind! what expression! what fluency has he exhibited in conversation! He knows everything. The passengers flocked around to listen to him: all were delighted.

"We made an acquaintance, or rather I was introduced to a passenger who recognised in Mr. Bainbridge, an old friend from whom he had been long separated. His name is Count Emile de Valremy; a perfect gentleman: speaks several

languages, has travelled extensively, and is exceedingly well read.

“‘You, father, would like him very much; but perhaps he speaks with too much relish of worldly matters; at all events, Mr. Bainbridge, perceiving, as he thought, that I liked to listen to the Count’s anecdotes of life, cautioned me against the worldliness of his ideas, and the sensualism which tinged his discourse; but, he added, nothing is positively evil; there is good in everything to an upright mind; the Count’s experience may be theoretically useful to you: the son of a gentleman needs some knowledge of the world, provided always his heart be upright.’

“Mr. Bainbridge is charitable; I do not like this Count. ‘My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path.’ I don’t like that man,” said Mrs. Malcolm, somewhat excited.

“Now, I *do*, sister. Leonard is not to be a monk, nor anything of the sort. I *wish* him to know the world,” retorted Mr. Devigne, now considerably recovered from his late sadness. In fact, the letter had quite warmed the man at the second perusal: perhaps this effect was owing to the remarks elicited.

“Go on,” said the sister.

“‘I confess, dear father, that I like the Count amazingly.’



"Mercy!" ejaculated Mrs. Malcolm.

"I have been much in his company, and like him more and more. By his advice I have commenced fencing and pistol-exercise, and have already astonished him by my progress. I contrived to disarm him yesterday: but I suspect he *let* me do it by way of encouragement. He has introduced me to a large circle of his acquaintance and——."

"Come in," said Mr. Devigne, in answer to a knock at the parlour-door.

The servant entered with a note. Mr. Devigne hastily broke the seal.

"What's the matter, dear brother?" exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, alarmed at the sudden paleness of her brother's face.

"Oh! nothing, nothing. Here, sister, finish reading the letter yourself. I must go instantly."

Mr. Devigne left the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not far from Ringwood Hall was a neat little cottage. There was a flower-garden attached, and the sides of the cottage were overlaced by the climbing rose; the clematis adorned and perfumed its trellised verandah. It was a lovely retreat in summer, and in winter not without beauty: ever-greens and biennials, hoping to bloom with the coming spring, were its adornments then.

The door of that cottage opens; a father is admitted to the death-bed of his child. The father is

Mr. Devigne. The child has not an hour to live; and yet how sweetly he smiles. That poor child! Decline—the malady of the gentle-hearted—makes life a lingering sigh, but throws a mantle of grace over grisly death.

The fragrance of spring-flowers scattered over the bed fills the room; their mingling tints relieve the whiteness of the coverings that conceal all but the face and hands of the dying child. Sweet child! How happy he seems! Else, whence that heavenly smile?

In his hands he clasps an ivory crucifix. See how fervently he presses the image to his lips. A wax taper burns beside the bed. He has received the Holy Chrism—he is prepared for death: he is willing to depart. A mother is beside him: he bids her not weep: he is so happy to die. And shall we all thus part without regret from those we love most fondly? Or, is it the bliss of those only who die in innocence—who have not as yet quite *left* that heaven to which they would so eagerly return?

The priest and the mother are kneeling beside the Catholic child: they have been repeating the “*Litany for a Happy Death.*” Listen to the two last petitions.

*The Priest.*—“When my soul trembling on my lips, shall bid adieu to the world, and leave my body lifeless, pale, and cold, receive this separation as a homage which I willingly pay to thy divine Majesty; and in that last moment of mortal life—”

*The Mother and Child.*—"Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me!"

*The Priest.*—"When at length my soul, admitted to thy presence, shall first behold the splendour of thy Majesty, reject me not, but receive me into thy bosom, where I may for ever sing thy praises; and in that moment when eternity shall begin to me—"

*The Mother and Child.*—"Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The father has entered the room, and kneels beside his child; and when the priest ended the prayer of the Litany, the sorrowing father said "Amen!" And then he rose.

"Father, dear."

"My poor child!"

"Oh! I am so happy. Kiss me, father dear."

"Oh! is there no hope?"

"Yes, father dear, in Jesus. I go to Him. Kiss me, father! Kiss me, mother. O, Jesus! sweet Jesus, bless my father! Bless him with the true faith of Thy holy church! Holy Mother of God, save my mother!"

"My poor, dear child!"

"Oh! do not weep for me, father. I am so happy. I am glad to go. But you can make me happier still, father, dear."

"How? my poor, dear child!"

"Promise me to be a Catholic—oh! promise me, father, dear. God, Jesus, the blessed Virgin will love you and give you a happy death like mine.

Promise, father, and let me go to tell the saints and angels—will you not promise, father, dear?”

“I will, I will; my poor, dear child!”

“Jesus, Holy Mother of God, receive my soul! I come, I come!”

“My child! my poor, dear child!” the father cried, and kissed his lips: but his soul was departed: his child was dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

The priest of the scene we have just witnessed was Father Percival, otherwise *Mr.* Percival, a Jesuit.

## CHAPTER VI.

## MYSTIFICATION.—A MAGDALEN, AND EXPLANATIONS.

Six weeks have elapsed since the event just described. Ringwood Hall has witnessed the grief of a father mourning for his child—desponding, desolate.

Mr. Devigne and his sister have visited their relatives in Scotland. Mrs. Malcolm proposes to remain in that country till the winter. Mr. Devigne has returned to Ringwood Hall.

The change of scene has not dissipated the fond father's grief; and the last words of his dying child still linger in the chamber of his heart.

Those who are blest with the power to console us in affliction gain influence in our hearts; esteem repays them with gratitude, and love weaves a spell around the consoler, from whom we tear with difficulty our parched and thirsty souls. Was it to be wondered at that Father Percival, the "priest" of the dying scene, became dear to the bereaved parent whose grief he had assuaged, or endeavoured to

assuage; whose affliction he seemed so deeply to commiserate in the days of his mourning? . . . . .

Frequent interviews had taken place. The Jesuit consoled, entertained, pleased his visitor; and Mr. Devigne at length found it impossible to pass a day without visiting Father Percival.

It is a very pleasant thing to most people to meet with a clergyman who does not "bore them" by "obtruding" sacred topics into general conversation; and, nevertheless, who has the art to dismiss them in good humour with themselves, and all the world besides.

Had you asked Mr. Devigne, on leaving the Jesuit, what his conversation had been about, he might have been at a loss to reply; but if you had asked him whether it had been satisfactory, he would have answered with an emphatic affirmative.

What! the Jesuit did not strive at once to "convert" him?—did not bewilder him with texts from Scripture, and arguments from tradition; in fact, lost the golden opportunity?—Not the least in the world.

How then did it happen that Mr. Devigne's library now presented a whole shelf of controversial works, the divine panoply of Roman Catholicism? It were invidious to offer an opinion,—the fact must speak for itself. Are not children cheated into the alphabet by attractive toys given them by way of pastime? And can you not induce a man of a "liberal, inquiring spirit," to "weigh both sides of a question," just—only *just* "to form a relative

opinion of their respective merits?" Listen to this disinterested guide to the well of truth.

"Here, sir, is an author who treats his subject very candidly, but is, perhaps, rather severe on what he deems historical falsifications; but he is so earnest that *you*, my dear sir, will be pleased with him, though not persuaded. . . . Oh! here we have quite a different mind. It's all logic—mathematical demonstration: you'll be at home with *this* author. Yes,—you may find something in *this* worthy; but the fact is, he was a convert, and so you must not judge too harshly his wild denunciations. In his later works, he cooled down to a more rational fixity. In short, my dear sir, I'll send you *all*:—reject or embrace according to your right judgment."

*Perhaps* Mr. Devigne's controversial shelf has been filled with this philosophical intention,—“only *just* to form a relative opinion,” &c.

So much for the controversial shelf.

The mother of Mr. Devigne's child has been *reformed*, or rather, reclaimed. She has become a “fervent communicant,” under Father Percival.

Letters have passed between Mr. Devigne and the Magdalen. He solicits with earnest entreaty. She refuses with deliberate firmness—as it would seem, of course.

Passion, in a weak mind, is increased to phrenzy. Mr. Devigne proposed marriage. Here is the Magdalen's reply:—

“Deeply sensible of my past errors, I have prayed to Heaven for grace to make amends in the

time allotted to me, by the practice of that holy religion which I have disgraced by my former excesses.

"This is the fervent wish of my soul. My religion offers to such as myself a refuge and a home; a haven of rest and repentance. Too late have I thought of my God. What have I to offer to my Creator but a body of sin, and a soul of guilt? And still, in His mercy, He will deign to accept even that unworthy offering, in consideration of the merits of Christ and the Saints.

"*A life of penance awaits me in the cloister.* Such is my determination, with the approval of my spiritual director. In a very short time my resolve, with the blessing of God, shall be accomplished.

"You offer me the holy state of matrimony. *I am unworthy of it.*

"My prayers shall be offered up—fervently offered for you. Yes, I shall incessantly pray for the fulfilment of that *sacred promise which you made to our dying child*; and may his prayers in heaven be the blessed means of uniting us hereafter in a holier love than that which existed between us here below.

"God bless you!"

---

On the reception of this reply, Mr. Devigne hastened at once, *as was expected*, to his "friend," the Rev. Thomas Percival. The interview must be given in full. Of course it is premised that Father Percival knew already as much of the subject as



Mr. Devigne himself, and a little more besides ; so that with the understanding that Mr. Devigne has explained the object of his visit, and the cause of his agitation, (to the apparent surprise of Mr. Percival), the parties will proceed to explain themselves.

“ I believe, sir, she is your penitent ? ”

“ She is : but perhaps, my dear sir, you will permit me to observe that I cannot with propriety entertain any question or proposition that may have reference to that relation.”

“ Oh ! certainly not, my dear sir, I respect your honourable feeling, and would be the last person to compromise you. All I would ask you is whether you will use your influence to retard her hasty resolution, if only for a fortnight. Oh ! sir, you will befriend me greatly : I am distracted.”

“ Compose yourself, my dear sir : *you may rely on me*, Mr. Devigne.”

“ Thank you, thank you. Such boundless kindness as I have experienced at your hands in every interview, has found me most grateful, I assure you. Ah ! you have at least *charity* on your side, Mr. Percival ; and I, for my part, know not what can be conclusively advanced against the *faith* you profess.”

“ Let not your feelings overpower your judgment to make hasty admissions, dear Mr. Devigne. Continue your search after truth. The spirit of Truth will direct your conscientious pursuit.”

“ I'll be candid, at once. I see my way pretty

clearly through your *arguments*, and *doctrines*: but 'tis the trammels of your *practice*—the necessity, the humiliation of auricular confession, for instance, which seems so hard to admit and comply with!"

"You say rightly '*seems*,' my dear sir: it only *seems* so. Were you to embrace the faith, you would not find it so in reality. But after all, my dear sir, what *is* this redoubtable confession? What is it but the declaration to a devoted friend, of those facts which all the world, or many acquaintances, may know; or what you may have admitted, nay boasted of, to the companions of your pleasures! 'Tis, then, only the *name* that revolts us, after all!"

"Very true: but one's *most secret thoughts* and *propensities*!"

"I admit that objection: human nature must be tenderly dealt with: we feel the pang of humiliation: I have often felt it: but I have also felt the solace of being strengthened in good resolve by confessing my temptations. 'Tis *faith*, my dear sir, and its peculiar grace that will remove the blind from self-love, sanctifying our common worldly candour, and rewarding our seeming humiliation with the greatest of blessings—a heart at rest, desires controlled, and a soul in peace."

"If such be the effect, Catholics must have a vast advantage over Protestants. Indeed your words have a strange effect on me. You have explained away my greatest difficulty—more by your manner,

and sincerity of speech, than the argument itself, though I am compelled to admit the force of your allusion to every-day experience."

"And as to your *other* difficulties, whatever they may be, rest assured that having once embraced the faith on general conviction, you will find the way to their removal progressively smoothened; and you will smile at the gorgons you behold through the distorting lens of your fancy. Our church is a mother: she commiserates the weakness and frailty of our nature: she exacts nothing above our strength. Directing the strong, she encourages the weak: lightens or bears the burthen of the latter, with the superabundant strength of the former by grace made perfect,—uniting all in a holy brotherhood, whose object and end are reciprocal aid and support."

Mr. Devigne evinced a silent admiration: Mr. Percival continued:—

"But disregard *my* remarks on the subject, my dear sir; or, if you admit their weight, let it be rightly estimated, not exaggerated. Your own conscientious conviction must lead you in all things. We are accused of proselytising:—but a knowledge of facts would disabuse public opinion. We remove difficulties from the path of conscientious doubters: but we tempt them not. Truth needs no enticements. Religion is not a trade. We have no barterers amongst us. Christ expelled them from the temple. But if we strive to practice that

blessed charity to all men, which is the first of commandments, why should our motives be called in question? May not these motives be good as well as bad? But we are accused of coveting power, influence, favour, wealth. We are wronged. The effect is not the cause; why are they confounded? If we possess power, influence, favour, wealth, these *effects* must be traced to the gratitude of the human heart, not to the covetings of those to whom they are given."

"You have proved to *me*, dear sir, how worthy you are of influence and favour by your kind sympathy; and if all your brotherhood be as worthy as yourself, you have been traduced indeed."

"But, my dear sir, we do not complain. No. Permit us to proceed *apostolically*;—in 'good repute' or 'evil repute,' what matters it, if we reach the appointed goal—the approval of Him who sent us? Time proves all things: opinions leave us undecided. We depend on our cause: we believe it to be the cause of God. There is all power in that conviction.

"But to return to our starting point, my dear sir, *you may depend on my friendship*," added the Jesuit, with the blindest smile imaginable: a smile that seemed no more compatible with his previous determined earnestness of manner than an infant's cap on a tiger's head.

Mr. Devigne took leave of his friend. The former flattered himself that his ready acquiescence

in the *debater's* arguments had won the good-will of the *father-confessor* as well; whilst the Jesuit "felt certain"—for Jesuits are but men, after all—that Ringwood Hall would very soon entertain a Catholic chaplain.

## CHAPTER VII.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## I.

MRS. MALCOLM TO PETER DEVIGNE, ESQ.

I AM at a loss to account for your long silence of late, my dear brother. It is nearly two months since you wrote last, and your letter scarcely filled a page. I was the more disappointed by your not having alluded to dear Leonard,—knowing, as you do, how solicitous I am about him. What can have so engrossed your attention as to make you neglect your sister?

But to the point. You will believe me when I say that my solicitude for Leonard is increased to the deepest anxiety, as soon as you have read the enclosed letter (the last you forwarded) received from a friend of ours in Paris. By the way, I may just observe that I am sorry to find that *she*, too, is somewhat tainted with worldliness. The letter has afflicted me dreadfully. Alas! my dismal forebodings are coming to pass, I fear; for *vice* is the worst feature of Romanism, and into *that* my poor

nephew has plunged. The Lord have mercy on him! What grieves me more is the thought that *you* will see nothing in his conduct but "recreation," as you call it; but let me tell you, dear brother, neither body nor mind should thrive at the expense of an immortal soul: "For what will it profit a man,"—but I will spare the holy text, knowing how irreverently you have always listened to the Gospel word. Oh my poor nephew! what will become of him? And Mr. Bainbridge too. Is it possible that *he* does not exert his authority to curb the wayward youth? But the boy was always headstrong. I always thought he would go astray, notwithstanding all my care of his tender years. For what could I have done that I did not do? Few children are blessed with *his* religious education. From his rising to his going to bed, my eye was upon him: my lips admonished, and my heart was with him prayerfully. God be thanked! I have done all that a poor mortal could do. *His* will be done in all things. I am disappointed—I am humbled—I submit—I *must* submit. I submit, confiding in His power and mercy to bring my poor nephew to a sense of his evil ways. Oh! dear brother, let me beseech you to write to him instantly, and check his downward course—his awful backsliding. I enclose an exhortation for him. Rest assured that both for you and my dear nephew my prayers shall never cease, whilst I remain your affectionate sister,

ELIZABETH MALCOLM.

II.

(Enclosed with the foregoing.)

MRS. SELINA BALFOUR TO MRS. MALCOLM.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Why did our correspondence cease? I dare say neither of us can solve this conundrum. Why may it *not* recommence? I can't answer the question. So now all depends upon *you*. This is frank and open: but you know I was always, even as a girl, remarkable for *generous beginnings*—those nice things in all difficult matters, 'T is true, I'm no longer very young: but what matters that? Is the *heart* ever old? I enjoy existence as much as ever I did; and in some things *more* than ever. The reason is that in youth it's all *passion*: but as we get mellow, a spice of mind adds vastly to the zest of the passions, and makes pleasure more *piquant*. I could never induce my dear departed husband to enter into this view of the subject. As soon as ever I began to explain its superiority over the brutish way of enjoying life, he used to snap his great fingers, saying, "Fudge, Lina! pork is pork; all your spices can't improve upon it—it's quite *good enough* as it is." You know he was very fond of that substance. Poor man! I couldn't improve him: he was unrefinable.

Well, but I have been sadly in the bush. I have to congratulate you, my dear friend,—am I not for-



tunate in my subject for a new beginning to our correspondence?—I congratulate you as being aunt to as fine a young fellow as ever displayed baits to passion and charms to mind. He is the admiration of all who can appreciate beauty and mind bewitchingly blended. It was impossible not to recognise his resemblance to his *mother*; as soon as I saw him I said to Count Potomkin (an old friend of mine—such an old flatterer, though he hasn't a tooth in his head, wears spectacles, and has a face with wrinkles enough to represent all the rivers on the map of the world); but to return: I said to Count Poodle (that's his *familiar name*)—"Count," said I, "I ought to know that spark." "So you ought," said he; "he's making noise enough to be known to all who have ears to hear." "Indeed!" said I. "Ay, indeed!" said he; "and what's wonderful is, that he has had only a month or two's training; but then, his master is—*Valremy*!—his lessons are short cuts to perfection."

Of course, my curiosity was naturally excited, and I could not remove my eyes from your gallant nephew—for as soon as I heard his name my surmise became certainty. I need not describe his person to you; 'tis, however, faultless; and to see him delivering a compliment! I wished myself young again—that is, younger than I am—just to try the sensation: for these silly youths haven't the sense to compliment those who would *really* appreciate their taste and judgment.

He is evidently well introduced. I met him at

the Embassy. Besides, Count Valremy knows everybody worth knowing ; and you may be sure that your nephew will soon have gone through the whole encyclopædia of the fashionable world. I heard a whisper or two from a lady or two, and we thought him very bold already ; in short, he's a prime fellow, and does you great credit at Ringwood Hall. For my part, I am quite surprised at the fact : because I remember him some six years ago repeating his verses from the Bible, as if you intended him for a Capuchin. I then thought you laced him rather too tightly, but I find that he is all the better for it—*there's nothing like previous seriousness to give a zest to passion*, as I always say, my dear friend. I only hope Valremy won't make him *too* bad.

And now I must tell you how delighted I shall be to hear you are all well at Ringwood Hall—that is, yourself and brother, for I *suppose* that's all. By the way, how is good Mr. Devigne *père* ? Do you quarrel as often as ever ? Have you not reformed him yet ? *Wicked* man ! How he used to tease you with his “march of intellect,” “rational enjoyments,” and “*universal* charity.” You see I have a good memory : hence you may rest assured that you are most kindly remembered by,

Your sincere friend,

SELINA BALFOUR.

## III.

LEONARD DEVIGNE TO P. DEVIGNE, ESQ.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Your letters are most gratifying to my grateful heart. It will be the study of my life to please you in all things, as some poor return for all that you have done for me, and still purpose to do. I have read again and again your most instructive letter, and shall treasure up its advice as the best rule of my conduct through life. I will say more; every day reminds me of your wisdom in inculcating a liberality of sentiment towards all the world; and resting satisfied with men if they only *please* us; never presuming to look beyond that simple fact. Your advice put into practice has been very serviceable to me, and I have reason to be glad of your approbation so kindly expressed. A rational enjoyment of life *must* be the intention of Providence in man's behalf.

A letter from Mr. Bainbridge accompanies this. You will regret to find that important family concerns demand his immediate presence in England. I shall have more reason to regret the loss of his society, should you think it necessary to appoint him a successor, with whom it will, perhaps, be very difficult for me to coalesce, after having had the sample of mind and heart so beautifully combined in my respected tutor.

I await your commands, and shall ever remain,  
with all love to my aunt,

Your affectionate son,  
LEONARD DEVIGNE.

## IV.

THE REV. JAMES BAINBRIDGE TO P. DEVIGNE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg to thank you with every acknowledgment for the kind expressions of esteem with which you honour me. It has been my endeavour to deserve thus much.

Doubtless my pupil has alluded to a painful necessity which compels me to surrender my charge. *Imperious family matters have supervened, and compel my speedy return to England.*

If my unbounded esteem for your son enforce regret at the separation, that very esteem mitigates my solicitude for his guardianship. Of course it were presumptuous in me to speak *prospectively*, but his conduct (and you do not withhold your praise) hitherto has been highly satisfactory. Perhaps his strong reluctance to entertain the thought that my place will be filled by a substitute is somewhat against him. But I have known cases in which this very suspicion has been acted upon to the immediate production of the very effect deprecated. A generous confidence fosters honourable sentiment: suspicion begets self-contempt, or that ano-

malous spirit of revenge which prompts self-injury as the only satisfaction to resentment.

But, for obvious reasons, I am loath to express an opinion on the subject; I have ample reason to believe that your determination will be characterised by that wisdom which does not compromise a probability by a too great eagerness to ensure a certainty.

I am, my dear sir,  
Your faithful servant,  
JAMES BAINBRIDGE.

## v.

## MR. DEVIGNE TO MRS. MALCOLM.

Calm your fears, my dear sister. Leonard is in no danger. I am certain he is safe. The boy is very candid to me; and you may be sure that I should have discovered from his letters whether anything was wrong. He could not deceive *me*, I trust. But what can you find in the silly letter of silly Selina Balfour to throw you into such hysterics? What does it say, but the silly things that silly women pick up in their silly gossipings? She is pleased, besides, to make some dark insinuations and inuendoes, which do her vast credit certainly. What if *I* chose to transfix that buzzing gnat of a scandal-monger—can't *I* crush her? But I forbear. She's a silly woman. She has my sovereign contempt.

But I am too severe by half. I ought rather to

thank the woman for her compliments to my son. I wish him to see the world. What would you have me do with him?—make him one of your fanatics? I have no intention of the sort. I wish him to study mankind; to gain sagacity by roughing through life, as I have done, and get rid of absurdities by seeing how oddly they stick on a gentleman. I trust he will return to us in every respect improved—a fine fellow—such as we shall be proud of. I have planned everything for him. He will return to hear news that will gladden his *young* heart and rejoice his *old* head, as I hope it will become by experience. He will be gladdened as I was myself when I became sure of possessing his beautiful mother. I enclose you a letter from my old friend Benbow Benbow, of Calcutta, which will explain my meaning. Meanwhile trust to the discretion of

Your affectionate brother,  
PETER DEVIGNE.

## VI.

MR. BENBOW BENBOW TO P. DEVIGNE, ESQ.

DEAR PETER,

Don't be taken aback by this infernal scrawl. Put on your spectacles, draw near the fire in your smoky climate, take a pinch of snuff, and you'll decipher my execrable pot-hooks and hangers. Well, my dear fellow, I'm a man of few words when I have a vast deal to say; as you know, I'd rather knock a

man down with one *blow* than convince him with a hundred *words* any day. So to the point at once.

I have been running all the world over to no purpose—that's a fact. I haven't made a penny—of course. I'm as poor as a mouse—that's as you like. I'm all in tatters—don't you think so?

Well, have you fumbled through my gouty scratches so far? Very good. And do you believe I've just been scribbling gospel? Well, to the point. I hate digressions when a man has business to attend to. How could old Benbow have got through the world with digressions? You have a son, haven't you, Peter? Well, as I married my sainted Lucy the very same day you married your son's mother, I know he can't be much more than twenty—at least I take it for granted, my dear fellow—no offence—I hate digressions. Well, I have a daughter to match the fellow. I send her portrait with this, and if you don't think her as beautiful as mortal eyes can wish—but I won't swear, for fear of dear Mrs. Mal., our bridesmaid on the joyful occasion which gave hope of my prosperous issue. Jane (her name is a compliment to your good mother, my dear friend) is a good girl—a very good girl. She has refused hundreds of offers, *because* I have always told her that her husband which is to be is in England, quite ready almost, and will jump at her: the son of my best friend, Peter Devigne, of Ringwood Hall, the Protestant.\* Isn't she dutiful? Tell me a single young lady of your acquaintance half so dutiful, and

\* The *soubriquet* of the family whilst in France.

I'll admit she's half as good as my Jane. But no; they are stark mad after husbands. First come first served—we may never have another chance—grab what you can; storm, stamp, tear all to pieces; pa and ma *must* consent at last, and I'll be a Mrs. What-you-may-call-me! That's just it, Peter: *I* know the fillies. But to the point. My diamond shall be *set*, never doubt it. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling shall parchment her wedding garment. All I ask in return is a hammock under the roof of my daughter and son, just to have the gratification of seeing the patriarchs of twelve tribes rising out of them, without any digressions.

If you have no better scheme in view, it's a bargain. I'm tired of this roasting climate: I want cooling [a bit. You may expect me by the next arrival, which I hope to be that of "The Ringwood Hall Indiaman," *one* corner of Jane's diamond.

And now, my very dear Peter, let me end with the hope that you will make out this model of penmanship before I drive up your avenue; and, trusting that you are the same as ever, a *sad dog*, I feel sure that you will be glad to see,

Yours to command,

BEN. BENBOW.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## EMANCIPATION.

FROM the first moment of temptation to that of guilt there is an interval, which varies according to the temperament and the state of the moral feelings. It is a time of conflict—an ordeal through which we pass from innocence to guilt. The longer this conflict lasts, the more desperate and hopeless will be the heart's perversion. For we, in a manner, reason ourselves into guilt: the mind flatters the heart with specious arguments—the idea of non-responsibility boldly enters—we sin with perfect consent—and thenceforth all the motives of conduct centre in self-gratification, with all the desires of our depraved nature revolving in an endless round. It is true that conscience never dies; but in the condition now contemplated, it is effectually silenced by the clamour of desires, until disease or severe calamity, the result of our transgressions, shall obliterate or weaken desire, and then ensue the pangs of remorse.

Virtue is the triumph over depraved propensities. These often exist, undisclosed till opportunities exhibit them in action. The fiercest of animals are the most wary. To fulfil their destiny in creation, cunning is superadded to their terrible energies; and when to men of similar organization a powerful intellect is given, the result is the same: it is impossible to judge them by appearances in circumstances which do not tempt their essential characteristics. Such men are either virtuous or vicious to an extraordinary degree. If they refrain from vice their motives must be strong in proportion to their fierce propensities: if they yield, their motives are equally strong; they always propose to themselves a definite purpose in every crime. The evil is enhanced when the mind is naturally inclined to that divine philosophy which delights in the contemplation of the Creator's works; for that delight will continue, perversely suggesting motives to unholy gratification, as the end and object of all that God has made so good.

Does not something of the kind appear in Leonard's first letter to his father? To the reflective reader, as well as to his religious aunt, perhaps, it was evident that the fatal barrier was already passed. The language of intellectual grossness is always refined when it is expedient that its propensities should not be discovered. That letter was written by Leonard immediately after a severe depression of spirits, from which his séducer, the Count Valremy, had delivered and raised him to exultation.

The pang of remorse which instantly follows the commission of the first crime, is like the enemy charging with fixed bayonets.

"Away with this irrational sadness," said the Count to the perverted youth on that memorable morning. "Are you not in the Temple of Pleasure? Think of the past and the future, and bless your happy lot. We are all of us the sport of opinions that keep us from bliss, and torment us in the midst of enjoyment."

"Thoughts wild and dreary tempest my soul. I would recall my innocence—my ignorance of guilt; but, alas! the wish redoubles my torment."

"A proof that it is *irrational*, my friend; for good is pleasant, evil is repulsive."

Specious equivocation! Its epigrammatic turn captivated the youth: the effect was visible. The Count proceeded:—

"All quadrupeds can swim naturally; but the first attempt is followed by painful fatigue: by degrees, however, the natural effort is attended with natural pleasure in accordance with the Creator's will, who promises pleasure to every fulfilment of his laws; and permits pain to result only in order to lead the transgressor into the natural path once more."

Another equivocation,—true in point of fact, but vilely false in the theory which it was intended to enforce. Eager for consolation, the youth received the words in the intended meaning. This was evident from the animation of his countenance, as if a

new light had entered his mind. The Count followed up his advantage :—

“ Consider the young eagle in its first efforts to begin its glorious career. Pain and exhaustion attend and follow them ; but nature still prompts the effort. Shall pain and exhaustion in the present dispel the brilliant hopes of the future ? No, no. Behold the young king of the mountain a week hence, and see how he fans the buoyant air and stems the whistling breeze, breasting the storm that roused him from his nest, utterly oblivious of the pain that is past, happy and free as intended by the Creator. You smile, my dear young friend. Your brilliant refined mind has consoled itself ; you have flung sadness to the winds. Let it be expelled for ever. It will never return. It cannot return. Let us go forth : I will teach you philosophy by symbols ; it has been my constant study ; and not in vain, if it has enabled me to rout your irrational depression.”

When we reflect how rapidly the mind embraces and expands suggestions which yield consolation, particularly when we are young and in the enjoyment of perfect health, is it to be wondered at that Leonard's depression gave place to serenity, soon to be followed by exultation when his perverter, fulfilling his promise, led him forth through many a walk and avenue, expatiating the while on the topics suggested by his numerous symbols, and instilling the sweetened poison of his “ philosophy ” into a mind ready, eager to drink the “ leprous distilment ? ”

The Chateau Valremy, or Temple of Pleasure will be subsequently described; and should Leonard's character, as before sketched from *appearances*, be belied in the future, the moral will be evolved that "extremity is the trier of spirits," and that in good, as well as in evil, first impressions are generally fallacious, or at least subject to subsequent modifications.

On the other hand, whatever may be the "end" of the Jesuit scheme now begun, it is a fearful thought to think into whose hands this youth has been fortuitously thrown. Of *this* result, the Jesuits are, of course, innocent: it will be a stumbling-block in their winding path; and it should remind every reader, as well as the Jesuits, not to "count without his host."

END OF PART I.

## PART II.

## THE STRUGGLE.

*King Henry.* Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords ;  
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

*Warwick.* We have, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom,  
How foul it is ;—what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body, yet distemper'd ;  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice, and little medicine ;—  
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*Second Part of Henry IV. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

## CHAPTER I.

## THE TWO JESUITS AGAIN.

FATHER POWEL, otherwise Mr. Bainbridge, had given to his Provincial in England a true and circumstantial account of his hopeful charge. Matters cursorily alluded to in Mrs. Balfour's letter to Mrs. Malcolm, had been fully detailed by the unfortunate Jesuit. What an example of self-devotion ! Father Powel was conscious that the whole blame would

be thrown on his shoulders ; and yet he extenuated nothing ; on the contrary, he described the present aspect of affairs as almost hopeless. In his cause every Jesuit forgets himself—or rather, that cause is *himself*: if it prevail, he prevails ; if it sinks, he sinks. Hence the unity of will that constitutes the indomitable character of the body. What are the paltry shudderings of self-love, to the clamorous life-instinct of the same motive power ? It is this life-instinct that rules the Jesuit heart, stifling every other selfish feeling when that life-instinct is endangered by the suggestions of the former.

Father Powel expected blame, though conscious that he was only unfortunate, as the sequel will prove ; he was ready to bear the penalty, provided his truthful exposition of the case would, as he doubted not, suggest a remedy, or at least prevent a greater evil to the Society than the loss of a convert, and the contingent advantages.

He was ordered to appear before his Provincial. Such are “ the imperious family matters which supervened, and compelled his speedy return to England,” as he writes to Mr. Devigne.

To feel the full force of the culprit’s castigation, the reader should imagine the man. He stood above the average height ; was strongly built,—a perfect union of manliness and intellectuality. His features were well chiseled ; his nose straight ; lips firm, habitually closed ; and chin prominent ; in short, when in repose, unmoulded into *any* shape, his natural expression of face was—determination.

His castigator, the Provincial, was "a little man"—small, thin, angular throughout—one of those men who either acquire to themselves boundless admiration and power, or crawl through life, like all little things, perpetually reminded of a deficiency—compelled to yield to the force of circumstances.

Father Powel stands; the Provincial sits,—his left hand hangs at his side; his right is clenched, and rests on the table. He begins,—

"So, then, you have managed to compromise this most important matter! An enterprise, whose results promised to be so incalculable to the holy cause of religion. Wherefore were *you* chosen, but on account of that prudence, that discretion, which we had thought you eminently possessed? How are we deceived in you? And you have compromised—ruined all. You have done more,—you have surrendered a soul to perdition; can you answer for it? Can you wash your hands of that guilt, which is fearfully incurred by yielding the young to temptation? The ceaseless vigilance of three long years; the patient preparation that *must* have succeeded; the flashing certainty of success,—all, all as if it had never been! Such is the omnipotent fiat of your infatuation! You began the glorious creation—you reached the middle of the splendid week—you repented of your work, resolved to annihilate what you had not patience to perfect, and determined, in your infatuation, that there should be no Sabbath for rest and rejoicing!"

Father Powel, with eyes downcast, heard the



bitter reproaches inflicted "by virtue of holy obedience." He presumed not to reply, nor evinced, by the slightest sign of impatience, a desire to defend, exculpate, or extenuate his conduct. The Provincial continued:—

"Do you know this Count Emile de Valremy?"

"I knew him before I entered religion."

"Then you knew the foulest enemy of our sacred cause. No reprobate fiend has tormented us like that monster of wickedness, unless all the princes of darkness dwell in his mind and heart. Such is the man you 'knew.' Ah! I suspected as much. Behold! behold the interminable—the eternal consequences of our transgressions! *Multa flagella peccatoris*. Who shall number the stripes that must fall on the sinner's back? You repented of your evil deeds done in the flesh; you were absolved; but your penalty is not complete. It scourges you even in your repentance; and, in *you*, the holy cause which has deigned to admit you into the inheritance of the sons of God. *Lacum aperuit et effodit eum; et incidit in foveam quam fecit.*"\*

The penitent sighed; his reprover exclaimed—

"*Beatus vir cui non imputavit Dominus peccatum, nec est in spiritu ejus dolus!*† Oh! happy is the lot of him whom Heaven has *timely* invited to give unto God the days of his *innocence!* Pure of

\* "He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made."—*Psalm vii.*

† "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."—*Psalm xxxii.*

heart and clean of hands, his spotless name shines forth a defiance to the enemy. Strong in his innocence, he can reprove unanswered the world of sin. Who shall dare to lift the finger, and say to him, You have done as I do?"

The Provincial knelt, repeating the *Veni Creator*. Father Powel rehearsed the alternate stanzas in a firm, deliberate tone, and ended with gushing devotion; for he rejoiced in being deemed worthy to suffer reproach, without being conscious of having, in the immediate cause, deserved blame.

Then the Provincial rose, calm and placid, as part of a wave gathered in the basin of a rock, when that wave has broken and spent its fury. He resumed sweetly—

"Tell me, brother, all that has happened; fill up the necessary blanks of your letters; and the Holy Spirit will direct us how to meet this evil, and turn it into good. *Intellectum tibi dabo, et instruam te in viâ hâc, quâ gradieris: firmabo super te oculos meos.*"\*

"I recognised the man as soon as he entered the vessel, though I had not seen him for many years. I tried to escape his notice, but failed. My pupil would remain on deck; whilst urging him to descend, Valremy approached. The recognition was unavoidable. I contrived to fence his questions, lest my position might be betrayed. When I found that he had interested my pupil, and reflected what

\* "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."—*Psalms xxxii.*

might be the consequences should the Count make the remotest allusion to my history, I was compelled to embrace the desperate expedient of throwing myself on his mercy. I took him aside; he gave me his word to respect my secret."

"Did you tell all?"

"I did not; in fact, I merely explained to him that I had taken orders in the Church of England, and hoped that, the past being past, I might trust in him, as a man of honour, to respect the secret of my former life."

The Provincial sighed. He asked,—

"Do you imagine that he does not know your present connection?"

Father Powel was surprised by a slight hesitation; but he answered,—

"I fear he does. There was that in his eye which could not conceal all his thoughts, and his hands twitched convulsively."

The Provincial clasped his hands, exclaiming,—

"Oh! what an abyss of infinite craft are the mind and heart of this awful man! Yes, his infernal vow is recorded in letters of fire on the walls of hell; he will torment us to the end."

Father Powel continued,—

"The intimacy between the Count and my pupil increased. I cautioned the latter; but, headstrong as he is, he disregarded my advice. There was my dilemma. I feared to exert my authority, lest I should compromise our hopes in my ward; for his resentments are strong, and were to be deprecated:

whilst I feared to offend the Count, lest he should betray me; for what faith can be placed in the word of a libertine?

“By the time we reached Paris, I saw with grief that the man had completely fascinated my pupil. I could only dissemble my grief; it was expedient to yield. Alas! would that I could say that my worst fears were not realized! In the short space of two months, the perverse youth has left nothing unlearned in the career of vice. Like a torrent bursting its banks, libertinism has deluged his heart; he has gratified every desire. I was compelled to have eyes, and yet not see—ears, and yet hear not—a tongue, and yet not speak; for, as a consequence of his debaucheries, his impatience of reproof has increased tenfold, and his pride in his infernal ‘successes’ is beyond computing.”

The Provincial raised his hands, exclaiming, “*Anima mea turbata est valdè! sed tu, Domine, usquequò?\** Brother, you have done all that could be done; God will do what remains to be done. There is hope—yes, there is hope—mightier hope than ever. The violence of his transgression shall chastise the wayward youth—the hour of remorse shall come, and conquer. Did that hour not bring *you* to repentance? Is not the satiety of vice the returning appetite of virtue? And does not Heaven often make calamity the harbinger of grace descending? Do not such events perpetually hover over

\* “My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long?”—*Psalms vi.*

those who live in habitual sin? Is not the scourge of the sinner always ready to fall, when mercy is decreed? And now that we have done all that could be done, what remains but to pray and watch, and bide the opportunity? Yes, there is mightier hope than ever; difficulties are *diminished*; he shall be *humbled*. His self-righteousness was an insuperable bar to the grace of conversion. Let his passions overpower him; we shall know how to bring forth good from evil. Oh! 'tis the sedate—those who seem to themselves free from the vices of other men—'tis such as these who resist us. Their pride in righteousness renders them as stones to the showers of Heaven. Ay! *better be a publican in sin, than a saint in self-righteousness.*"

Thus ended this important interview. Its sequel was a "consultation," or a summary of "progress," given by the reverend Provincial to his "assistants."

## CHAPTER II.

## A CONSULTATION.

THE Provincial is seated at a table ; his papers are unfolded : the “ assistants ” are about to be informed of an important matter—their natural curiosity is sanctified by its holy object. As in most other “ consultations,” it will be found that all agree with the “ man in authority.” The Provincial is the man ; he speaks :

“ There is good hope of the *father's* conversion, by means of his former mistress, whom he loves passionately, and proposes to marry. The conversion is to be ardently desired ; not so the marriage, which is, of course, for obvious reasons,\* rather to be prevented. This ‘ transaction ’ is in the hands of Father Percival, who has our instructions on the subject. He informs me that Mr. Devigne has seemed, of late, more disinclined than he had reason to believe him. He is unable to account for the change. The marriage is no longer talked of : the man's mind seems to be engrossed by some project†

\* On account of the *inheritance*.

† Of course, Mr. Benbow's proposal.

which he conceals from Father Percival, now his intimate friend. The knowledge of that fact might advance our object: Father Percival has the discovery at heart.

"The position of the son is critical. He has taken to evil courses. The fiend of our Holy Society, Valremy, has pounced upon him; the tiger drinks the blood of his prey: but the prey still lives—he shall be saved. This unexpected conjuncture could not be obviated by Father Powel: I am satisfied with his conduct; but the knowledge of his former connection with that evil man may reflect dishonour on our Holy Society: *that misfortune will be averted by our Holy Father General.* Of course, he is recalled; since his remaining with his debauched pupil would be a disgrace to our Holy Society if discovered, and be otherwise dangerous, as he would be blamed for neglect. There was peril in his removal, lest his place might be supplied by an enemy: still, the greater evil was to be shunned by preference; but, by the advice of Father Powel, delicately hinted, backed by the decided counsel of Father Percival, and the father's infatuation coinciding with the youth's perversity, the coast is clear: the youth proceeds to Rome *unaccompanied.* We have taken measures. You will find the details of the whole 'transaction' in this document, prepared for Holy Father General. Father Powel will start with it to-morrow, and will deliver it in person."

The document being read, he resumed:—

“ Our cause is in the hands of God ; but *human* means are His instruments in the government of men, and the forwarding of events that sway man’s destiny. In this other document, you will find the course proposed, and submitted to your approval. Circumstances favour us, as you will perceive.”

He read the document ; the assistants expressed their hearty approbation.

“ It must succeed ! ” they exclaimed, simultaneously. With solemn energy the Provincial resumed :—

“ Nay, say rather that it *may* succeed ; for who butt he Ruler of events can say ‘ *must* ’\* with regard to the future ? . . . . . We have traced probable events in their probable successions : the human heart, in its daily workings, has been our guide ; but anomalies may chance, and the link be broken. Our holy cause will then suggest the remedy : we must meet the exigence with the appropriate change of process.

“ The most salutary effect on the cause of *Catholicity* must ensue from that conversion. The father’s conversion is but to diminish the difficulties of that of the son. Our all-important object is the conversion of the heir, and its probable results.

“ See the effect of a single conversion, even in the humbler walks of life ! How the neophyte strives to multiply the grain of grace which he has re-

\* Strange, that the man should have used this very word himself, page 71. Inconsistency characterises the human mind more than mutability.



ceived! Perhaps he has been a libertine: he forsakes, at our bidding, the haunts of vice. He is ridiculed, perhaps abused. Exhortation fortifies his fleshy heart: he stands firm. Then his manly fortitude appeals to some latent principle in the breast of some companion; for admiration is often the secret of ridicule: the neophyte's example tempts to imitation.

"Perhaps he has defrauded his neighbour: we require him to make restitution secretly, stating the cause of his justice, namely, his conversion. The receiver is moved by his arguments—the grace is often extended and multiplied. Again, perhaps he has calumniated a neighbour. His heart is fortified to make reparation. He is made to humble himself for the sake of his religion. He seeks the injured party; throws himself at his feet and humbly begs pardon for the injury, offering to retract in the presence of the witnesses of his guilt. What an example to the world is this self-abnegation! How few can imagine it possible! And who can resist the sweet emotion produced by such celestial candour? Renewed friendship ensues; the grain of grace is multiplied; whole families owe the grace of conversion to that effort, which is rendered easy to the human heart by the satisfying motives of religion, developed by a skilful director.

"But in the higher walks of life, results are not the less certain for being brought about by different means. Here education permits a greater power to be displayed in influencing the minds of men.

To thoughtful men, example becomes a subject of thought: men *reason* on a change that appears so brilliantly for the better. Discussion is encouraged; human vanity fans the flame: the arguments of the neophyte come always from the heart, and therefore reach the heart.

“ But how vastly is their influence increased by the exalted rank of the convert! As in the case before us, which we confidently hope for. A youth of talent, beauty, grace, and wealth, creates a sensation by his conversion: it becomes the world’s rumour, the world’s wonder. The execrable fanatics of the Press spread the fame of what they call a ‘perversion:’ their alarm does our cause infinite service; for their abuse is understood by thoughtful men, and only gratifies kindred fanatics, as short-sighted as the writers themselves. Oh! how their stupid abuse does us good. In truth, the little they really know of us, compels them to resort to vulgar abuse; nor would we shrink, perhaps, from explaining *all our means*, if we could enlighten their benighted minds as to the glorious *ends* to which they tend. Yes, we have reason to be thankful that a jealous rancour is the first effect produced on these fanatics by our prominent conversions. . . .

“ *Their silent patience were infinitely less desirable.*

“ Let us then pray that we may proceed as we have begun, to the end—the entire conversion of this land of heresy—once ‘the island of saints.’ Humble instruments in the hands of Christ, servants of His Holy Mother, sons of Holy Father

Ignatius, let us march on, battling for the triumph of the Faith ; and, by our sacred cause, confident of victory."

On the following day Father Percival, otherwise the unfortunate Mr. Bainbridge, set off, *en route* for Rome, with the despatches, to the General of the Society of Jesus. He reached his destination some time before his pupil, now under the tuition of the redoubtable Valremy.

## CHAPTER III.

## CÔRRESPONDENCE—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

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THE PROVINCIAL OF FRANCE TO THE PROVINCIAL  
OF ENGLAND.

REVEREND FATHER,

YOUR admirable suggestion has been attended with results that seem to promise an outlet to our present straits. The youth has been introduced to M. Duplessis, our procurator ; for he is the person whom we have deemed most capable of counteracting the nefarious designs of the execrable Valremy.

M. Duplessis has done us good service before : he is a great friend of religion, and strives his utmost to second the efforts of its ministers. A man of wit and refinement ; pretty regular in his attendance at confession and communion ; in short, one whose worldliness tends to a good end, the good repute of religion. He takes a most praiseworthy

pride in promoting our most holy cause; is, in fact, our most influential friend in society. As such we esteem him greatly, and, duly considering the good he does, we are the more induced to overlook certain weaknesses of his character, when we reflect that the time will come when his worldliness must give place to the letter and spirit of the law.

He is a widower, with an only daughter—a girl of considerable attractions—betrothed to M. Gramont, the implacable enemy of Count Valremy, the intimate friend of this misguided youth.

We explained to M. Duplessis our paternal solicitude respecting young Devigne; and he at once comprehended our object, undertaking to promote it by all means in his power.

Concerning Mlle. Duplessis, we regret to say that we cannot speak very favourably. Her father cannot induce her to frequent the Confessional. She is pretty regular at church, but it seems more to display her charms and dress than in compliance with the commandment of the church. We could wish that *she* were out of the way; for there is danger in the contact; but the pernicious influence of the fiend Valremy is more to be dreaded; and M. Duplessis will, we firmly hope, be able to counteract it: moreover, she is betrothed to M. Gramont.

We have thought it best to state all the circumstances, in order to be aided by your valuable advice.

How unfortunate was that meeting of Father Powel with that demon Valremy! What inexplic-

cable means must that man possess to watch all our movements !

But, with the aid of Heaven, all difficulties must eventually be surmounted. What can we do but watch and pray, and pray and watch for the opportunity ?

To remove the youth from this place of contagion is now of the utmost importance. That he has deeply indulged in vice, is but too certain ; but as this presupposes the absence of religious control of any kind, we may perhaps have reason to hope from this very fact, that when the proper influence is brought to bear upon him directly, it will find him more ready to yield. Doubtless he cannot be in better hands until his departure for Rome, which, we trust, will be expedited by the advice of Father Percival.

In conclusion, very Rev. Father, we beg to assure you of our perfect consideration and fraternal love.

ETIENNE MAUGRAS.

LEONARD DEVIGNE TO COUNT VALREMY.

MY DEAR COUNT,

YOUR absence is a calamity. Why have you left me to *myself*, now that I need your voice, your eye, to keep me from sinking ? What am I without *you*, my dearest friend ? Little did I think that the price of pleasure was so great. I can only pay it in instalments : I pay it daily, hourly ; but, alas ! when shall the capital be liquidated entirely ? It seems

to me that I shall never be happy again. The past fills me with horror, the present gives no consolation; can I dare to contemplate the future?

With what eagerness did I yearn to be wise in that which, known, clouds my mind with the darkness of guilt!

I accuse you not, my dear friend; *I* am to blame: I sinned willingly; I bear the penalty.

Ever since you left Paris, I have been wretched beyond endurance. My nights have been sleepless, my days all gloom and sadness. I have prayed for your return, hoping for consolation; for you have the art to convince me that I am wrong when I *feel* that I am right; and oh, how sweet would be that conviction now in my bitter remorse!

Providence has given me a friend, a gentleman to whom I was introduced at M——'s. He called yesterday. I was much pleased with him. I mentioned your name; he spoke highly of your talents, but regretted that certain important considerations prevented his being otherwise than your acquaintance. Of course I did not press the question. His name is *Duplessis*.

He has invited me to his house. I felt the better for his visit. I could not help comparing him with you, my dear Count. In many points he resembles you (no small praise); but I could not help observing the strict propriety of his conversation, notwithstanding the evident impression left in my mind that M. Duplessis is a man of the world. I shall spend this evening with him.

In the earnest hope that you will soon return, my dear friend,

I am yours inveterately,

LEONARD DEVIGNE.

At the house of M. Duplessis, Leonard becomes a daily visitor. Three or four weeks elapsed ; the charm of the attraction was not diminished. The following chapter will discover its results.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THREE SCENES.

"I TELL you, Adele, your conduct is most improper—disgraceful!" exclaimed M. Duplessis, to his daughter Mlle. Adele Duplessis.

"I am sorry to hear it, father."

"You are engaged to M. Gramont, are you not?"

"I believe I am."

"And yet you think proper to flirt with Mr. Devigne?"

"Flirt! flirt! father; what is it *to flirt*?"

"Shall I tell you? Do you not know? What mean your glances, your gestures, your compliments?"

"Civility, father."

"Civility! Will *he* think it only *civility*? If you *tempt* men, can you blame them for presuming?"

"I *don't* blame Mr. Devigne, father."

"But *I* blame you; your conduct is most improper. I forbid you to show him any attentions for the future."

"Be so good, father, as to explain what you mean. I don't understand you."

"You don't? Shall I be compelled to forbid your presence when he visits me?"

"When he visits *you*, father, do just as you please; but—but—"

"But what? Was there ever such filial impertinence? Why don't you study your duty to your father, disobedient as you are; *impious* I may almost call you? Why don't you attend to your religious duties? Tell me *that*."

"Oh! as for that the answer is easy enough—one out of a family to supply the Jesuits with secrets, is quite enough in all conscience."

"What do you mean, impertinent?"

"Oh! of course, I allude to the late affair. I need not repeat the circumstances. The reverend Jesuits know nothing by confession they tell us, and yet they know everything out of it; they don't need *my* services. Certainly, I don't need theirs."

"Do you dare to insinuate ought against the holy Fathers?"

"*Holy* enough, I dare say; but the late affair. Think of *that*, father. A wife set against her husband—made to ruin him *pour l'amour du bon Dieu*! Only because the *holy* Fathers thought him inclined to the doctrines of Luther. Well, he's in prison now; doubtless, the *holy* fathers will be able to confirm his faith by this *divine* misfortune, brought about for the good of his soul by Divine Providence."

"Wretched girl! where did you become so wicked?"

"Am I wicked, father, for pitying the misfortune of others?"

"You have slandered the Fathers."

"I beg their pardon, if—"

"If! I say you have. 'Tis your wickedness, your undutifulness, your impiety, that makes you speak against the men of God; but what has all this to do with my injunction respecting Mr. Devigne?"

"I think you drew me on the subject, father."

"Once more I tell you that I disapprove entirely of your conduct towards Mr. Devigne, or rather towards M. Gramont. I expect a change."

"Forbid him the house, father."

"Keep your advice till it is asked, impertinent."

"It seems to me, that if Mr. Devigne is my temptation—"

"Will you hold your tongue, Miss?"

Mlle. Duplessis left the room.

Almost immediately after, M. Gramont was announced. M. Duplessis soon joined him in the parlour.

"Ah! my friend, glad to see you. But you seem ill at ease. May I know the reason?"

"M. Duplessis, I believe you to be a man of honour."

"Sir, I answer to the name."

"Your daughter, Mlle. Duplessis, must feel as you do in the matter of honour—"

"Doubtless, my friend."

"Well, my dear M. Duplessis, how comes it that she corresponds with another?"

"Corresponds! You have been misinformed. My daughter is incapable of the thing. She is as honourable as she is dutiful. A girl who is everything that a father can wish, will certainly deceive no man. You have been misinformed, my dear friend. All young ladies have enemies—my daughter more than any—and 'tis easily explained: she excels them all, in wit and beauty. The fact is, your jealousy has been excited by the visits of my young friend *Devigne*; but rest assured, you are quite safe—*his* destiny is appointed by Heaven. I have very particular reasons for permitting his visits. Adele loves you. Be satisfied with my assurance. She shall be yours: I have promised. It is to extricate this youth from the infernal meshes of Valremy that I permit his visits. Will you not consent to aid in thwarting your enemy? This misguided youth has unluckily fallen into the tempter's hands: I pity him, knowing the fate of all whom that man resolves to ruin. I have very particular reasons for befriending him. Take my word for it. Besides, my dear friend, why should you fear him? Have I not a hundred reasons for giving you my daughter? Have I not promised? Has she not pledged her love to you? Am I not sure that she loves you? Am I not sure that she is most faithful to you?" . . . . .

"Enough, my dear M. Duplessis, I am satisfied."

"A little jealousy gives a stimulus to love—'tis its defence, like the sting of the bee: only we must not drive it too home, lest love expire by the wound it inflicts. Adele will be with you presently."

M. Duplessis retired.

Mlle. Duplessis entered in about ten minutes, her face rather flushed, her lips rather pale, her eyes somewhat fiery.

M. Gramont rose and made his compliments.

"'Tis a delightful day, Adele; I thought you might like a walk in the gardens."

"Not to-day, I thank you."

"Why not, Adele?"

"Must one give reasons for everything?"

"You seem angry, Adele?"

"Do I? You are very clear-sighted."

"How very sharp!"

"You think so?"

"I *feel* it, Adele."

"I'm very sorry for it."

"Truly, I can make nothing of you. Six days of the week you maltreat me; I am fortunate if you smile on me once; I can never count on the lucky day."

"Then be grateful for your Sabbath when it comes."

"Adele, do you love me?"

"Have you not asked me that question a hundred times? Must I write the answer on a wheel, and give it perpetual motion to satisfy you at every revolution?"

"What can I do to make you always kind to me?"

"Be always a *man*."

"Am I not a man, now?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because you *whine*."

"Is it not my love for you that makes me seem weak?"

"Heaven knows! I can't dive into the question."

"Forgive me, Adele, but you do not act kindly by *me*, at least."

"By *whom* else, then?"

"No, no, I mean that I deserve a better fate."

"You have a good opinion of yourself."

"What would I not give to know how to please you."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Do, dearest Adele!"

"Well, I'll tell you what I *hate*. I hate to feel that I am incapable of inspiring such love as admits of no rivalry. I hate to see a man act as though he were in that condition. I hate to be *suspected*; and shall, perhaps, end with hating the man who suspects *me*. Meditate this till we meet again."

Hereupon Mlle. Duplessis darted out of the room.

## CHAPTER V.

## PROPAGANDISM.

THE three scenes just given had scarcely ended,—M. Gramont had scarcely left the house when Leonard Devigne made his morning call.

He was received by M. Duplessis with the greatest civility; and an animated conversation soon ensued.

"How strange it is," said M. Duplessis, "that the differences in religious belief should so far blight the sympathies of men, as to make foes of natural brothers, as we all are!"

"The more strange," said Leonard, "when we reflect, that although he everywhere preached his pure morality, Christ condemned no man for his faith: but he lashed many for their hardness of heart, cruelty, and hypocrisy. In modern times, the reverse has taken place—Christians have chosen rather to imitate their pagan persecutors than their divine example."

"I agree with you, Mr. Devigne; charity should be the mark to characterise the children of the God of charity. I, for my part, totally disap-

prove of the severities which our church-governors have thought proper at times, to inflict on those who conscientiously dissented from our creed."

"And are you really a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word, M. Duplessis? Do you really believe all that strict Catholics are said to believe? You seem to me a man of the world: I confess your occasional 'pious' remarks have surprised me."

"No doubt, no doubt; the fact is, I am naturally inclined to sacred studies,—and, besides, why should religion render us gloomy? Still less should *my* religion, which has, I may say, spiritualised every human feeling, and purified even sensuality of its grossness."

"I have been led to believe quite the contrary."

"Doubtless. Everything is misrepresented: to ignorance and malice nothing is sacred: the ignorant and the malicious share the world."

"Then you would not have me believe that Catholics are priest-ridden; that the secrets of families are pried into for a purpose not always divine; in short, that whilst all your external senses are intensely gratified by the play-toys, if I may so call them, of religion, your minds and consciences are enslaved by the most uncompromising tyranny?"

"*That* view of the fact *may* be taken, my dear sir: but the Catholic sees no inconveniences in the fact as it presents itself to *his* mind: an influence is admitted, the consequences flow: he complains not:



there can be no tyranny where men are willing to obey. You must distinguish between matters of mere discipline and matters of faith: to a man of your enlightened mind an examination of the subject in all its bearings would, I am convinced, lead to at least a neutral opinion, if I may be allowed the expression. In myself you see one who will quarrel with no man on account of his belief. Content if his feelings be right, I refer his faith to the tribunal above; and am ready to befriend Protestant as well as Catholic to the utmost of my power. So you perceive I am no persecutor."

"Indeed, I like your sentiments: we shall agree right well."

"You honour me by the assurance: I reciprocate the sentiment most cordially. Always welcome at my house, it will be my endeavour to render your stay at Paris agreeable, and we shall think of your visit with pleasure."

This complimentary address was duly appreciated; —Leonard took leave more pleased than ever with his new acquaintance; but somewhat annoyed at not having seen Mlle. Duplessis.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CANDID CONFESSIONS.

THE reader need not be assured that there is something more than "civility" between Leonard and Mlle. Duplessis.

If the altercation between the father and daughter evinces less filial respect on the part of the latter than beseems a daughter, M. Duplessis proved, by his remarks to M. Gramont, what may be commonly observed, that parents do not always believe what they say. Children usually make this discovery, and then they repeat the fifth commandment as a task.

The captivation between the parties was mutual. Perhaps, a trivial commonplace coquetry—a species of dishonesty that is often indulged in without computing consequences, often so disastrous.

Leonard was aware of the lady's engagement; but the wild, disreputable career into which he had embarked, had already made desire the rule of his

conduct. With regard to Mlle. Duplessis, his intentions were most honourable; but the error was in making, in the first instance, an advance into a territory preoccupied.

Had the lady not encouraged, perhaps the lover would have retired; for, in spite of the mystifications which young ladies sometimes put forth through spitefulness, or in self-defence, it may be certain that very rigid propriety in a young lady is sure to keep young gentlemen in order. How can Mlle. Duplessis be justified in thinking of another in her state of engagement? Has not the reader perceived in the lady's sarcastic replies to M. Gramont, a strong effort of conscience to justify the change of her sentiment? In those replies, the young lady's character is faithfully reflected. No one should justify prevarication: but the human heart—is it not a gay and fond deceiver? Is it not a most persuasive mystifier—fruitful in argument, always eloquent, generally successful in its endeavour to have its own way? But does Adele need defence?

Perhaps the reader has sided with the lady in her contempt for her “whining” lover; perhaps he *is* a despicable man; perhaps it will appear so in the sequel; but for the present we have only to consider the lady's “prevarication,” or change of mind, and wait for consequences.

Why did not M. Duplessis act the candid part with M. Gramont and Leonard Devigne, and so, perhaps, obviate unpleasantness? His object was to *serve the Jesuits*, to whom he was under some very

peculiar obligations. We have witnessed his duplicity.

Leonard had been introduced to M. Gramont; but, of course, they did not "coalesce"—to borrow the youth's expression. They were, however, very civil to each other, just as two tigers of equal strength, approaching a common prey in a jungle, where one is an intruder.

M. Gramont's accusation respecting a "correspondence" was correct: how he discovered the fact will appear in the sequel.

The state of affairs at the present period of the narrative is a striking illustration of results unexpectedly flowing from any given step in life. In Leonard's case, it also indicates that want of religious principle which is the only true element of self-restraint and virtuous conduct.

It chanced, on the following day, that Leonard was not disappointed of seeing Mlle. Duplessis. She was alone; he was thus doubly fortunate. Mlle. Duplessis was in a fine flow of spirits. On entering, Leonard approached Adele: he presented her with two beautiful flowers.

"Let this," said he, smiling, "be an emblem of your beautiful eyes, and this the image of your bosom—I *could not* find one to represent your *heart*, dear Adele."

"I should think not," she replied, with vivacity; "how *could* you? Will not all flowers fade, change, and perish?"

Adele opened the piano, and dashed off a brilliant

symphony, preluding a gay thrilling air, which she sang with exquisite taste.

“Now, Mr. Devigne, you promised to sing me a song of your own composition: oblige me with it now, if you please.”

Leonard gladly assented. He snatched the lady's guitar, which lay on the piano. In the romantic ideas which had lately possessed his mind, he had taken lessons on that instrument; and, by dint of hard practice, he could already accompany himself with ease, if not with elegance. Then, snatching the guitar, he sang—

THE SONG OF HOPE.

I would speak—but the words  
Will not come at my call,  
Yet the bosom that heaves  
And the eyelids that fall  
Will tell how I love!  
Will tell how I love!  
Then sweetly she'll smile,  
And a sigh she will sigh,  
From the lips that I love,  
And that eloquent eye.

I would speak—but what words  
To her heart can convey  
The wish and the hope—  
If my sighs cannot say,  
And tell how I love,  
And tell how I love?  
Ah! sweetly she'll smile,  
And a sigh she will sigh,  
From the lips that I love,  
And that eloquent eye.

"Excessively sweet, Mr. Devigne. I like it exceedingly. You must teach it me."

"And you'll sing it?"

"Oh, yes."

"And *feel* it?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"Oh! how is it that I am happy only when I am with you? Why should our hearts not be united for ever? May I not believe that I am beloved?"

She answered not, but her unreluctant hand was kissed by the lover: tender words were uttered, and then—they plighted hearts. Mlle. Duplessis resigned M. Gramont.

On the same evening Leonard wrote a letter to his absent friend, Count Valremy. It is given in the following chapter. What work this misguided youth is giving the Jesuits! His perversity abuses all the "holy means" they adopt for the pious end—his conversion, &c.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ELUCIDATIONS, AND A REPLY.

IF marriage be the crisis of a man's life, it behoves him to "think well on 't" ere he makes the experiment. Leonard has just been "accepted." Whether he has thought "*well* on 't" is, perhaps, not very evident: it is this uncertainty, or improbability, which compels us to venture a few elucidations. Mrs. Balfour's letter to his aunt, and his own to Count Valremy, have doubtless excited the reader's curiosity. To expatiate on revolting scenes of profligacy, even when veiled in the garb of factitious refinement, is totally beside the purpose and aim of this narrative. Even the sight of a dissected body—the sight of a skeleton—will make a sensitive mind shudder: the heart revolts from the contemplation of all that is ghastly. How much more from the ghastliness of vice! the horrors of profligacy! If a few strong hearts grow wiser at the contemplation, how *naturally* will the weak mistake temptation for an irresistible impulse of their nature!

It is better to believe all men innocent, than to trace them, step by step, from innocence to confirmed guiltiness. We speak to the young, the innocent—

“Where ignorance is bliss, ’t were folly to be wise.”

Emancipated from the restraints of his home, this *apparently* timid, bashful youth was suddenly thrown into the vortex of gay society. As will presently be shown, strong temptations were prepared for him by his evil genius—the fearful Valremy. Surprised, undefended, he fell without a struggle. The Jesuit who had him in charge was compelled to relinquish his prey by the fear of consequences, which might not only compromise himself, but the society to which he belonged.

The visitations of remorse—that guardian angel of conscience—were not denied him; but he abused the gift of Heaven; he mocked the whispers of celestial warning; he sought, in fresh excitement, the oblivion of those serious thoughts which assail the guilty, like armed battalions. Fresh temptations were not wanting; fresh crimes were committed.

In his profligate pursuits he seemed to concentrate all the powers of his mind; for it was a *triumph* that he had in view in every instance. The ingenuity of his contrivances astonished even his reprobate master, Valremy. The secrecy of his manœuvres would have done credit to the Jesuits.

Notwithstanding, what was there in his features that indicated his desperate change? His respected



aunt would have seen nothing to excite suspicion. A more decided expression of features, a greater steadiness of eye, a more vivid glance, a firmer and fuller tone of voice, a more glowing expression of sentiment; these results would have gratified; and she would never have imagined the scenes wherein his eye, his glance, his voice, his sentiment, put forth *all* their fascinations. Copying his master, the unfortunate youth studied to become perfect in all the arts of seduction—a splendid deception.

In reply to his letter, given in a former chapter, Count Valremy wrote as follows:—

“MY PROMISING PUPIL,

“From your dismal letter, I concluded that you are ripe for another piece of innocent recreation. Let me have the interesting details as soon as you have performed the exploit.

“I read your lamentations with considerable interest, my friend. I also felt duly compunctious for having, on one or two occasions (not *more*, you know), seconded your ambitious projects. All your other achievements are *your own*; you deserve *all* their merit. Then, wherefore do you by implication reflect your meritorious guilt on *me*? Shall I freshen your memory respecting ———, and call to your remembrance the beautiful ———; and, above all, enter into the details of the affair at Versailles? Think of these exploits, my friend, and your gloom will vanish; but I doubt not you have already added

*another* to the list. I burn with impatience for the details, which, as a matter of course, you will be *proud* to describe.

“ You are very much like myself, my dear friend. You are ‘ vicious’ on *principle*, more than by *propensity*. So, perhaps, you’ll turn *saint* before you die; that is, you’ll change the object of ambition. Had you been a mere brute of sensualism, it would have taken you years to acquire the skill you have attained in four or five months. But, in point of fact, you came into the world fashioned for a seducer, only needing opportunity to fulfil your destiny. You would make an excellent Jesuit; but, as long as I live, that shall never be: I would rather have you as you are, hoping that you will be the means, like myself, in the hands of Providence, to thwart the nefarious designs of that execrable confraternity.

“ So you have been thrown under the wing of the *pious* Duplessis. I am very glad of it; for I know you too well not to perceive what is in the fates. Go forth and prosper. *I shall be much obliged to you.* You’ll have it all your own way.

“ Doubtless you would like to know your *man*; you’ll unravel the *lady* yourself. *I have never seen her.*

“ Duplessis is the tool of the Jesuits; in fact, I believe he *is* a Jesuit, and a very clever one into the bargain; for he manages to spend a vast deal of their money in *pious* purposes they know not of, and they think him a pious man for his services, which have

been *valuable*; that is, he has brought them in some good round sums, by way of legacies, from dying Christians. He acts as a sort of commissioner for the reverend fathers: little as I shall pity the rogues, I hope they'll find out the rogue Duplessis ere long. Cunning as these Jesuits are, how often are they caught in their own traps. If they were straightforward and honest, how much more secure would they be. I know them well, having had a vast deal to do with them, as I shall tell you some day.

"Duplessis is as bad *in certain matters* as you or I, only he is a despicable, mean wretch; but he likes to talk *divinity*, that is his 'reputation;' so always give him an opportunity to *preach*, drop in a *neat* compliment now and then, and you'll be his 'son well-beloved.'

"In conclusion, hoping that I need not explain how *metaphorically* I understand those last words relating to paternity, and eager to hear the *details*, believe me,

"Always yours,

"VALREMY."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SUCCESSFUL LOVER.

THE character which the preceding letter gives to Leonard Devigne is likely to prejudice the reader against him; even should he now seem to have honourable intentions, the dark insinuations of Count Valremy must excite suspicion.

On the other hand, it was a strong temptation to the vain youth: it was a stumbling-block; a cunningly-devised pitfall. How many are thus confirmed in the career of vice by the direct approbation of the vicious; by the indirect approval or admiration of the sober; and, must it not be added, the frivolous smiles of the fair?

The reader must draw his own conclusions from the following letter:—

LEONARD DEVIGNE TO COUNT VALREMY.

“MY DEAR COUNT,

“AMONGST your numerous endowments, you must certainly possess the gift of prophecy. Winter has

fled. Spring is come again. My gloom has vanished. Joy abounds. I am a happy man. It is achieved.

“ My intentions were most honourable ; they *are* most honourable : we have only to pray that thus they may continue. This is virtuous, my dear Count ; and though *you* may blame me, the testimony of my conscience is a safer guide in *this* matter.

“ O, bliss, incomprehensibly entrancing ! Scheme most admirably conceived, artistically executed, and supremely successful !

“ I will state the case :—

“ I meet a lady of incomparable beauty ; but let me describe her charms :—Imagine the most perfect oval that mind can conceive ; let that be the face of my idol, ere nature, beneficent nature, complacently set to the work of embellishment. Let that face be animated by eyes of celestial blue—shaped like an almond—with drooping lids, whose pendent lashes fringe the melting orbs into shade. Her beautiful nose straight, and yet slightly prominent (your sign of undefined desire) ; her upper lip short and slightly curved (your sign of that pleasant craft which mystifies a father and outwits a mother) ; her under lip full and parted from its lovely mate above (your sign of gentle sensibility) ; let both be the ripest cherries, in colour ; as restless as a wave, in expression ; like virtue, in repose ; like vice, in excitement. Gently place her round smooth chin

beneath those graces, and then contemplate perfection. I have won her.

" But the difficulties ; let me not forget them. I resume : I meet this lady of incomparable beauty. Glances meet ; gentle words lend interpretation to conscious cheeks ; souls mingle ; hearts bud, &c.

" But she is engaged ; and she is watched ; and M. Gramont is jealous. And *she* says her father persecutes her, though he is all smiles to *me*. Moreover, her father has very particular reasons for marrying her to Gramont, though he's a poor beggar ; he will never consent to his dismissal. Well, what's to be done ? Why we must join the hands of love without the paternal blessing.

" I shall need your aid, my dear Count ; and should M. Gramont prove restive, I'll need your friendship further, of course.

" It will be wedded love in a cottage at first, as a matter of course ; and then, our travels ended, Ringwood Hall shall bless our advent.

" I shall be at the Chateau Valremy to-morrow, to discuss my plans. What a monk you have been lately ! Are you meditating ?

" The plague of the thing is, that my venerable parent is constantly urging me to leave Paris. I promise in every letter ; but a protracted illness prevents fulfilment. Of course *marriage* will cure me.

" I am now about to write him a moral epistle, in answer to an admirable sermon with which he hath

indoctrinated your pupil. Between us, I never thought he could be half so psalmodious. I fancy my aunt—a pious, excellent soul—has reformed him. He insists on stern morality, whose necessity he urges as of paramount importance to a gentleman. Also he makes a hazy, unintelligible allusion to some ‘coming bliss’ in store for me; but does not condescend to state whether in *this* world or the next. I am for enjoying *both*, of course, and begin naturally with the first presented.

“I fancy he has taken a serious fit of late; *you*, according to your maxim, will conclude just the contrary from his moral philosophy.

“Thus, my dear Count, in two days I start *en route* for the ‘immortal city’ (with Mrs. Devigne *futura*), a fit abode for ‘love divine.’

“Inveterately thine,

“LEONARD DEVIGNE.”

#### THE REPLY.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I HASTEN to assure you that I shall be impatient to see you. Your letter astounds me; but I know you well, most specious of plotters! I know you well. Could I believe in the thing called human virtue, I would swear that *you* can imitate it most divinely. I love the pleasant strain of irony that pervades your despatch. So perfect it is, that once or twice I thought you *in earnest*.

"I need not say that you may depend on my purse,  
body and soul.

"My servant has orders to wait for you with my  
cabriolet.

"Till to-morrow, and always,

"Your faithful

"VALREMY."



## CHAPTER IX.

## THE TEMPLE OF PLEASURE.

AGREEABLY to the appointment, Leonard started for the Chateau Valremy, the residence of his friend the count.

At the distance of a few leagues from Paris stood the chateau, on an eminence, with which and the surrounding scenery, it seemed to have been raised by the wand of a fairy queen.

The last league of the journey meandered over rising ground and depressions ; so that the Temple of Pleasure was, by these risings and depressions, alternately presented to view, and then invisible—a succession of hope and fruition.

In the immediate grounds, whithersoever the eyes ranged, some striking and emblematical object was offered to fancy by the refined and intellectual designer : a fountain, whose waters gushed from a perpetual spring, whilst statues of nymphs, hand in hand, seemed dancing around. It was the Fountain of Pleasure.

Not far off you beheld a mimic tomb, as of a child, over which the figure of a decrepit old man drooped, as in grief for that which, once lost, is lost for ever. It was the tomb of Premature Decay.

Perhaps the model of a cottage caught the eye. If you approached, you beheld within, the statue of a girl. You read an inscription on the pedestal:—

C'EST LUCILLE.

PREMIER AMOUR, DERNIER MALHEUR !

In the rear of this monument was the recumbent statue of a man in a priest's cassock, a vulture gnawing his breast. The inscription was:—

CHRISTOPHE BRAMAND.

JESUITE INFAME !

Thus, on every side, a thought, a sentiment, or an emotion, by some voluptuous embodiment or delicate emblem, surprised and delighted.

Grouped according to their several habits of growth and tint of foliage, the various trees that adorned the rising grounds or studded the slopes, whether clothed in summer or bare in winter, relieved the distant landscape.

In the front of the chateau, borders and vases, in every variety of shape and material, interspersed with fountains and statues, were seen from the hall,

in all the beauty of harmonizing tints, from a thousand flowers—beauty in masses, or loveliness in detail—all eloquent in their seemingly thoughtful silence.

Mirrors, designedly hung within the hall, reproduced the enchanting view ; thus mellowed into that evanishing vagueness of the fancy, in a dream.

Conservatories of different forms, adapted to the aspect, glowed with the warmth of tropical flowers to prolong the enchantment of nature, even throughout the frost of winter.

The chateau was a circular building, temple-shaped, surrounded by a peristyle, and topped by a cupola—the observatory of the philosophical sensualist.

A statue of Sylvanus stood on one side of the entrance or vestibule, and, opposite, one of Bacchus, ivy-crowned. There seemed a meaning in the position of these emblems on the *ground-floor*, as if to indicate that, although not denied a place—nay, rather invited to enter—*sensual* pleasure was kept at its proper level.

As you ascended the winding staircase, proofs of exhaustless contrivance and fancy startled the eye on every side. An Arcadian landscape had changed the walls into a living scene of nature. Other scenes succeeded. Here was the shady bank—Tempe agitated by the zephyrs ; there the towering pine and white poplar, mingling their hospitable shade for the weary shepherd and his panting flocks. A stream of shining waters darting past seems to struggle as

it rushes along those winding banks. Further on, reclining on the tender sward, other shepherds with their flocks enjoy an hour, and sing ('t is so life-like), to the sound of the reed, the song that is most pleasing to the god that loves the flocks and Arcadia's shady hills.

A few steps higher you saw the figure of MIRTH—

“ Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister graces more,  
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore,”—

laughing from her niche; and the next turn of the ascent presented the Goddess of Beauty, radiant with smiles; whilst at her feet, as it were stealing from behind (for he was partly concealed), the little imp of Love was offering to the goddess his fatal arrows. There was an inscription on the pedestal,—

— Vincant quibus ALMA DIONE,  
Faverit, et toto qui volat orbe puer! \*

Beside the door of the hall was a bust of Socrates. It looked towards the library, which was opposite; and the refined sensualist tickled the fancy by placing beside the door of the library another bust, with a countenance expressive of discontent, as though it would change places if it could,—intended for *Alciades*, the wayward pupil of Socrates.

As you approach the hall or banqueting-room, a

\* Go, conquer all!  
If Venus aid thee, and the boy that wings  
The rolling ball.

secret spring in the floor threw open the doors, and a statue of PLEASURE fixed attention.

This conception was the boast of the sensualist.

Contiguous to this apartment was another, oval-shaped, and splendidly decorated. Lamps of a peculiar construction, with glittering lustres, hung from the ceiling. The walls were painted with taste similar to that which adorned the staircase. The same genius conceived the design. But the scenes depicted were more tender, more mysterious.

The arched ceiling displayed the azure-blue of the skies, star-bespangled; and here and there a light fleecy cloud, seemed to float suspended.

In this recess were held the nightly revels of the Chateau Valremy. Here was prepared Leonard Devigne's temptation; here he began his career of libertinism. Long was *that* night destined to be remembered—as a tempest, an earthquake, a flood, or the fall of an avalanche—by those who have outlived the night of tribulation. Oh, Innocence!—a dew-drop in the cup of a flower: touch it—it is lost *for ever!*

In this remembered spot took place the promised meeting of the master and pupil.

## CHAPTER X.

COUNT VALREMY ; OR, REVENGE.

"Why must we part so soon, my friend?"

"Tis my *father's* wish; he urges me to visit Rome as soon as possible."

"The cunning rogues."

"Who?"

"It matters not. I was thinking of a *promise* I made. Well, well; if you *must* go, so be it. I'll soon follow you."

"Do you say so? How delightful! You promise?"

"I promise. I know not how it is, but I have felt consumedly depressed all the morning: I cannot shake off the feeling. It must be your threatened departure, my friend; for you interest me strongly. Short as has been hitherto the duration of our friendship, my affection is perfect: you are my younger brother. But there is another cause of my affection, besides the kindred qualities of your mind.

It is this: you bear a striking likeness to the first, the only woman I ever loved."

"What! *Lucille*?"

"Yes, my friend; my poor *Lucille*! I have just returned from visiting her monument. I have wept, but am not consoled."

"Shake off this sadness, my dear Count. Remember what you said to me on that memorable morning, after *that* memorable night. 'Sadness,' you said, 'is but the desire of joy; now in the temple of pleasure all desires are fulfilled—you are in it.' Oh, well do I remember how you convinced me of my gains in mind and heart by that delightful discussion we had on the relation of body to mind. I was delighted as well as surprised by the ideas which you evolved from my mind; and I agreed with you in ascribing them to what you called 'the prime fulfilment.' My depression vanished. I have never known it since. And can you not console *yourself*—*you*, whose words were to me so omnipotent?"

"Possibly I can, my friend; but somehow I relish this sadness, and yet it afflicts me. 'Tis connected with a *dream* I had last night."

"What! *you* a believer in dreams!"

"I believe in everything *that suits my purpose*. Dreams have made me cautious; I have taken precautions: untoward events have been averted."

"Well; the dream last night?"

"I dreamt that *Lucille* stood before me, frantic with anguish, gasping the words, 'Oh, beware!'

I awoke in affright; but, recovering, the remembrance of the poor girl saddened my soul."

"Poor Lucille! Will you not perform your promise, and tell me that episode of your life?"

"I will, my friend; but I wish I could see my way through the interpretation of that dream. I certainly was thinking of Lucille when I retired. Dreams are but waking thoughts reproduced; and yet, though perfectly convinced of the *cause*, how comes it that I cannot shake off the *effect*—my painful foreboding?"

"I have heard it remarked that the anxiety produced by dreams may be the last effort of *conscience*."

"Much obliged for the hint, my friend; perhaps I shall profit by it. But to the episode.—

"I am now eight-and-thirty; the last eighteen years of my life have been spent in one determined effort to wrench my heart from the sweetest memory that the heart can cherish. Alas! 'twas a bitter thing to see the brightest hope of my soul vanish for ever, at the very moment the certainty of possession seemed most certain. An *infernal Jesuit* was the wretch appointed to scorch my heart to its present ashes!"

"Christophe Bramand?"

"The same. I have avenged myself. I have made revenge the study of my life. I have succeeded: but my wretchedness—my inner wretchedness—my heart's desolation—that agony which prompts so many disguises for its pangs—striving to prove a falsehood—the so-called *pleasure* of revenge



—*that* agony is eternal—for ever increasing : it does not, cannot diminish !

“ At the age of twenty, I left ——, the celebrated college of the Jesuits.

“ Secluded as I had been from the grosser temptations of the world, I left the Jesuits in possession of what is called ‘innocence;’ that is, the ripeness of the heart just about to be culled by temptation. For, in that seclusion, how often and ardently was my curiosity excited ; how my mind was tormented with the desire to know the meaning of certain allusions so delicately worded, hints so finely insinuated by my father-confessor in the confessional. Many of his questions I remember to this day ; the more keenly, because I soon learnt their import when I entered the world, and had ceased to be ‘innocent.’ The discovery was most gratifying. Of course I feel obliged to that seclusion, for checking my passions at a time when to have indulged them would have nipped their sweetest pleasure-buds ere they reached maturity. But to most men that seclusion—that very seclusion is utter destruction. You understand me.

“ The Jesuits trained me from my twelfth to my twentieth year. I strove to do them credit. I made a figure in their public exhibitions—those cunning nets of the wily fishermen. I learnt their *celestial* morality, and, following their example, I strove to attain perfection in *human* arts as well. I have found both immensely useful in accomplishing my revenge. Pious aspirations often succeed with wo-

men, when profane whispers produce hysterics. You'll understand my meaning by-and-by.

"I did *not* become a Jesuit, though the pious thought *did* occur to me; in fact, I was '*moved*' towards that 'vocation' by more than one of the confraternity. 'What a preacher you would make!' 'What an apostle!' 'Read the life of Holy Father Ignatius!' 'You resemble St. Francis Xavier—the same destiny is offered to you!' Such were the flattering hints that once or twice gave me an extraordinary fit of devotion. But I was constantly dreaming of the beautiful world. I had formed theories to myself. I longed to apply them.

"I left the fathers. They wept—I wept: but I had more reason to weep *afterwards*.

"Oh! how beautiful the visions of bliss that filled my soul when I returned to my home! Blessed with the approving eyes and impassioned greetings of a father; blessed with the gentle caresses of a mother—her calm, sweet look of approval; and yet the joy of that welcome was swallowed up by one overwhelming emotion—the *sight of Lucille!*

"Her beauty ravished my heart, as a *new* sun hurled in the path of a system of planets, with greater attraction to bear them away:—such was that angel to my mind and heart!

"The first moment of meeting was the first moment of love. In the gushing candour of my young heart, I urged my love that very evening. Oh! I have not forgotten the artless smile with which she blessed my confession. I have not forgotten the

gentle sigh and the shade of sadness that instantly succeeded. I embraced her: she smiled again, and again looked sad. I was happy; but I could not forget that ominous sigh and sadness, which dimmed the light of my heart in its happiest moment.

“Need I affirm that every successive day—nay moment, redoubled my love? How sweet it was to *tell* her how intensely I loved her—and see her smile—and feel the thrilling touch as she pressed my trembling hand and *wept—as I thought* for joy at being so beloved. Ah! my friend, I *lived* even in the swoon of those moments; since then, I have been dead in life.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

"My parents approved of the match. I hastened to rejoice my Lucille with the announcement—to urge the immediate completion of our bliss.

"'Idol of my heart!' I exclaimed, 'thou art mine—I am thine. My parents consent; name but the day—the hour—and lead me to bliss!'

"She burst into tears.

"Grieved by *such* a result to my announcement, I dropped her hand and stepped back.

"'How, Lucille!' I exclaimed, 'is it thus that you greet the tidings I bring?'

"'Oh, reproach me not. I am wretched enough. Oh! why was I born?'

"She fell on my breast, and pressed my hand to her lips, uttering, amid sobbings, and convulsively, these words:—'They wish to marry me to *another*. I detest him; but they have forced me to promise. Oh! do not frown on me so? You I would marry—you only.'

“‘I frown not on you, love,’ I exclaimed; ‘but on my enemy—my enemies. You are mine. No power on earth shall stand between us and bliss.’

“It may seem strange that I rushed to announce as a certainty, what still depended on the consent of other parties; but the fact is, Lucille was an orphan, and her guardians were intimate friends of my father’s. In giving his willing consent, he said,—‘You may make her happy at once; for her guardians will make no difficulty, I am sure.’

“To continue. I said to her,—‘Tell me, Lucille, who is my enemy? Who have forced you to promise?’

“‘Too soon told,’ she replied; ‘your enemy is the son of one of my guardians. He pressed his offer, till I was wearied into consent. My guardians urged the suit, with every possible threat of what they would do if I persisted in my refusal. My confessor, *Father Bramand*, sided with them. He frightened me with the terrors of the divine judgment on the disobedient. What could I do? I had no friends to take my part. I didn’t know you then, dear Emile. I despaired—I yielded; for I cannot resist. I was made to be terrified.’

“‘My love,’ said I, ‘I am glad ’t is no worse. ’T is soon managed. My father has great influence—no one will dare to resist him. You shall be mine—you *are* mine.’

“‘But I have promised, dear Emile.’

“‘But you promised against your will—you were forced. You love me; I shall have you in spite of

your guardians, my rival, and the Jesuits. I defy them all.'

" 'Oh! shall it be so?' she exclaimed, looking up in my face. 'Yes,' she continued, 'your boldness gives me hope—makes me strong. You have imparted to me some of your strength—our souls are mingled. Assure me once more that I shall be yours.'

"I apprised my father of the difficulty that might occur. He said he had been aware of the machination, but thought they would yield to *him*. He met the guardians: they demurred, urging the promise. He grew warm, and left them in anger. A correspondence ensued: they insisted that Lucille, being still under age, should return to the convent whence she had come, on a visit to my mother.

"I shall not describe the parting.

" 'Fatal moment!' she cried, in her anguish; and those were her *last* words to *me*. Yes, my friend, I never heard her voice again.

"Six months after her departure, Lucille wrote me this letter."

The Count opened the letter, and wept. He continued,—

"How these tears relieve my heart! Thanks, poor Lucille! thanks,—thou hast again melted my heart."

He paused for a few minutes, and then read as follows:—

"All is over!—my doom is sealed! I must leave

thee, Emile. Thy love has deprived me of mortal life, to give me that which is eternal. Oh, be consoled, my dearest love. I shall pray for thee in Heaven; for, may I not hope to be there, since I have done my penance, and am sorry for my sins? Oh, good Heaven! my brain whirls. I am blind—distracted! So soon to die! Such bliss in store for us! In the flower of my days, and so tenderly beloved! And by my Emile! So good—so generous—so gifted by Heaven with all that my heart desires! Yes, I must away; they have willed it. 'Twas the only condition—they would have none other. Could I sacrifice—dishonour my Emile?—my love?—my husband? Oh, my poor brain wanders! Well, I will tell thee all, and then I'll seek my confessor. *He* will absolve me."

"You weep, my friend," exclaimed the Count; "but you see that *my* eyes are now dry. 'Tis because I know what is to follow. *I am myself again.* Revenge is not yet satisfied. What you have heard, is the angel's last whisper of woe; what follows is so clear—so circumstantial—so cool, I may say, that I fancied she must have written it when her poor brain was calmed by the certainty of bliss in Heaven. I resume,—

"After I returned to the convent, my guardians visited me. They urged my promise. I made but one reply to all their entreaties. The man himself came: I refused to see him. Then his father requested an interview: I was persuaded to see him.

He endeavoured to obtain my consent, and made some strange remarks, which went to my heart, fearing I know not what."

Here the Count stopped, and remarked:—

"Doubtless, you think it strange that I did not take steps to rescue Lucille. Such was my intention; but her guardians had cunningly held out a hope that their consent would be given, if Lucille persisted in her determination, for such a time as should seem to them a guarantee of her final determination. My father urged patience: I foolishly submitted. 'Tis but natural,' said he, 'that *Gramont* should covet a large fortune for his beggar-son.'

"*Gramont*?" exclaimed Leonard.

"Oh, yes, my dear friend," replied the Count, with a sarcastic smile. "Yes, *that's* the name. *You* have helped in my vengeance. I am infinitely obliged to you. *Your charmer is—his betrothed.*"

"What a coincidence!"

"Beautiful! Let me proceed with the letter.

"Months passed away: I remained unmolested; but my anguish, how intense! And yet, my Emile, the certainty of your love only redoubled mine; for are you not honour itself?

"Then came the day of anguish. I must tell you that I had gone to confession, and was absolved. Father Bramand seemed all kindness. He told me that repentance and entire submission to the will of Heaven ——"

"See, my friend, how these villains eke out



their atrocities through some corner of heaven!" exclaimed the Count, biting his lip.

"——He told me that repentance and entire submission to the will of Heaven would expiate my sins; and, after urging the necessity of submission in all things to the will of Heaven, whether directly announced to us, or by the force of circumstances—such were his words—he gave me absolution. I attended regularly at confession and communion; for my heart *was* consoled by Heaven, dear Emile. Yes, Heaven consoled me in your absence. I trusted in God. I hoped He would befriend us; but perhaps—nay, I must be sure—I did not trust enough in God, or He would have made us happy together.

"At length I was summoned to meet the guardians. *Gramont* was present.

"His father addressed me: 'We have waited *six* months,' said he, 'for your final answer.' He laid a stress on the word underlined; and I had to suffer the piercing looks of four men—Gramont being one of them. I must have blushed, for his father said:—

" 'Well, we *now*, perhaps, may flatter ourselves with the hope that you will think it *expedient*, Miss, to fulfil your promise.'

"I made no reply.

" 'This is very strange,' he resumed. 'Are we to conclude that you still persist in your determination?'

" I replied calmly—

" ' Yes, gentlemen, *and for ever.*'

" ' You do ?' they exclaimed all together.

" ' I do.'

" They looked at each other in astonishment.

" ' 'Tis impossible !' they exclaimed.

" I was silent.

\* \* \* \*

" When I recovered my senses, I found myself in bed—my nurse bathing my temples. Poor dear soul ! She tried to console me ; and then she wept : we both wept. Oh, Emile, what a false, hideous accusation !

" I have not left my bed since ; and as my sorrows will soon end—nay, end to-morrow—I write this last farewell to my love, my Emile, my husband.

" I must tell you all. My *nurse* says that the way they suspected us was this. Father Bramand questioned your father's gardener, just before the last visit of the guardians. When she mentioned the *gardener*, do you know, I remembered how minutely Father Bramand made me detail the circumstances, the time, the place where we used to walk. But this must have been a wicked temptation. Wretchedness makes one so suspicious.

" This is the statement. I have given it lest you should suppose that Father Bramand violated the sacred secret of confession in the disclosure. Poor man ! if he has interested himself in my destruction, may Heaven forgive him ! I forgive him, from my

heart. I confessed my doubts to him, respecting himself; he re-assured me: denied the allegation; and spoke so feelingly that I believed his innocence.

"I wished to make my will; but they tell me that, not being of age, my property must go to the next heir. If I could bequeath it, I would will the capital to be vested so that, out of the interest, a certain sum might be given as a marriage-portion to young people of both sexes: to the men for *your* sake, Emile—to the women for your poor Lucille's.

"Farewell, Emile. Dear Emile, my love, my husband! You will never forget me.

"LUCILLE."

"Poor Lucille!" exclaimed Leonard, deeply affected.

The Count folded up the letter, exclaiming,—  
"Now for the *conclusion*, my friend. And in that conclusion you will hear my destiny."

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE CONCLUSION OF THE SAME.

"THE nurse brought me the letter.

"What would have distracted most men, stupified *me*. I have been reminded of its effect, when I have seen an ox struck dead by a single blow of a mallet.

"Revenge was my first thought. Even the fate of Lucille was second to that ravenous mania.

"I ordered the gardener to my room. He came. I locked the door; I placed a loaded pistol on the table; I said to him,—

"‘You have been questioned by Father Bramand; tell me all that passed between you?’

"The man fell on his knees, stammering out a supplication for mercy.

"‘Your pardon,’ said I, ‘depends on your sincerity: tell me all, and I forgive you?’

"He then related how the Jesuit had enticed him into a conversation, leading him from one subject to another, till at last he touched on the point in ques-

tion. He said that he hesitated ; and then the Jesuit put the question to him in plain words, promising a large reward if he would tell him what he had *hesitated to say*. Bramand assured him that he was a friend of my family, and that it was for the love of God that he wished to take means to prevent a great misfortune. The man still hesitated. The Jesuit pressed him with all manner of arguments,—‘Till,’ said he, ‘I thought ’t would be a great sin not to try and save your soul, my dear master, and the soul of the dear young lady, whom God preserve for you, my dear young master !’

“‘To the point,’ said I ; ‘what next ?’

“‘I still felt fearful,’ he replied, ‘lest my talk might cost me my place ; for, look you, master, the deepest secrets will get out at last—and now I find it is so, to my sorrow. I said to the good Father, says I, “*Mon père*, I am a poor man : you tell me God wills me to tell the secret ; but what if *you* should be moved by *le bon Dieu* to betray *me* ? You must give me your promise in writing, signed by your own hand, that *le bon Dieu* will never move you to betray me.” Father Bramand said there was no need of that, his holy character was sufficient ; I might confide in him. But I said, No.—I was firm. So he pulled out a large sum of money, and gave it to me ; I put it in my pocket. “Now, tell me what you know ?” said he. “Not without the *paper*,” said I, very firmly. Then he began to talk with me—at first very gently, then very seriously—then he got angry ; but I said ’t was no use talking, I must

have the paper. You see, master, he had gone too far to go back—that's the worst of these matters—and so he pulled out a pencil and a piece of paper, and wrote what I wanted. I always keep it in my pocket; it's safe there.'

" 'Give it to me,' said I, holding out my hand; he gave it.

" 'Enough!' said I, 'I know the rest. To how many persons besides have you told the secret?'

" 'Only to one, master, and that was the lady's own nurse; my best friend she is. I told it her, when I heard what they had done with her young mistress; and because I began to think that Père Bramand wasn't so good as he ought to be, I told her *all*; for she would have it out of me—and, master, you will know the women by and by. She said Père Bramand was very wicked to tamper with my master's servant. I think so too. Why can't they let poor folks be honest, as poor folks *should* be?'

" The fellow ceased. I left the house, and rushed to the Jesuit.

" 'Ah! *notre cher Emile!*' said he; 'how delightful to see our celebrated pupil.'

" 'Excuse me, sir,' said I coolly; 'let us pretermit compliments for the present. Doubtless, you know the object of my visit.'

" 'You seem angry, my dear Emile; how have I offended you?'

" 'You, sir, can answer that question to yourself. My business is soon explained. You must repair the injury as far, and as soon, as you can—this is

the only condition—or I denounce you as a vile corrupter, a false man, a meddling priest, an infamous Jesuit.’

“ ‘These are hard words, my young friend. But you are excited : I will not add to your causeless resentment, whatever it be, by meeting anger with anger. You have been misled by some enemy of religion. I forgive you.’

“ ‘And do *you*, sir, imagine *I* will forgive your infamous tampering with my father’s servant, to gain such facts as would enable you to fabricate a lie, in order to serve your still more infamous project—the ruin of a defenceless girl?’

“ ‘You speak a puzzle, my friend ; I do not understand you.’

“ ‘What effrontery ! Will you understand *this*, sir?’

“ I unfolded the gardener’s paper. I had the pleasure to see a Jesuit disconcerted : he turned pale, trembled visibly. I followed up the attack.

“ ‘Now, sir, I think you will *obey* me. You must go to the guardians ; you must induce them, by your honourable influence, instantly to consent to my marriage. I give you four hours for the enterprise. One-fifth of the time were enough for a Jesuit ; but I give you ample time, so that you may serve me without compromising yourself and *the Society*—a consideration that never slumbers.’

“ Bramand did not open his lips ; but he gazed in my face, as if considering whether I was as determined as my words implied. I folded up the paper, adding,—

“If in four hours the guardians send their consent, this paper shall be returned to you, and I will answer for the secrecy of my servant. You *promise?*”

“I promise,” said the Jesuit, with a hideous smile.

“I went home. Within the specified time the guardians wrote to my father, consenting to the marriage, ‘agreeably to the understanding before given, should the lady’s determination seem final.’ Evidently the Jesuit had saved his credit.

“Once more my heart melted. The desire of revenge was dispelled by the prospect of happiness. My Lucille would be mine. The certain hope would snatch her soul from death: she would live—she would live for *me*.

“I rushed to the convent, once more the bearer of glad tidings, and as confident of giving joy as on the former occasion.

“I flew to her room. Lucille was delirious—in the agonies of death. Her screams were dreadful; but as soon as I entered, they ceased—she was silent. She stretched her arms to me; I clasped her to my breast, pressed my lips to hers—she died in my arms! In that embrace she expired; I drank her last breath.

“She was murdered; the Jesuit killed her.

“After I left the fiend, he went to the poor girl. The nurse was present. He questioned both; they were frightened; they confessed all. He denounced both; and, turning to my poor Lucille, he said,—



“‘*You* have anticipated the bliss of marriage; you are punished. But your penalty is not yet paid—your crime is not yet expiated. The judgments of Heaven are eternal; I announce them to you in the name of the Eternal!’

“He left the room. Poor Lucille was in convulsions.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Why did I not die, to sleep in the same tomb beside my first and last love?—to be with her in heaven, and thus to realize our dreams? Why did I survive Lucille? I lived for *revenge*! That ravenous hope stifled grief; scorched up the source of tears; petrified my heart. Eighteen years has my mind been devoted to the work. I have spared no expense of money, no toil of body or mind, to repay the Jesuits for the crime of the infamous Bramand. In their archives you can find my history: the Jesuits can write it better than I could myself; for *they* only can tell the *consequences* of my deeds.

“I hunted Bramand out of life. I tempted him to dishonour—he fell. I killed him with grief, and *gave him a monument*.

“I chastised Gramont for his insult to Lucille. I met the son—*your* Gramont—in a duel, passed my sword through his body, left him for dead; but he recovered, you see, perhaps to fall by the sword of my friend. I thank you for helping my revenge.”

“Merciful Heaven!” exclaimed Leonard, horrified by these awful sentiments.

The Count went on,—

"Is it not a splendid destiny, my friend?"

"Hideous, my dear Count. I am horrified."

"Oh! I have wounded the Jesuits in every form. They meet me *everywhere*. I track them out in the most secret places of their machinations. I discover all their doings, they know not how; and I select their most promising scheme always for my reprisal. Even *now*—but let that pass. I have overmatched the Jesuits—yes, outwitted the cunning Jesuits."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was late when the Count concluded his story. On the following morning an important conversation took place between the friends. It follows—

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A STRANGE PROPOSAL.

BEFORE retiring, Leonard had explained to the Count his plan of the intended abduction. The Count promised his co-operation.

"I hope you have passed a pleasant night," said the Count to Leonard, on his appearance at breakfast. "I hope Bramand didn't play the incubus?"

"Why, to say truth, it was long before I could fall asleep; but I did not dream of Bramand."

"Oh, then, you *did* dream? Well, 't is easily guessed. But, *apropos*, you don't seriously mean *marriage*, my friend?"

"Why not?" asked Leonard, with a peculiar tone and smile.

"Ah! now I understand. I thought I knew you. But I must tell you, your heart will soon be as impenetrable as a Jesuit's. I think you exceed me in reckless *sang-froid*. 'T is easily explained. You are young, and 't is the young whom we see amusing

themselves with sticking pins and needles into suffering flies."

"You give me a bad character, Count. Was I not horrified at parts of your narrative last night?"

"Oh, yes; the fate of poor Lucille must touch any heart. You were surprised; but, believe me, you'll scruple at few atrocities after you have fixed your mind on your object. You may be surprised into terror of conscience; but it must be a most extraordinary manifestation to effect that."

"I am the happier for that organization. It is a mental cuirass, that insensibility to grief in the abstract. And yet I do remember the time when I occasionally felt otherwise; but of late, my dear Count, I confess I have become a confirmed stoic. The *object* is *all* to me. I pursue it by every means in my power, reckless of consequences."

"And yet, what a demon of caution you are. Who but myself know what you have done? You *astonish* me. 'Tis natural, however. Your career had no *precursory* steps. You *plunged* into crime; and your transformation, as it seemed to be, was only the development of your hidden nature. But you are so constituted, that you can fashion yourself to any state, if you but fix your mind on an *object*, as you call it."

"Your philosophy is very keen; but I prefer my present state to any—possible or contingent."

"There is one point, however, on which, like myself, you will require a few disappointments to be enlightened,—I mean, the matter of woman's love.

You believe in the thing. You believe that women adore you, when, in point of fact, 't is only themselves that they adore : woman is the most selfish of creatures."

" No, no, Count; that's not my doctrine, certainly; and I should be the most ungrateful of men if it were."

" Of course, you would be : but, my dear friend, I thought so too, until I was disabused."

" It will take a vast deal to disabuse me of the disinterested, unalterable love of woman. Have I not had numerous proofs of it?"

" And yet you say you are *not* the most ungrateful of men ! How have you shown your gratitude?"

" As well as I could : but you are excessively hard on me, Count."

" Excuse me. I would like you to be enlightened on all points. Let not your vanity deceive you. 'T is not *you* that women love ; 't is some ideal association—ideal or real. They are flattered by the attentions of men, when these are men of beauty or talent. Often 't is a mere whim, a caprice ; nay, I have known a woman captivated by a squint\* in

\* In the saloons of Paris, in 1842, when the operation for *strabismus* made a great noise, the following anecdote was often told:—A young lady, of a sanguine temperament and ardent imagination, was on the point of being married to a young man, who loved her, and whom she tenderly loved. Now, it happened that the youth squinted. Fully persuaded that his image was not engraved precisely with that imperfection on the heart of his betrothed, the unfortunate man one day conceived the luckless idea of preparing a surprise for his be-

her suitor! Sometimes they seek the love of men through revenge, spite—sometimes through jealousy. All women love marriage more than their lover: 't is the state of independence that they crave. Here's your present flame. Of course, you see how your exploit has progressed: you have to thank her *father* and the wretch *Gramont* for the lady's kindness."

"Oh, I'll never believe that. I know that she loves me. I believe in her love as in the existence of Heaven."

"A very curious juxtaposition of belief, certainly; and human vanity has much to do with both. But in a few weeks you'll discover your error. No man ever had to do with a woman without being, sooner or later, disappointed."

"All that may be true enough; but really your reasons for doubting the sincerity of Adele's love seem very weak indeed."

"I am glad that you begin to feel their force, as is evident from your look, and your reverting to the remark."

"Oh, by no means!"

loved by having his squint removed. The operation succeeded; but not so the desired effect on the lady. As soon as she saw him, she uttered a cry of alarm; and in spite of the explanations made, she refused to recognise, under that form, the husband whom she had chosen and loved under another. Wishing to remain faithful to the cherished image, she sacrificed the man who ceased to resemble it. Inconstant through excess of fidelity, she spoke so well on the subject that the marriage was broken off. Nothing could change her resolution.—*Cerise, in Roussel's Syst. de la Femme.*

"I beg your pardon, but must be allowed to contradict you. Were it not for our vanity and conceit, our eyes would never be blinded by appearances. I would undertake to *prove* that you may be supplanted by another."

"You would? By whom?"

"I would; and by your humble servant."

"The deuce you would!"

"Indeed I would; *with your permission*, however. You seem to admit the proposal. How vast is your self-confidence! Now, I should like to disabuse you of a belief which is your only weakness. Get rid of that belief, and your power over women will be increased tenfold. Yes, yes; I see you think it impossible that all her protestations of love and adoration can be false. But think of my experience, my dear friend. I can detail hundreds of cases in which all seemed as fair as the present; but ——"

"I agree to your proposal. I am resolved to test the girl; and if she prove false, I'll be revenged on the whole sex."

"Brave, my friend. I'll to the work with heart and soul, for *your* sake. Here's the scheme:—You have appointed to meet her at —— to-night. Send me instead, with a letter, requesting her to put herself under my protection, promising to meet her at the first stage. Of course, she'll not demur to this. We will wait for you. You will send another letter, urging us on; with another promise, couched in the most passionate terms, pleading a very severe illness. And so we'll journey on; and I'll make

love in all word. Should she reject every advance by the third day, I pledge my word that I shall be the first to throw myself at your feet, and confess that I have slandered the only true woman as yet created. If you really believe that this lady loves you, and *you* alone, you may trust her to *any* temptation."

"I agree. Let us start at once for Paris."

"Good. 'Tis a glorious idea! I shall set my mind to the work, as though it were destined to be my *last* triumph."

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## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE RESULT.

COUNT VALREMY kept a diary, in which he made two entries daily—one in the morning, the other in the evening: the former consisted in resolutions, the latter in fulfilments; for thus he termed the respective entries.

The resolution of the morning in question was as follows:—

“Resolved, to punish the villain Gramont by an efficient retaliation. My friend must be deceived and sacrificed; but revenge is paramount to every other motive.”

From this it is evident that the conversation just given was premeditated by this unprincipled man, purposely to lead his victim into this most disreputable agreement. Such is the friendship of those whose only bond of union is the kindred pursuit of vice.

His forceful appeal to Leonard's vanity was adroitly made: the ruling passion of every man is

a mine ready sprung ; the cunning discover it, and apply the fatal spark.

Strong as may be the reader's prepossession against Leonard Devigne, it is, nevertheless, most probable that his intentions respecting Mlle. Duplessis were, at first, purely honourable ; and that Valremy *shamed* him into guilt.

Stimulated by the pernicious influence of his master, the pupil's ambition was to attain perfection in the arts of vice. Dismal perversion of the mind and heart ! If sins of human frailty are to be expiated by condign punishment, how much more the crimes of gratuitous profligacy, whose motive is only vanity. Crimes that, like the whirlwind, leave destruction behind them, and carry with them sorrow and ruin in their onward path.

There are strong impulses, whelming sympathies, which impel many a gentle heart through a vale of tears to hopeless misery ; by the uncompromising code of Christian morality, even such are not excused ; still, the impetuosity of the passions may, perhaps, in the hour of judgment, induce the God of Mercy to commiserate with his frail creature, who is "prone to evil from his youth." But how can we apply these consoling words to the deeds in question ? . . . . . If we are niggards in *virtue*, let us be niggards in *vice* as well ; nor commit a crime for the sake of its "reputation." Excesses of youth ! such is the complacent term ; but are not such excesses as it were commercial draughts upon our old age ? Are they not signed by the hand of

misery for an immense amount? The *capital* is never paid; but only the interest, compound, triple, and quadruple, until life stops payment and becomes bankrupt. Then the skeleton of death steps in, offers to pay up the arrears; and notwithstanding the hardness of his conditions, he is accepted—cancels the whole debt in one instant; but claims the earthly tenement until the day of resurrection. And then—and then!

\* \* \*

Stay, gentle maiden. Return. 'Tis not too late.

Adele is now at her father's gate. She looks back. She hesitates.

"What shall I do?"

Return, return. Danger impends. But you know not that. Alas! could your guardian angel keep you back!

"He loves me; why should I fear?"

Generous heart! Trust not the smiles of man—the melting words of deceit: you are betrayed. Oh! could your guardian angel whisper, beware!

"Yes, he loves me; I'll go—I'll go."

Her hand is on the latch; the hinges creak; she shudders, looks back, and listens.

"Is there not something?"

Yes, imprudent maiden! 'tis *conscience*; listen to it—you are wrong—return, return.

"'Tis the wind."

Fast over the threshold she trips: gently and softly the gate she latches again; and now see how she hurries to the spot appointed.

How her poor heart flutters. How she trembles—looks back—stops for an instant; then on—on—quick to the eager arms of love she rushes!

The moon shines bright from a cloudless sky. Her beams bathe in a flood of light the tree in whose shadow the maiden stands in trembling expectation. She hears the distant hum of the city: at times it seems to increase, as if its strife were approaching.

Oh, how she wrings her cold hands, and wishes she were not *there*!—there in that lonely spot; poor imprudent maiden!

“Yes, ’tis here; why is he not here?”

See you not, behind yon tree, him whom you seek? He sees you now: he is coming.

The figure emerged: ’twas the Count enveloped in a large cloak; his face partially concealed.

“I bear a message to you from Mr. Devigne; will you permit me to deliver it?”

“Who? what!—am I betrayed?”

“No, dear lady. Be not afraid. I am his friend; you are safe.”

“Oh, what shall become of me? I have done wrong. God forgive me!”

“Rest on my arm, dear lady; trust to the honour of your lover’s friend. But time is pressing; the carriage is at hand; all is ready; I will bear you to his arms.”

“But why is he not here himself?”

“A sudden illness. He will join us at the first stage, where we will wait for him.”

" Oh, heavens! I am desolate. . . . . I know not who *you* are, sir; how can I trust you?"

" I will explain all to you as we walk, dear lady: let us haste—a moment's delay may be fatal—*we may be pursued.*"

" Oh God, direct me—strengthen me! I am bewildered."

Overwhelmed by the sudden terror that came over her, Adele sank on the Count's arm: her head drooped; and she sobbed in the violence of anguish.

At that instant—in that position—and whilst the Count was leaning over her beautiful face, whispering soft words of comfort, which she heeded not—poor bewildered maiden!—in that instant, Gramont rushed upon them.

" You are far from home to-night, Mlle. Duplessis."

At the sound of his rapid footsteps, Adele looked back, and recognised Gramont ere he addressed her, although, like the Count, he too was cloaked.

Gramont walked up to the Count and said:—

" Mr. Devigne, well met. Perhaps you will honour me with your company, for an instant or two, a few steps further."

Ere the first words escaped his lips, Mlle. Duplessis had disengaged her arm, and was hurrying back to her father's house: fright gave her wings.

The Count made no reply. He walked with Gramont, till the latter stopped and addressed him:—

"Be *this* the spot, sir. I come prepared, if you are not. Here are two swords: choose for yourself."

The Count snatched one of the swords.

Turning aside, Gramont threw off his cloak, and proceeded to strip, preparatory to the engagement.

Meanwhile Valremy, whose face had been partially concealed, followed the example.

Then turning, the moon, in the open spot, now shining brightly on his face, he exclaimed abruptly,—

"*We are well met, M. Gramont.*"

M. Gramont's astonishment must be imagined.

Valremy gazed ferociously on his enemy, seeming to enjoy his bewilderment; and then, a bitter smile curled his lip, as, with withering scorn, he said,—

"Why must such a contemptible wretch again cross my path? Must you owe me your despicable life once more? Or must I hinder you for ever from intruding your vile pretensions?"

Gramont stood before his mortal foe: the man whose early hopes he had blighted, and whom he hated as much for having *injured* him, as for having been injured *by* him. Valremy had thwarted him in all his prospects through life; but kept aloof from direct insult, purposely to prolong the torments of his victim. And now, he found him, as he thought, his successful rival. And a *second* rival, too. What rancorous agony to his heart was the conviction of this *double* betrayal! If he was a

coward by nature, rage gave him courage—despair made him bold—his *present* cause inspired the hope of victory; for the most profligate men are the first to presume on a seemingly righteous cause. He answered firmly,—

“ If you have dishonoured that lady—”

“ *If*, say you ?” interrupted the insinuating miscreant.

“ *Then* my arm shall conquer. I shall rid the earth of a monster! Fiend! I defy you once more.”

Fierce and deadly was the struggle. Rancour and revenge substituted impetuous fury for cool dexterity. To kill, to kill quickly was the ravening heart’s desire.

Almost instantly, both the combatants were wounded—but slightly; and fresh rage was added to the conflict. Hideous was the distortion of their features, as they gasped in the terrible effort, their eyes flashing implacable hate. For a moment the issue was doubtful; when Valremy’s sword snapped at the guard; he fell to the ground ere Gramont could withdraw the reeking blade.

Meanwhile, the noise of the clashing swords had reached the carriage in waiting for the abduction. The postilion rushed to the scene just as his master fell.

Gramont disappeared.

The Count was borne to his carriage and driven to the nearest hotel, where his surgeon immediately attended.

His wound was pronounced mortal. The Count himself interpreted the surgeon's look, as he inspected the wound ; and with the expression of frantic despair, the wretched man exclaimed,—

“ Oh God ! and must I die ! ”

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## CHAPTER XV.

## THE LIBERTINE DIES.

It were difficult to say whether Valremy or the reader has the greater reason to be surprised at the "result" just given. Let us consider.

Valremy conceived a satanic scheme. He devised the means of its accomplishment. But the carriage which was to bear away his unconscious victim carried himself off the scene, mortally wounded.

He tempted and deceived his friend into the betrayal of an innocent girl, by whom he was tenderly beloved ; but the beginning of his imagined triumph over woman's virtue was the ending of his criminal stratagems.

He undertook to commit a crime, ostensibly to prove the libertine's maxim about the facility of a woman's virtue, but in reality to gratify his own evil passions. He dies in the place of the friend whom he perverted and deceived.

He dies, too, innocent, so to speak, of the crime,—

a bitter thought to such a man in the first moment of surprisal. Nor must the fact be forgotten, that he falsely insinuated the lady's degradation, in order to harass more deeply his hated foe. Men of his "profession" think lightly of woman's reputation. Frequently they encourage a belief which they *know* to be false. The practice gratifies their vanity, and renders their diabolical "exploits" more easy; for it is a hard thing for woman to stand fast when her good name is blighted, though falsely.

He dies by the hand of the man whom he would have live to be tormented—the man whom he utterly despised; for it is an error to suppose that the human heart does not hate what it despises, if the object of contempt is a fellow-being.

He dies "in the midst of his days," in the enjoyment of perfect health, immense wealth, and a "glorious reputation."

His active mind was full of well-digested schemes, ripe for the "fulfilment;" but to-night he will make no entry in his diary. To-morrow he will record no "resolution."

He dies!

Approach slowly: the slightest noise harasses his sinking frame.

It is now the first hour of morning. Nature is waking from her sleep; but this mortal body is about to sleep for ever. The sod that shall open to receive his mortal remains now weeps with the reeking dews of the night. The moon that shone on the scene of the intended crime, and the accomplished

murder, is set : she has shrunk from the scene of death.

The streets of the great city are not deserted ; the passions people them still. The dead of night is *their* hour of life,—the passions, whose penalty we now behold.

But in this room all is still.

A strong man is dying.

Approach !

His eyes are closed ; he breathes hardly ; ever and anon a tremor shakes his frame.

Life is ebbing away, but he is still sensible ; he whispers faintly.

At intervals, some agonizing thought forces a tear from his eyes. He weeps ! the libertine weeps ! Valremy weeps !

He feels bitter regrets.

He shudders at the past.

He is *repentant* !

Count Emile de Valremy has just made his confession, and has been absolved by a priest—that priest a

JESUIT !

And there the priest stands—*Etienne Maugras*, the Provincial of France, and Valremy's confessor in the days of his innocence, when a student at college.

When the terrors of death came upon him, he thought of his crimes, and then of the days of his innocence ; and the thought of both brought to mind his oft-remembered confessor. He sent for the

Jesuit. The Jesuit came; and now he is leaning over the dying man, hearing the last words of the dying libertine—the implacable foe of the Jesuits, the proud, sensual, reckless Emile de Valremy.

What a retributive humiliation!—and yet humanity will rejoice if he die in peace with his offended God.

What a triumph for those who will have most cause to rejoice at his destruction! And yet may they moderate their rejoicing! May they be merciful in their exultation! Has not he humbled himself before them? Have they not promised him God's forgiveness? Have they not "absolved" him?—wiped away his guilt?

Now listen to the dying man.

"I have now told you all.

"Horror within—horror without! A quenchless flame devours me. But you promised me forgiveness.

"My crimes stand before me! My victims reappear! I see them all! They mock me! But you tell me God will forgive me!

"'Tis hard to die. I would not die. I cannot live. But you say I shall live.

"I have abused the joys of earth—have merited hell; but you say I shall now go to heaven.

"I would hope. I do hope. But how can I hope? Why should I hope? You tell me God is merciful!"

At these words, his eyes opened, wild with terror—screaming in agony.

"There!—there!—the fiends are come! Oh, God, forgive me! I burn! Save me! I perish! I repent!"

In a dreadful convulsion, the wretched man leaped from his bed; his head struck against the wall; he fell to the floor—a corpse!

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Thus perished, in his thirty-eighth year, Count Emile de Valremy.

All the events of his life, herein briefly recorded, suggest their moral too vividly to require development. Each reader, according to his respective organization, will draw his own conclusions; and these will thus be far more to the purpose than any which the author could suggest.

One remark may be allowed. Valremy was trained by the Jesuits: as their pupil he did them credit to the last; and if the Jesuits suffered by him, they have to reproach one of their own body for having made him an implacable foe.

Hereby is Valremy *not* justified, nor is Bramand exonerated.

But let the Jesuits justify, if they can, the fearful consequences that but too often follow their "pious" machinations.

Bramand's conduct is what they daily pursue—*an undue interference in the concerns of families.*

How they strive to make themselves *necessary* to the family! How they bind its members to themselves by the arts of pious seduction! Strange—but true, nevertheless. Even a temporary absence of

the female members is rendered productive of "pious thoughts," by correspondence! . . . .

Such dismal consequences as the production of a Valremy do not always, providentially, follow their machinations; but the corroding anguish of a husband who may not sympathize with the Jesuits—the anxiety of a father who may not admire the Jesuits—serve, nevertheless, to make life miserable, though the "eternal interests of religion" are collaterally advanced.

The Jesuits may hold forth the specious pretence, as they *do*, that they only care about "eternal interests;" but in the specific instances which we have *now* in view, "eternal interests" are *not* promoted, but temporal annoyance *is* produced.

Certainly, husbands and fathers are to blame if they submit tamely to such encroachments. But we must bear in mind that resistance, though natural to some, is a painful effort to others; and many a prudent man prefers a *certain* amount of evil in the present, to that which he "knows not of" in the contingent. Thus he submits and suffers, and is very reluctant to "stir up Leviathan."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A WARNING, AND ITS EFFECTS.

IN his last moments the Count desired to see Leonard. The Jesuit promoted the wish; Leonard was sent for at his apartments. He was absent at the time; but when he returned and heard the affecting intelligence, he hastened to the hotel, entering the room just as the Count expired.

His friend lay dead on the floor; the Jesuit, in mute horror, standing beside the corpse, which was darkened by the shadow of his tall and venerable figure.

"Dead! Your friend is no more!"

At the sight, and the words, Leonard shrank back, trembling with horror.

He had parted with his friend but a few hours before, the gayest of the gay; and gaily they had shaken hands, and promised each other a joyful meeting again.

He approached; he knelt; he grasped the dead, cold hand. He spoke not; but his gushing tears

told of his anguish. Alas! how terrible to *him*, who knew the sad, the hideous cause of his friend's disaster.

The Jesuit had recognised the youth—the hopeful youth. He gazed upon him, as a tiger from some mountain summit espies his prey in the distant valley beneath, and licks his fangs at the sight.

"Young man," he solemnly intoned, "you have come too late—too late to hear your friend's last words of counsel. But not too late to profit by his awful doom. Behold the end of vice! the retribution of crime! Only a few hours since he was the world's admiration; and now, what? The destined food of worms. The crawling things of corruption shall defile his beauty. Those lips, whose words were so bewitching, shall soon be kissed by kindred befoulment: those eyes, so fascinating yesterday, will soon be filled by the ravenous insects that spare nothing; that pollute all, devour all.

"From the last words of advice which your poor friend enjoined me to repeat to you, I may conclude that you tread in his footsteps. Oh, behold the goal to which you hasten! Behold the doom, the doom of the libertine! He said, 'Tell my friend, that from the shadow of God's judgment-seat, in which I stand shuddering, I conjure him to repent and amend whilst he has time. Alas! I have seduced, perverted, ruined him! My only hope for pardon is in his repentance and amendment.' Oh, my young friend, pity the soul of your seducer. Repent whilst you have time. Reject not this awful warning.



The long-suffering of the Eternal is shortened by unrepenting guilt."

During this solemn address, Leonard remained kneeling by the corpse, giving vent to his grief in the broken accents of sudden anguish: he heeded not the Jesuit's exhortation. As if startled from other thoughts, he rose suddenly, and, turning to the Jesuit with ferocity, burst forth:—

"Sir, your presence annoys me. Reserve your sermon for Sunday. I'll send some one to hear it."

He paced the room like a newly caged lion, his eyes indignantly flashing.

He struck his forehead, stopped, and again burst forth:—

"How came *you* here, sir? Why did you intrude yourself into the presence of such a man as Valremy? You are a priest, perhaps a Jesuit; how could you *dare* to approach your living scourge? But the vile ass kicked the sick lion."

"Your friend *sent* for me, sir," replied the Jesuit, calmly.

"*Sent* for you? Allow me to say, the thing's impossible. No, no; Valremy has not belied himself."

"He has confessed his transgressions, and, God be blessed, died repentant."

"I do not believe it. You slander Valremy. Oh, that I had been present! This infernal adventure!"

"Then you do not believe me, sir?"

"*How* can I? Believe that Valremy confessed

to a priest—turned penitent! Impossible! Tell me that I am a Jesuit myself, and I'll believe you sooner. Look you, sir, he hated all your cloth, as the devil, you say, hates holy water. He hated you on principle; and never was principle better founded. Penitent! Delirious—mad, if you like; but penitent! Faith may move mountains; but it will never move me to believe that.

"One word will disabuse you, my poor young friend! I pity you. If I tell you *one* secret, perhaps you will believe that he told more in his repentant confession. Well, he solemnly declared Mlle. Duplessis innocent, and advised you to—to—"

The Jesuit *expediently* hesitated at the *unexpedient* advice: Leonard took him up:—

"Fiends and furies! and is it even so? By hell, priest, you bewildered the man—you mystified him—you cheated him into avowals, in his delirious agony; like the vile deceivers who put questions to those that talk in their sleep. What *else* have you wrung out of him? Respecting that lady, I mean."

"He told me no more respecting Mlle. Duplessis."

The Jesuit spoke the truth; Valremy had said nothing respecting Leonard's disgraceful acquiescence in his stratagem; but he had confided to the Jesuit a message for Mlle. Duplessis, of which more anon. Leonard rejoined:—

"Can I believe you?"

"I refer you to your confidence in your *friend*," said the Jesuit, meaningly.

"O hideous fate! Infernal mishap!"

Again Leonard grasped his friend's cold hand, and wept bitterly.

Meanwhile Valremy's relatives entered the room, and put an end to this most unsatisfactory meeting of Leonard with the Jesuit Provincial.

Leaving the corpse to the care of the Count's afflicted relatives, we will accompany Leonard to his apartments. He left after bewailing the catastrophe with the mourners, whose questions as to the probable hand that had killed the Count, he was unable to answer. As a matter of course, he did not state *all* that he knew of the circumstances; but the Jesuit interposed, and assured them "It was the Count's most solemn wish that no measures might be taken to punish his antagonist, even should he be discovered: he would not give his name."

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In the solitude of his apartment Leonard's agitation increased. Compunctious visitings again assailed him; but, strange to say, the fact that Valremy had died penitent tended to confirm him in his evil dispositions, and seemed likely to make him more desperate in his perversity. Alas! does it not require a predisposing grace from on High to make us profit by good example? And is not *good* a stumbling-block to *evil*?

Leonard felt persuaded that some trick had been played on his deceased friend by the priest. His persuasion would have risen to conviction had he been aware that the priest was a *Jesuit*.

He scouted the idea of Valremy's repentance; but after considering the priest's manner, his declaration, and recalling to mind the peculiar look of arrested anguish still lingering on the face of the dead, he inclined to *believe* the assertion; and the thought drew from him an imprecation against his friend's pusillanimity.

Then a thousand thoughts battled in his mind: a thousand remembrances brought tears to his eyes, as his fancy reproduced the scenes of their past pleasures:—the brilliant wit, the fund of anecdote, the flashing repartee, that so often delighted, enlivened, fascinated the boon companions of his departed friend.

The Temple of Pleasure—the gorgeous Chateau Valremy—had lost its genius!

The fashionable world was now but a mob without a leader.

Intrigue had lost its standard—its criterion: who could supply the place of Valremy?

The high-priest, the god of pleasure was no more. Desolating thought! Valremy is gone!

And then the upsurging, self-tormenting reflection—he was the cause proximate. It was to give *him* a lesson that had brought about the dismal catastrophe—the irreparable loss—the final disgrace of the “profession,” the humiliating pusillanimity of their leader!

He reproached himself; he denounced the fatal curiosity which induced him to consent to the disgraceful temptation.

And then he thought of Adele. What was to be done?

Strange thoughts passed through his mind. He recalled all that had been uttered and sworn on his part, and the passionate pledge of love that had been mutually given and received.

There was much to soften a heart even more depraved by vice. He began to feel for Adele. Nay, it even occurred to him that she had been defended from the temptation as by a miracle; and tenderer thoughts succeeded. Adele filled his mind—Adele filled his heart.

He resolved to marry her.

"She does not know the vile trick I permitted," said he to himself; "she will never know it. I will write to her. Poor, dear Adele! I have wronged her. Yes; she loves me. I *do* love her. Oh, how loving to me! how confiding! Did she go to the place appointed? Oh, that I had seen my poor friend before he died! Cursed delay! Heavens! is it possible? Yes, 't is possible. I see it all. *Gramont* must be the wretch. I know he has been persecuting her; he must have watched her to the place; and there—oh, horrid! the fiend! *He* has killed my friend! . . . I'll avenge him. . . . But then, I shall compromise myself. Let *that* pass; but I'll marry Adele, and then, should the wretch seek me, as he doubtless will, he shall expiate the slaughter of Valremy. I vow it."

His soliloquy ended, he wrote the following letter to Mlle. Duplessis:—

"ADORED OF MY SOUL,—

"Fatal illness! It has expelled me from heaven. It has cost me paradise. But I shall regain it.

"How can you forgive me? Or, rather, how can I forgive *it*? that heartless illness!

"I sent my poor friend to announce the desolating fact. Doubtless you went to the appointed place, oh, most faithful of women!

"*I* was not there!

"Your devoted Leonard was not at your feet!

"Oh, fiendish illness! My brain is maddened, dearest love. I am distracted. Can I believe that the hated Gramont surprised you with my dear, honourable, faithful friend? Yes; I feel convinced that he did; and then, oh, how dismal must have been to you that awful moment! Poor frightened dove! without its mate to strike the interloper down. But you were in the hands of honour itself; you were safe; safe as in the hands of your devoted, faithful Leonard.

"What a catastrophe followed! My poor friend was killed by that wretch Gramont! Yes; it *must* be that wretch. Oh, pity my desolating affliction, sweet angel Adele! *You* alone can soothe my anguish.

"Oh, had I been there! I should have rid you of the mean wretch who persecutes you, or have been now in the place of my poor friend who has fallen for *me*. Yes; next to the possession of *you*, my angel—my life—death, with the consciousness of your love, would be my only desired paradise.

“ And now, once more, let me embrace you in spirit; and once more, as at *that* moment of heaven, let me assure you that I love you entirely, adore you, and yearn for the hour when the ceremonial will make you all mine, and for ever, spouse of my soul and heart.

“ Again I pledge my heart to you for ever. Again, on bended knees, I entreat you to bless me with your consent; confirm my exultation. I yearn for the happy hour: confirm my hope, oh, heart of hearts! I will rescue you from your vile persecutor. To-morrow shall see us wedded. Answer quickly, and let us fly to happiness.

“ Once more—oh, let me be so for ever!—

“ Your devoted slave,

“ LEONARD DEVIGNE.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE MESSAGE.

WE must now return to Father Maugras, the Jesuit, who heard Count Valremy's dying confession.

Leonard's pretensions to Mlle. Duplessis were known to the Jesuit; but, from the expressed determination of her father, he doubted not that the pledge given to Gramont would be respected and fulfilled. He knew not *all* the motives that *enforced* the father's consent; but his determination was evident.

Nevertheless, he saw reason to fear some desperate step on the part of the reckless youth; particularly as he suspected Adele. A Jesuit's suspicion has, perhaps, but little weight with the reader; at all events, we request him to suspend his acquiescence in that suspicion until the lady shall bear witness to herself—to her own character.

The Jesuit was most anxious to see that danger disappear. He had used his influence with the father in that indirect suggestive manner so peculiar



to Jesuitism, in order to hasten the nuptials of the betrothed.

It is curious herein to observe the perverse issue of events. Leonard's introduction to this family was a Jesuit concoction, to obviate the peril of the scheme; it was intended as a counter-influence, and a means of keeping him in view until his departure. The result is remarkable; but if the suggestion of Jesuit-sagacity has, unfortunately, enhanced the danger, Jesuit-craft can perhaps turn this untoward issue to account, and make it the capital of safer speculation. We shall see.

Meanwhile, by the suggestions of Father Percival at Ringwood Hall, Father Maugras and the English Provincial had induced Mr. Devigne to write a serious remonstrance to Leonard on his conduct in general, and his protracted stay at Paris in particular; peremptorily commanding him to leave Paris, and threatening to stop his credit at the bank, in the event of his continued disobedience.

Leonard replied submissively—promised to obey—but forgot the fulfilment. Was it not "quite natural?"

Thus, then, the peril of the Jesuit scheme was at its crisis when Valremy's catastrophe "providentially"—as the Jesuits deemed it—came to the rescue.

The Jesuits saw at once how useful it might be made, if "skilfully handled." The "warning" was certainly a failure; but there was still in reserve the dead man's message.

Father Maugras hastened to M. Duplessis.

The reader must be reminded that the Jesuit has many suspicions, but few *facts* to work upon; for public report had not, as yet, whispered its conjectures on the matter between Mlle. Duplessis and Leonard Devigne: the knowing ones of society had not, as yet, begun to prepare, to foster, to *ensure* the evil which they pretend to deplore, with secret calumny, in heartless gossipings.

Hence, the Jesuit had to plead, to *cross-question* for the knowledge which he required to give tenfold effect to his important "message." Besides, he had longed for an opportunity "to make an impression" on Mlle. Duplessis, whose decided aversion to his confraternity, had made him a pious enemy, eager to humble her "pride," for the "good of her soul," and for the sake of her "eternal interests." Again we request the reader to suspend his judgment respecting Adele, whose trial is now at hand. To the message.

Father Maugras has shaken hands with M. Duplessis; the salutation over, the Jesuit begins:—

"You have heard of this fatal duel last night, M. Duplessis?"

"Yes; between the Count Valremy and M. de Vaucour."

"Indeed! M. de Vaucour? I was not aware that his antagonist was known."

"Oh yes; nobody doubts the fact: they were mortal enemies for a long time. A spark is enough to set worldlings in a blaze."

"Well; the wretch died, as it were, repentant—God be blessed!"

"Do you say so, *mon père*?"

"I do, *mon fils*. I was with him to his last moment."

"*You, Father!*"

"Truly, my son. Admire the dispensations of Providence. Valremy humbled himself to a *Jesuit* at last. Thus Satan fell down and worshipped the Christ."

"I am thunderstruck! Ah! see how Heaven defends the sacred cause. Even its most deadly foe is humbled at last to sue for mercy by the intercession of one of its members. Is not that a crying testimony to the divine protection, 'Thou shalt walk upon the basilisk, and shalt trample down the lion and the dragon'? And how did the wretch depart from the world of his iniquities?"

"Alas! my son, I know not. Who can tell? Who but himself, among mortals, can say with certainty whether he is now where the worm never dies, or amid the not less agonizing torments of purgatory, only mitigated by the hope of heaven at last, after sighing in the bitterness of heart for innumerable years—perhaps *ages*—and crying, in the desolation of despair-like hope, 'How long? O Lord! how long?' For, in this case, to promise him heaven were presumptuous. What can we say of a deathbed repentance? It is always suspicious. We read of *one* such vouchsafed—but only one—in all the Scriptures: only to honour the death of the

Redeemer, and to show that the thing is *possible*—only possible—only not an impossibility. Death is a terrible angel, my friend. His terrors dart lightning-truths into the darkest conscience. Doubtful and doubted matters seem certainties in that awful hour, when he cries, in his shrill piercing voice, ‘I must wrench thy soul from thy body! Heaven!—hell!—or purgatory!’ But the fear of hell-fire is not a proof of saving repentance.”

“And Valremy, too! What a monster of iniquity! Oh! I could tell you such deeds of wickedness that he has perpetrated.”

“My friend, can you tell me more than I know? Satan himself could not have injured us more than that man—if man he was; and not Beelphegor again in human shape, sent forth to roam the world.”\*

“Well, he is gone; and I may be wrong—but I’m not sorry for it.”

“My son, ’t is not wrong to be sorry that evil is

\* Alluding to the “Belfagor” of Machiavelli, an amusing legend, purporting to be the vision of a holy man, who was thereby convinced of the remarkable fact that all or the greater part of men whose souls were lost for ever, ascribed the calamity to *marriage*! The judges of the lower regions induced Pluto to call a council, and it was resolved to send forth one of the dark angels to verify the fact. The lot fell on Beelphegor. He assumes the form, and is subjected to all the casualties of man; marries, and is sadly tormented by his wife. She ruins him. He leaves her; has innumerable strange adventures; meets once more with his wife, quite unexpectedly, and by a trick played upon him. Hereupon he prefers to return to his primitive abode rather than live with her again. He returns to attest the fact, that woman is the root of evil—*è così Belfagor tornato in inferno, fece fede de’ mali che conduce in una casa la moglie*! The subject is worth expansion.

ended ; if evil was likely, as most assuredly it was, to continue with his life."

" Ay ; and now *the youth* is rid of his evil genius. That *is* a blessing. Perhaps his friend's death will make an impression on him."

" Alas ! my friend, I fear that the stag has as yet to bound a little longer. What fire ! what energy ! But oh ! what perversity ! Yet, we despair not—we shall have him at last—I see it in him—in his manner—his features—his eyes."

" Was he present at his friend's death ?"

" No ; but soon after, and behaved most impiously. But he is too young to be judged with severity. The measure of his present dislike of us, will be that of his future admiration. We must have patience. See how the wild steed snorts and rears at the first touch of the *lasso* ; but after a time—with a little dexterous patience and skilful humouring—how glibly he takes his paces, curves his neck with its flowing mane, and skims along the resounding ground with the music of his hoofs. We must get him to Rome as soon as possible."

" What keeps him here so long, Father ?"

" Do you not know, M. Duplessis ? Is he not in love with your daughter ?"

" With my daughter ! But the thing is *hopeless*, as you know."

" Ay, *hopeless*—so to speak ; but does *he* think it so ?"

" 'Tis necessary that he should, however."

" Ay, *necessary* enough ; but will he think it so ?

I'll enlighten you, my son. From a message which I bear from Valremy to your daughter ——"

"To *my* daughter?"

"Be quiet, my son; the thing will explain itself. From this message, I conjecture that something has passed—something has been *projected*, at all events—between Mlle. Adele and young Devigne."

"How! Is it possible?"

"Very. Ah! my son, mademoiselle is very shrewd—very clever—very fair without, and so forth: I always thought her so. And now, *if* she has deceived her father?"

"I'll turn her out of doors—the false creature."

"An extreme measure always aggravates the evil which it would punish—in *this* case, manifestly: you understand me."

"True, true. Who would be a father? *I always thought it would come to this!*"

Reader, is it not strange, but true, that whatever crime we commit, or indiscretion we betray, as soon as it gets wind, half a dozen wiseacres of our acquaintance will exclaim—"Did I not tell you so? I knew that would be the end of it: there was *something* in him—*something* in her, I could never understand." The Jesuit rejoined:—

"For a long time your daughter has shown evident symptoms of perversity. Even her attendance at mass has become more irregular of late. Besides, I know that she reads improper books."

"What—how, Father! *Improper books!* You astound me."

"*Heretical* books: the spawn of Beelzebub—the corrupting remnants of the German heresiarch, whom God confound!"

"Are you sure of this, Father?"

"Here is one of them, which she dropped in her place at church."

This was false. Adele had not dropped it; the Jesuit obtained it by other means, of which more anon.

"Oh, what a wretched girl! Father, I am horrified at what you say."

"Not content with perverting herself, she has vitiated the minds of others. I now know, for certain, that it was Mlle. Adele who induced the man Perryer to turn Protestant."

"You say so, Father?"

"I say so. I have questioned the man in his prison, and he admits as much. I have hitherto been unable to reclaim him. His confinement has not had the effect contemplated, but apparently the reverse. He is firmer than we imagined."

"And my daughter is a heretic?"

"Very much like it, certainly. You have allowed her too much liberty, M. Duplessis. Restraint is necessary to all, but much more to young women: if you don't keep an eye on them, they will soon imagine there are no eyes at all; and then comes the *faux-pas*. Now, it is precisely when people wish to indulge some vicious propensity, that they turn Protestant.\* Well, you must apply the remedy

\* Here the Jesuit expresses the constant scoff of ultra Catholics, respecting those who cease to be Roman Catholics. It is a terrible implication.

before the disease becomes incurable. You have pledged your word to M. Gramont; fulfil your engagement without delay. You have the authority, have you not?"

"I'll exert it, Father—I will; I will without delay. But the message, Father?"

"I must deliver it to herself."

"You shall, instantly. I must see to the bottom of it."

M. Duplessis ordered his daughter to be called. After the lapse of a few minutes Adele appeared. She had evidently been weeping. Her eyes were inflamed; her face was pale. At the sight of the Jesuit, and the angry looks of her father, she trembled for an instant; but soon recovered her self-possession.

She curtsied to the Father. A momentary pause ensued. The Jesuit began, slowly—solemnly, as it were—plaintively,—

"Mlle. Adele, I bring you a message from a dying man—the Count Valremy; who died this morning, in consequence of a wound received in a duel last night."

Adele shuddered; for *she had received Leonard's letter*. The Jesuit marked the effect, paused, and went on,—

"Neither your father nor myself can make out its import; perhaps you will, if you think proper, enlighten us on the subject. When daughters neither respect their father, nor seek the spiritual



advice of religion's ministers, what fate must they not expect?"

"Is it possible that you have deceived me?" vociferated M. Duplessis, brandishing his extended arm.

"Be moderate, my son," interposed the Jesuit; "Mlle. Adele feels that she has done wrong. We may *all* do wrong in our turns; 'tis quite natural. Yes, she *feels* that she has been *imprudent*, *very* imprudent; but a kind, indulgent father will overlook the past, if the future be more promising; and yet, daughter, in our present *doubts*, what opinion would you have us form concerning your conduct in this most *extraordinary* matter? It may be painful to admit the *truth*; but only think of the dreadful surmises that we are *compelled* to entertain respecting your *extraordinary* conduct. Your good name, that pearl of woman's virtue; your reputation, which is to you all in life—absolutely all. Oh! what is to become of your reputation, if you do not confide——"

"Oh, my dear father!" exclaimed Adele, terrified at these vile, most fictitious insinuations, and cunning snares; "yes, yes, I will tell you all. I am not ashamed of myself; I have *no reason* to be so. If I am basely slandered, still I am *innocent*; and God will punish my slanderers."

Adele sank on a chair, sobbing violently. The Jesuit continued,—

"God be blessed! dear daughter, for that assu-

ance. For thus much we are duly grateful to Heaven, whence is all our strength. We cannot expect you to explain *all the circumstances* that have led to these unfounded reports; though, believe me, the explanation would, we are sure, lead incontrovertibly to your exculpation."

"Oh, sir, your expectation shall be realized; I am ready to admit *all*. I am not ashamed to admit that I loved, and love, a man whom I deem worthy of all love; a man who loves me entirely; a man for whom I would die—yes, *die*—rather than wed M. Gramont, whom I have never loved, but only *endured*, in deference to my father's wish. I confess my adoration for the man of my choice—I exult in the confession; and yet I call God to witness, my love is pure—I love him as my destined husband, if it should please God to bless my ardent hopes with this beginning."

The Jesuit and the father were struck dumb at the girl's impassioned address. She went on,—

"Yes, I'll explain what you mean, M. Maugras; 't is easily explained. Doubtless, M. Gramont is my calumniator. I went to meet my lover. We had mutually pledged ourselves; he had inspired me with confidence in his honour. Why should I hesitate?—I went. He was prevented, by illness, from fulfilling his engagement in person; he sent his friend to convey me to the place where we were to be married. M. Gramont skulked after me, and surprised me at the very moment when I met my lover's friend. He supposed him to be Mr. Devigne,

and has committed murder ; whereas, I am innocent. Now you know all."

The father stared. The Jesuit smiled ; for had he not succeeded in extracting the desired explanation ? He said,—

"We are satisfied, dear daughter ; and now we congratulate you, on the part of Heaven, for having escaped a dreadful fate."

"Rather commiserate my *misfortune*, sir ; for I should have now been happy and contented."

"Listen, Mlle. Adele. You forget that I bring you a message. The man who was killed last night was the Count Valremy. You shudder again ; you have reason. The wretch, in his last moments, sent for me. He confessed his iniquities. May God forgive him, if he sincerely repented !"

Adele gasped with excitement—gasped to hear the message.

"He told me—he begged me—he conjured me, to repeat to you these words : He said,—

"Tell Mlle. Duplessis that she is deceived in her lover. Devigne means her no good. He is unworthy of her ; he meditates her ruin."

"T is false ! I believed it not," exclaimed the generous girl, with emotion. "No, no ; he is truth itself—he would not dishonour me. He is slandered."

"But let me finish," interrupted the Jesuit. "'Tell her (*if, with the natural perversity of women in loving what they should hate, she disregard my warning*) that his illness was a *fiction*—a fiction suggested by my-

self for viler purposes—she has escaped destruction.’ Such were the dying man’s words; and I will add (since you seem doubtful still), that Leonard Devigne *was in the same room with me immediately after the death of Valremy, and was absent from home when he was sent for to hear his friend’s dying words*; and therefore, Mlle. Duplessis, I ask you, after all your own admission, why——”

Adele fainted. The fatal conviction had flashed on her mind—she was deceived. The Jesuit’s appeal remained unfinished.

Dreadful conviction! And so unprepared—so sudden! At one fell swoop all her gorgeous fabric of bliss was made a ruin.

And such is woman’s love—such her hope—and but too often her cruel fate!

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE WICKED.

AFTER the application of the usual remedies, Adele revived. The Jesuit took leave. M. Duplessis paced the apartment in anxious thought. Adele retired to her room.

Her strong mind summoned all its energies to endure the pangs of disappointment,—those bitter thoughts, which seem so hard to resist and compose, to many a gentle heart in its unequal conflict with a selfish world.

The reader will not fully comprehend the extent of Adele's disappointment, until she herself shall express it to her deceiver: the hopes of her generous, noble soul,—her ardent heart—a heart which had imagined a good thought, and fondly, too fondly, promised itself its speedy accomplishment.

Hers was a love of rapid growth; like the growth of a tropical plant—nor less luxuriant, nor less beautiful, nor less adorned with brilliant flowers—the hope of fruit in due season.

The thoughtful girl had preconceived in her mind the pattern of those qualities which she desired

in a husband. With the quick eye of woman, she fancied that she beheld those qualities in Leonard Devigne. She loved their seeming possessor ; or, rather, she loved the qualities which Leonard seemed to possess. Often is woman thus enamoured, and borne irresistibly, as it were, to the seemingly gifted object of love.

She is, in her strong determination, accused of "passion ;" but, in most cases, her love has a more rational foundation. More impressionable, more sensitive, more spiritual, than man, love entirely possesses her soul ; it captivates every sentiment of her heart. But as she is convinced that she sees proofs of a fancied endowment, she only worships that endowment, so to speak, "with all her mind and with all her heart."

Sensual feelings commonly vitiate the love of man : seldom do they intrude into the love of woman. She is by nature purer than man ; in spite of the contrary opinion too confidently expressed by those who mistake woman's *entire devotedness* to the object of her love for *self-satisfying* ecstasies. Perhaps no influence or power would shake the foundation of her virtue, *could she read the heart of her deceiver*. But how little cares *man* for the previous innocence of her whom he seeks to betray ? Woman yields to vice, only because she hopes it will lead to virtue—trusting, as she fondly does, to the *gratitude* of man ; and, unconscious of deceit, she surrenders to the man who swears eternal adoration. Love, to woman, makes all things law-

ful, because love is the presiding divinity of her soul, and therefore demands her greatest sacrifice. When men would compass their designs, an appeal to her love is seldom made in vain.

But although she falls, she never loses her innate piety. She would rise from guilt sooner and more effectually than man, if the human sympathies of society would charitably forget that she was ever guilty. The roots of religion are still deep within, though withering, and demand but the dews of Heaven's grace to refreshen them, and make them put forth buds, and branches, and the fruits of blessedness.

Listen to Adele. She has just read over again Leonard Devigne's love-letter.

"Strange that I did not see through it before! How imagination has misled me! How insipid, fulsome, disgusting, these expressions seem to me now! Only an hour ago they warmed my heart, ravished my soul. I believed him. False! False! I took thee for thy better, wretched man! Thou hast lost a heart that would have loved thee for ever. For the mind and heart which it worships perish not—fade not—change not.

"But perhaps he is slandered by the Jesuits, as so many are. Yet they always have a *motive*. What motive can they have for slandering Mr. Devigne? I can see none.

"Yes, alas! it must be so. The dying man has spoken the truth. All the circumstances are suspicious. What, my lover the friend, the intimate

friend, of Valremy, whose character is so bad ! And called "honour itself" by my lover ! What idea has he of honour ? Hideous thought ! Merciful Heaven ! I am grateful for thy intervention. Surely my father knew him to be the friend of the fearful Count. Why did he introduce him to me ? Why did he always bid him welcome, knowing him to be the companion of that most unprincipled man ? And yet, who could imagine his guilt from that open brow—from those lips, so eloquent of good on every topic most dear to my heart ? Who could express so well my mind's own thoughts, as if he could read their obscurities, so thrillingly did he interpret all my doubts and difficulties. And all to deceive me ! To deceive me, who loved him more and more—who was ready to give him my heart for ever—all that I have or am—only craving his heart and mind in return ! Was that *too much* to yield ? 'Tis done. I will be grateful to Heaven for its protection. I am resigned. The past shall be a light to the future.

"I shall declare my resolution to my father. I am mistress of my fortune. I shall follow the dictates of my heart, trusting that God will guide it. He has saved me from a libertine : I will myself discard a guilty wretch. I endured him for my father's sake ; but even for his sake I cannot wed a guilty man,—even should he be base enough to press my engagement after what has passed.

"This Jesuit means me no good, I am convinced. His eye was wicked this morning. He surprised



me into admissions. Yes, I can see through it now. My dislike and contempt for the man and his religion are increased by to-day's interview. God will assist me to do His will."

Adele's maid entered to inquire how she felt. Adele stopped her.

"Marie," she said, "I wish to ask you a few questions. I do not think I have ever done you wrong?"

"Oh, miss, how can you wrong any one? You do good to everybody. To have only done what you have done for poor Perryer is enough to make you full of merits."

"Say nothing of that, Marie. I have only done a Christian's duty in succouring the afflicted. Mortals may not think of 'merits:' they are God's alone. But, Marie, I have something to say to you. It grieves me to *think* of it—how much more to speak it. Marie, I suspect you have been false to me."

"I, miss! Who?—how?—what?" stammered the woman, with considerable agitation.

"How have I merited your injury? Have I not been your *friend* in all things? Need I remind you of my *love* for you? Have I not treated you more as a poor sister than a servant?"

"Oh! my dear mistress, what have I done to deserve these cruel reproaches?"

"Read this piece of paper. I found it in the garden this morning. My name is mentioned. You are promised a reward for a certain service. How

now? You tremble, Marie. Then you are guilty? Again deceived! Strengthen me, Heaven!"

The woman fell on her knees, unable to speak—embracing the feet of her mistress, and passionately weeping. Adele exclaimed,—

"Oh, what a power has gold! But you needed it not. Have I not plenty? Did I ever deny you?"

"Oh! I am a guilty wretch, my dear mistress. I should die for my base ingratitude. But I will confess all. You should know all. And then hurl me back into that poverty from which you raised me to betray you. I have served your enemies—those whom you have so much reason to hate—M. Gramont and *Père* Maugras. Oh, what an evil hour it was when I listened to temptation! I shall never look up to Heaven again."

"Be calm, poor Marie. I shall forgive you. If we, through mere civility, pardon and overlook the disgraceful crimes of the 'fashionable,' who sin on 'principle,' surely we should pity and forgive the transgressions of the ignorant poor. You have been deceived; so have I. We have reason to commiserate each other."

"What divine charity! Oh, my dear mistress, that I *could* betray you!"

"Let that pass, Marie. Tell me all I should know."

"Tis soon told. All along *Père* Maugras has questioned me concerning your conduct—so charitable to all the afflicted; your conversation; the

books you read. He made me take him one. He has it still. You missed it. I told you I had not seen it. You thought you had mislaid it, and would find it again; for you did not suspect me then. He questioned me concerning you and Mr. Devigne. But on that subject I told him little; for M. Gramont retained me on that score, and made me pledge myself not to breathe a syllable about it to any one. Apparently he felt ashamed that the world should know how he was supplanted. I told him about your correspondence. But all your letters went safe: I did not wrong you there.

"It was I who told him about your intended elopement. He was in the garden when you opened the gate. I wonder you did not hear a branch give way: it broke with him."

"I did, Marie; but thought it was the wind. Oh! let me bless you for having, unintentionally though it was, saved me from a terrible trial. Yes; your perfidy was made a blessing to me by Heaven. Oh! if we but strive sincerely to be good, God will defeat the schemes of the tempter. Strange—adorable Providence! Even your wickedness, Marie, has done me good. I forgive you. Yes; you will repent and be better. I shall still be your friend, your sister."

"One word more, my dearest mistress. Think no more of Mr. Devigne. I know that he has the worst inclinations. He ——"

"Cease, Marie; I am satisfied on that point. My resolution is taken. It shall be neither M. Gramont

nor Mr. Devigne. Leave me. I must prepare myself for a trial that will soon take place. God will aid me."

Let us leave Adele to her reflections, and witness an interview between M. Gramont and M. Duplessis. A few words respecting M. Gramont are necessary to enlighten the reader respecting the man who is betrothed to *Adele Duplessis*.

Valremy's opinion of Gramont was correct. A *chevalier d'industrie*, or fashionable man, ready for any work, he was endured in society, on several accounts. He dressed well—no one knew at whose expense; he was a "lucky" gambler.

Patronised by the principals of one of the most notorious gambling-houses in Paris, his professional avocation consisted in visiting the hotels and places of resort frequented by young Englishmen and Americans, whom he thence decoyed to "his house."

A "man of honour," as he styled himself, he was ever ready to resent the slightest insult. His fatal duels were notorious; he passed for the most skilful fencer in the French metropolis. He was certainly feared in "respectable" society.

Besides, it was a part of his "profession" to make himself agreeable. He sang well; danced well; waltzed well (and ladies waltzed with him, too); he was a consummate flatterer, and could relate an excellent anecdote. These are prodigious recommendations to the flimsy coteries of the "fashionable world."

The cause of Valremy's hatred of the man is

known to the reader, and must have long since inspired contempt for the unscrupulous fortune-hunter. Valremy lost no opportunity to retaliate; he devised every possible scheme covertly to injure and torment this object of his hatred as well as the Jesuits. He succeeded in getting him ignominiously dismissed from the gaming tables, by insinuating his poverty. This was a severe blow to a man who lived on his "gains."

During this temporary disgrace, Gramont joined in an enterprise whose success was purchased by the murder of a young and wealthy American. The chief agent was a woman. Her crime was detected by the odour of the corpse concealed in her house; but the accessory, M. Gramont, still flourished, unknown to the authorities, unsuspected.

His last crime, the murder of Valremy, has been ascribed to many. M. Gramont is remarkable for his "luck;" he has always managed "to fall on his legs." The report of the Count's death was soon noised abroad. The mystery which it involved enhanced the excitement of the gay world, and that most prolific parent of error, conjecture, soon gave the Count a dozen different murderers, among which the real one was not included. This was natural; for a man of his extensive operations in hazardous intrigue must have had many enemies, and not a few would be known to public scandal.

The authorities investigated the matter; but they had very little to investigate, beside the mere fact; and their only verdict was that the man was *fairly*

killed, as the fact of the duel was unquestionable, by the testimony of the Count's postilion. Besides, the dying man declared the fact, but refused to name his antagonist.

After investigating the barren evidence, and questioning a few scandal-suggested murderers of the fashionable world, the inquest was terminated with the verdict as above: quite as satisfactory as the generality of such mystifications.

Perfectly convinced that Mlle. Duplessis alone could implicate him, and "morally" certain that she would not, Gramont heard the news with the exclamation of surprise and concern usual on such occasions, and even volunteered "a probable opinion" as to the truth of certain conjectures respecting the Count's exterminator.

His reflections on the extraordinary meeting with Val'remy were, naturally, most harassing. The fact puzzled him, but how to explain it puzzled him still more. It was, therefore, with vast satisfaction that he heard of the "edifying circumstances" attending the Count's departure.

A Jesuit had attended the dying man. M. Duplessis (who was under peculiar obligations to him, and intimately connected with the Jesuits) might be boldly applied to; and a due explanation could be demanded respecting the suspicious conduct of his daughter.

Thus emboldened by the Count's refusal to give the name of his antagonist—one of the "edifying" circumstances of his death—and now hopeful of

gaining the desired explanation, Gramont hastened to M. Duplessis.

We left M. Duplessis pacing his apartment, in anxious thought. M. Gramont is announced—admitted.

Gramont entered the room as a man who feels that he can take a liberty—that he can presume to any extent. How easily are such men recognised, even by strangers? The tones of the voice, the looks, the address of those who are permitted to presume are never to be mistaken.

M. Gramont began, as on a former occasion—for he always talked of “honour”—

“M. Duplessis, you are a man of honour.”

There was no reply; M. Duplessis was crest-fallen; he foreboded a crisis.

“Yes, M. Duplessis, the matter is serious—very serious, my good sir. Excessively perplexing! What an amusing adventure! I set out for an evening walk. I wander here, I wander there, loitering I know not whither. Presently I see a gate open. I stand and observe. The moon lends her light.

“I discover a female form.

“Note my words, M. Duplessis; a *female* form—in other words, a woman—in plainer words, a young lady.

“I imagine I know that young lady.

“’Tis quite natural—I *follow* that young lady—for, need I tell you that the young lady did not open the gate in order to stand still beside it.

"She bounded off like an antelope.

"I pursue; and by dint of hard running, I keep within—just three hundred yards of her.

"She stops.

"I stop.

"Presently, a male form presents itself. Note my words, M. Duplessis—a *male* form ——"

"State your object at once, M. Gramont. What mean you? You tire me," exclaimed M. Duplessis.

"Allow me to continue," rejoined Gramont, very firmly. "A *male* form—in other words, a man—in plainer words, a young gentleman.

"I am, of course, excessively interested in this apparition, M. Duplessis.

"I approach.

"The young gentleman comes forth—he emerges.

"The young lady trips to his arms.

"Oh, 'twas a ravishing sight! It attracted me like universal gravitation, or Mohammed's loadstone.

"I rush forth—and recognise your daughter, Mlle. Adele Duplessis—my betrothed—leaning on the blessed arms of another man.

"Was it not a delightful vision for a man of honour, good M. Duplessis, father of my betrothed, and my *dear* friend? Let me continue: no interruption, sir: be silent.

"Well, sir; I suspend the ecstasies of love.

"I cause an embarrassment. I do more. I



invite the gentleman to a private interview. I challenge him. I find him to be—Valremy!

“Was it not extraordinary?”

“I kill him, of course—but this between us—you’re a man of honour.

“And now, good M. Duplessis, have compassion on me, and explain this mystery, if you please. I *command* you.”

M. Duplessis sat down, supporting his forehead on his right hand, whilst his left twitched his coat-buttons.

“Yes, M. Duplessis, this is the critical moment; the fatal moment, I may say. I command you to explain at once. Satisfy my honour, or—you know the rest.”

After a moment’s hesitation, M. Duplessis stammered out the desired explanation, giving Adele’s account circumstantially, and thus concluded:—

“My dear Gramont, your honour is safe, *intact*. The girl is innocent—necessarily so. Valremy declared the fact on his deathbed to Father Maugras. I refer you to him. *I am ready to hasten your nuptials.*”

“That looks like business, my dear M. Duplessis. You are a man of honour. I accept your offer. *Let it be the day after to-morrow.* I shall wait no longer.

“You have assured me that your daughter loves me. She has every reason to do so, I imagine. I am a man of honour.

"I bid you good morning : but first—and last—you *promise*, do you not?"

"I promise," faintly whispered M. Duplessis, in great agitation, as if he feared lest his conscience should hear him.

"You are a man of honour, M. Duplessis. So am I. Good morning."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## SHAME AND HUMILIATION.

AT this moment the father's thoughts are painful, agonizing; the daughter's are placid, consolatory.

Doubtless an erroneous opinion was formed of Adele, from her first sharp conversation with her father. Her ardent temperament, together with other causes connected with the manifest inconsistencies of Jesuitico-Romanism, and something similar in her father's conduct, tempted the girl to transgress those sacred bounds which filial reverence shudders to pass. But we saw her then happy—happy in the consciousness of being beloved. Whom does not that consciousness somewhat unsettle? We have seen her subdued; her mind chastised by affliction into that pensive mood which disposes a good heart to charitable deeds, to thoughts of heaven. It is a bad heart which is not improved by affliction; or, at least, which is made *worse* by the trials of life.

At her father's request, Adele joined him in the parlour.

She perceived that he was ill at ease. The cause

she knew not. Her first thought was to console her father; seeing that she was herself quite resigned, comforted.

"Sit down, Adele," said M. Duplessis, plaintively; "I have troublesome thoughts, which, perhaps, you will dispel; you can do so. Adele, I have been sometimes unkind to you, but I have never ceased to love you. Adele, do you love your father?"

"Oh, my father! why ask me that cruel question?"

She rushed to his chair, and embraced her father with tearful emotion.

"I feel that you do, Adele—I feel that you do. Yes, you love your father. Would you not save him from ruin, Adele?"

"Oh! say but the means, and prove my heart, dearest father. My fortune—my whole fortune is at your command. Providence gave it me unexpectedly, but for a good purpose; and, if to save my father from ruin, the gift is enhanced—the blessing is, if possible, more divine."

"My child, I thank you; but that is not my meaning. Money cannot save your father from disgrace, shame, contempt."

"Disgrace, shame, contempt, my father!"

"Tis soon explained, Adele. I have been imprudent; I have compromised myself. M. Gramont alone can betray me; he alone possesses my secret; he threatens me with disgrace, shame, contempt. And now you understand all."

Adele's bosom heaved ; she breathed with difficulty.

"Yes, father, I understand you. Thus, then, I am sacrificed to this man by a sort of compact—sold, as it were, at the price of a baseness. And this man has dared to reproach *you* with disgrace, shame, contempt!"

Adele paused for a moment, weighing what she was about to say.

"Father," she continued, "leave all to me. Your secret, whatever it be, shall be defended, made respectable, by a daughter. I can do it ; I shall do it. Send for M. Gramont at once. But permit us to settle the matter between us. I shall have to use the name of a third party. I will save you, father—your daughter will save you."

"But how, Adele? What is your plan?"

"Pardon me, father ; I cannot say more than that I *can* and *will* save you, and myself also. I have the power. If I cannot, then I'll marry M. Gramont, which is a dreadful alternative."

"My good, dear child—my own Adele!" exclaimed the father, tenderly embracing the noble girl.

Her attitude, at that moment of conscious power and hopefulness, enhanced every element of her beauty, which Leonard had scarcely exaggerated in his description.

"I shall wait for him here, father. Do you retire out of hearing ; promise me that. Send for M.

Gramont. I shall be happy to-day; *We* shall be happy to-day."

Fortunately the messenger soon found M. Gramont. He gladly complied with the request to attend on Mlle. Duplessis.

On entering the room, he saluted Adele with a half-triumphant air. She bowed without rising, and pointed to a chair.

Gramont began, with a swaggering tone,—

"I believe I ought to apologise——"

"Permit me to interrupt you, sir. 'Tis a matter of business to-day; apologies may be excused."

"As you please, mademoiselle."

"I am obliged, M. Gramont. I wish to know if you still pretend to my hand?"

"Decidedly. Have you not pledged your word? Has not your father pledged himself?"

"What! you *still* desire to marry me? Then your motive is more apparent than ever. *You crave my fortune.*"

Gramont shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, sir, that will be soon settled. My fortune, you know, I possess in my own right. I am of age. Let us arrange the matter amicably. I'll make over one-half to you. Will that satisfy you?"

"Mlle. Duplessis, you insult me."

"I beg pardon, M. Gramont; you compel me to descend to *business*. Think a moment. You will consent, I am sure."

"Madam, I am not to be insulted with impunity."

Measure your words, madam. I tell you that you shall *marry* me. Do you understand? You shall *marry* me—you must."

Gramont pronounced these words brutally, and stamped with rage, as he concluded. Adele grew pale, but lost not her self-possession. She said firmly,—

"What, sir, if I say that I will *not* marry you?"

"Ask your father; he will tell you the consequences;" retorted Gramont, with a bitter smile.

"And you condescend to build your hope on the possession of my father's secret?"

"Oh, you know it, do you? Well, 't is hard for *two* to keep a secret: when we are *one*, it will be more secure."

"Suppose, M. Gramont, *you* had a secret, and it were known to another whose secret you knew, would you not respect that secret then?"

"Oh, assuredly; but that is nothing to the purpose."

"Let us see, M. Gramont. Tax your memory; try if you can recall the fifteenth of June, 18—, three o'clock in the morning."

Gramont grasped the chair against which he was standing; gazed, horror-struck, on Adele; who, nothing dismayed, went on,—

"I will not go through the hideous details. I will only mention the name of the man whom you engaged to remove the dead body, but who shrank back at the sight of the corpse, and the thought of

the murder in which *you* were concerned. The man's name is *Perryer*; he is ready to attest the fact, on oath."

Gramont's look was frightful to behold. Adele lowered her eyes to the floor, but continued,—though her mouth was dry, her lips parched with excitement,—

"I have befriended this man: he is a worthy man in affliction. To soothe his sorrows, I told him mine—I mean your persecution of me, M. Gramont. It was then that he conjured me, with tears in his eyes, rather to die than wed you, M. Gramont; and then he told me *your* secret.

"Now, sir, you must write on this paper my liberation, to set my father at rest. I do not know *his* secret; *he* does not know yours. I am ready to swear to respect it, trusting that Heaven will touch your heart one day with repentance."

"Here is the paper, sir."

Gramont seemed struck dumb. Pale and trembling—the coward of guilt—he wrote, and signed the document.

"One word ere we part, M. Gramont: Learn, from this conjuncture, never to seek your own ends by the ruin of another. Learn to tremble in your guilt. Become a better man; strive to respect yourself, by rendering yourself respectable in your own eyes. And, finally, I thank God for making you, M. Gramont, the means of saving me from misery, in the way you know, doubtless. I *thank* you, and may God bless you with repentance; for



the awful crime you have committed will be, to my last hour, a source of bitter anguish to me. To have escaped misery with Mr. Devigne is a blessing which I gratefully acknowledge, but it is dearly purchased by your dreadful crime. I shall bewail it for you, till God shall touch your heart. If it be any consolation to you, know, also, that I discard your rival for ever. Farewell."

Gramont left without uttering a word; but the name of that rival rang in his bewildered brain. To *him* he ascribed the beginning of his disappointment; and *him* he resolved to seek and punish—he would wreak his vengeance on Leonard Devigne.

## CHAPTER XX.

## TAKEN ABACK, AND MADE FURIOUS—THE RESULT.

WE must now return to Leonard's apartments.

After writing, sealing, and despatching the letter to Adele, he seemed relieved even of the sorrow he had felt for the Count's catastrophe.

Prospects of the kind which now beguiled Leonard Devigne, are very exclusive phantoms of the mind : he could think of nothing else.

There he sits. Can you not read his thoughts; from the play of his features, now that he is *alone*? His eyebrows rise and fall; his lips alternately smile and curl, and discover his white teeth. And now he frowns—clenching his fist,—and then a long, deep sigh:—he begins to pace the room once more, waiting for Adele's reply. Listen:—

"Confoundedly late!" looking at his watch. "What keeps her from writing? . . . . But it does not matter;—*any* hour may be the hour . . . . Yes, yes, poor girl! I pity her excessively. But 't was the Count:—'t was his work. He first inspired the atrocity. I should never have thought of it. Well he's excessively punished, poor fellow!

Consume the Jesuits! How they'll glory thereat!  
But he'll haunt them still. . . . . And that confounded old rogue to try to in-penitent *me*, too!  
Inconceivable insolence! But I pilled him for his pains. He'll not forget me. . . . .

"Gramont,—vile wretch! I'll punish him some day. Valremy has fallen by this dog—this puppy! . . . . Oh, sweet Adele!—thou rose of Sharon! Bloom, sweetest, bloom, and let me quaff thy celestial fragrance for ever! . . . . My soul is drunk—I reel—I swoon at the thought! . . . . Yes, how she will exult—how she will yearn to rush to the bliss of which she has been disappointed! . . . . Yes, perhaps, it's all the better; a little disappointment is a stimulant in such cases. . . . . I fancy I see her reading my letter. Very strong—*rather*; but then consider the desperate case! One *must* pour forth in such cases. You can't say too much when your every word will be sucked down like mother's milk by a half-starved innocent. I fancy I *hear* her,—‘Oh! what love!—what adoration!—what ardour!—what fire!—what generous indignation!—what a noble soul!’ and so forth. . . . It's astonishing how soon I took the measure of that girl's mind. She was too candid by half. Women should not let us know what sort of thoughts they like. How easily they are managed when we get this key! Is this deceit?—I—I think not. For I think I always feel what I say,—for the time at least. . . . But I'll reform now. Yes, I'll try and conform

to her opinion of me. She told me 'I am more divine than human,' and the tears rushed to her eyes. Oh dear! I wish I could believe her. . . . .

"What a noble creature she is! Such a bright mind, and yet so full of heart!—all soul, all mind, all heart! What a treasure for a reformed rake! I wonder how I came to merit this blessing. . . . . Let me see,—yes, there must be something very good in me, after all. What can it be? I'll think. Can it be ——"

Leonard's valet entered with a letter. It was from Adele. At last the expected letter! Ten o'clock at night!

We shall transcribe it, omitting Leonard's interjectional remarks and exclamations, as he proceeded in the perusal.

"TO LEONARD DEVIGNE, ESQ.

"SIR,

"This has been a day of dismal and agonizing thoughts to me; but I am now at peace.

"I am tempted to say much to you; but will content myself with a few words. Perhaps they will do good service; for I cannot believe that you are irrevocably depraved. I cannot believe that such a mind as you evidently possess, can be the handmaid of a heart depraved for ever. No; that mind may be enlightened by Heaven to curb the movements of your misguided heart.

"My answer to your letter requires but few words.

I shrink, with thanks to God, for his intervention, from the degrading, corrupting touch of a libertine! What baseness! To betray me to that man whom every virtuous woman dreads! I know all. You have basely deceived me. God protected me; and may He deliver *you* from temptation, though you led me into the dreadful snare.

"I despise M. Gramont, and have rejected him. I pity *you*—and discard you. . . .

"One word more. Oh! how you have disenchanted me! What hopes were mine! For a long time a sincere seeker of truth, I have satisfied my mind of the divine will that I should embrace the simpler, the purer doctrines of Protestantism. When you came to me, and I learnt that you were a Protestant, and *felt* that you loved me—oh! how my heart exulted at the thought that perhaps Heaven sent you to me as a guarantee of its approbation. And then, when I contemplated that mind which seemed so full of beautiful, good thoughts, what future delights were promised to my fancy when I felt that you loved me! . . .

"And, behold! I find I was *deceived*—basely deceived, for a vile purpose. Oh, how humiliating the thought! Shall I not suspect, for the future, all who speak so well, so eloquently, on the themes that mind can illumine, and the heart can warm with celestial fire? No,—I shall not suspect evil because *I* have *once* been deceived in my imagination of good. Why should we suspect virtue, because

hypocrisy can imitate it so well? You have proved to me what a virtuous mind must be, since even your deceitful heart enabled you to delight the feelings of my soul, which yearns for the beautiful and *good*.

"Farewell, sir! May you repent! I shall perform my resolutions. I shall embrace the faith which you might honour. May Heaven inspire you with the changing thought!

"I return all your letters and presents. You may burn mine; I do not wish to see them again; the hand which touched them is a deceiver;—a cruel, heartless deceiver. I despise them.

"Remember the day when you betrayed an innocent girl, who suspected you not of baseness—who *loved* you. The thought *may* soften your heart. Then repent and amend. But Adele Duplessis rejects you for ever:—*she* will not marry a libertine, even 'reformed.' Again I bless God for having *saved* me from you, Mr. Devigne.

"ADELE DUPLESSIS."

"Fiends!—furies! She has *dared* to reject me! But I was a fool to trouble myself about her. Plague on the owl of a woman! Consume her. . . . I'm glad of it. I'm free once more. But it's consumedly provoking,—To the last degree humiliating!"

He kicked the chair from under him—struck the table with fury—his face red with passion.

"It maddens me! I must drive it out of

mind. Plague on it! It's so deucedly humiliating."

He seized his hat, darted out of the room, and a moment after he was rushing through the street, not knowing whither he went.

On—on he dashed, as if a fiend attracted him. On—on—till he stops.

"Yes, yes; I'll have a *game*: it will kill the hideous thought."

The notorious gambling-house of Paris was before him. Leonard entered.

Brilliantly illumined, the room presents a motley assemblage of desperate men and desperate women.

Behold that youth, pale, thin, haggard :—there, in that group at the furthest end of the saloon. Observe the convulsive twitch of his lip, as he pretends to laugh—how *ghastly* is the sound of that laugh. He would stifle a dreadful conviction. He laughs; but soon, in the solitude of his restless bed to-night, he will weep in agony. He has lost all he possessed—he is ruined. . . . .

Look at that middle-aged man, with large massive forehead—brilliant eyes flashing anon: he is a merchant; his business gives way to his gambling concerns; he has studied the "principles" of "chance" theoretically; imagines himself an adept, yet every night loses, loses, loses, till he shall become a bankrupt; perhaps a swindler. He has left at home a wife and six children.

Mark that wretched man, there, just under the

chandelier. He has been unfortunate in trade ; and his starving wife and children cry for bread. He has pawned, and pawned,—but the last pledge is pawned ; at last, and, awful thought ! he has resolved to “ try his luck ” at the gambling table. He has won immensely. Why does he not grasp his gains, hasten to his home, and scatter gladness around ? He cannot tear himself from the dreadful fascination. See how “ luck ” has blessed him ! What a heap of gold laughs before him ! Bolder and bolder, he doubles, and triples, and quadruples his stakes. Observe the cool principal of the “ House : ” See how he calculates. Shall not this “ beggar ” break the bank ? . . . And now for the turn. “ Luck ” has changed. Hundreds have been fascinated into a game by the apparent success of this devoted “ beggar : ” now let him be fleeced.—See how the heap of gold is dwindling ! Small—smaller—smaller still,—the last stake !—gone—lost—ruined ! Despair—suicide—awaits the wretched man ! . . . No, no ; God has pitied his poor wife and innocent children. Adele Duplessis has already been informed of their fate ; she has sent to assure them of her coming ; she will relieve them to-morrow.

“ Oh ! had I but thought that God would assist me ! ” exclaims the wretched man, when his wife tells him this thrilling news.

Hadst thou but thought ? Wretched subterfuge ! Knowest thou not that the *very moment* when thou



admittest a thought of evil, the God of Mercy may withhold the good intended to bless thee? Despair not, and God will realize thy upright hopefulness.

"Who's that poor devil, baron?" asked Leonard Devigne, as the man rushed past him.

"Nobody: he's fleeced. Shall we have a throw or two?" rejoined the Baron Sansterre.

"Willingly. I'll give you a chance to *retrieve* your honour."

"Sir, you are very generous," taking out the dice which he had brought in his pocket, which he had used on many occasions before, and with whose peculiar construction he was as familiar as a burglar is with his pick-lock.

"What shall be the stake?" asked the Baron, rattling the dice.

"Just what you please," said Leonard.

"One hundred francs.—Throw first."

The dice rattled and fell.

"Ten. Good."

The Baron put the dice into the box and threw.

"Six," he exclaimed. "*Ventre St. Gris!* your luck is wonderful. Fortune befriends you. Two hundred, if you please?"

"Good," said Leonard. "Let it be two hundred."

Leonard threw first; for the Baron gave him the box.

"Eight. Good."

Sansterre threw.

"Five. *Morbleu!* you will ruin me."

"What will the stake be now, Baron? Fortune is against you," said Leonard, smiling.

"Four hundred," said the Baron, *apparently* agitated.

"Four hundred let it be. Will you throw first, baron?"

"Oh, no; honour to the brave. I resign the lead to the conqueror. Proceed."

"Ten. Good."

Sansterre put the dice into the box, giving them a whirl which seemed to give them life, and threw.

"Twelve. Ah, ha! she relents; day dawns; the night is passed. . . . Name the stake."

"Just what you please, baron."

"Six hundred," said the latter.

"Six hundred," muttered Leonard, his lips quivering as he grasped the box. He threw.

"Eight. 'Tis easily beaten, if fortune smiles," said the Baron, and threw.

"Twelve," sweeping the stake in silence.

"Twelve hundred," exclaimed Leonard, trembling with agitation.

"Let it be twelve hundred."

"Throw first, if you please, Baron."

"Certainly."

"Twelve."

"Six."

"It seems that luck has changed sides," said a stranger to Leonard. "Be not too desperate, sir."

"It seems so," rejoined Leonard. "The last hundred, for to-night, goes now."

"One hundred?"

"One hundred."

Leonard threw.

"Six. 'T is a trifle," said the gambler. He twirled the dice, threw, and exclaimed—

"Ten."

"I bid you good-night, Baron, *au revoir*," stammered the youth, who had lost all his money. He left the room, followed by the "stranger" who had addressed him during the game. He overtook Leonard.

"You have been unfortunate to-night," said he.

"Rather. One *must* lose sometimes."

"For myself, I never play; but one may learn the human heart in such a place."

"'T is pleasant excitement; besides, one learns by losing to keep one's temper."

"Very true. All things are made useful by a wise mind. You are a philosopher, I should think, from that remark."

"I thank you for the compliment. May I know to whom I am indebted for it?"

"Colonel Amand."

"My name is Devigne. I shall be happy of your acquaintance. I shall be very dull to-night; will you step in with me? Here we are."

"You honour me. I am most happy to make your acquaintance; but it must, unfortunately, be short."

"How so?"

"I start to-morrow *en route* for Rome," said the Colonel Amand.

"Very fortunate! I must do the same. We shall travel together. Walk in."

Colonel Amand was Father Laplace, the Jesuit. He looked the colonel as well as the notorious Parsons, of Elizabethan memory, who often figured as an officer.

He had tracked Leonard to the gambling-house; and knowing his father's order at the bank, not to allow him more supplies till he left Paris, the Jesuit had turned the "fortunate" losses of his prey to good account, by at once suggesting the journey.

Leonard and his new acquaintance spent a pleasant night together. His troublesome thoughts were dispelled with the fumes of wine, and the merry, but perfectly innocent jokes and anecdotes of his prolific Jesuit.

What had he now to retain him in Paris? Nothing. He was disgusted with everything in it: for the reader need scarcely be reminded that, to such a mind, disappointment in desire sheds rancorous gloom over all that can remind it of its humiliation.

On the following day, Leonard set out, accompanied by the Jesuit-Colonel.

For the present, we must leave Adele to her "determinations;" and M. Duplessis to his "secret," and M. Gramont to his "revenge:" we shall settle accounts with all in due time.

Leonard has broken cover. The Jesuits exult. The game is up. Will they hunt him to the "death?" . . . .

END OF PART II.

## PART III.

## THE TRIUMPH.

*K. Hen.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill! The day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*P. Hen.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then with the losers let it sympathise;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win!

*King Henry IV.* Act v. Scene I.

## CHAPTER I.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

FATHER MAUGRAS\* TO THE ENGLISH PROVINCIAL.

“VERY REVEREND FATHER,

“The judgments of the Most High have overtaken the impious wretch. *Valremy* is dead. Killed in a duel.

\* The French Provincial; that is, the head of the Jesuits in France.

"O Lord! how terrible in thy judgments! At last thou hast struck down this colossal iniquity; this leviathan of sin; this incarnate devil!

"Our holy Society is rid of its most indefatigable enemy. We shall no longer walk in fear and trembling: for where did we not meet this ubiquitous fiend? When did he not alight like the blighting locust on our fairest pastures?

"And now he is gone to punishment. Benedicamus Domino! Yes; God be praised! he is gone to punishment. Eternity will not be long enough to expiate his worse than diabolical atrocities. Perit memoria cum sonitu. He hath been snatched away by Satan, even as a fly by the spider. Thus perish all the enemies of our holy Society!

"For the last few days, we had lost all trace of the youth. That his ruin was thoroughly effected by the fiend above named, is but too certain. Still, let us hope—and we do hope—that his very profligacy, as in so many instances, will be the means of penetrating his young heart, not yet hardened in evil.

"He has left Paris.

"Father *Laplace* travels in his company, as an Austrian colonel. He could not be confided to a better guide and guardian. . . .

"The Lord be blessed! All things prosper here with us; and now that the great enemy hath been cut down—the Lord be blessed!—we shall prosper more.

"We have gained another friend at court, M.

de ———; and we have good hope that one of our holy Society will be appointed tutor to his son and heir.

"We owe infinite obligations to Madame ———, by whose pious endeavours the Lord has extended his vineyard.

"We are eager to hear glad tidings of our dear English province; and in that hope, accept the assurance of our perfect esteem and brotherly love, whilst I remain, very rev. Father,

"Your humble brother in the Lord,

"ETIENNE MAUGRAS."

THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS TO THE ENGLISH  
PROVINCIAL.

"TO OUR DEAR SON IN THE LORD,

"We have received from the hands of our dear son, Father *Lovel*,\* your welcome despatches.

"We approve all that you have done. We shall forward the holy work to the best of our power.

"The *family* named in your letter is here.

"And Father *Fraser* is their chaplain.

"We shall effect the desirable introduction.

"Accept the assurance of our perfect esteem and paternal love.

"RETZ VON RETZ, P. G."

LEONARD DEVIGNE TO P. DEVIGNE, ESQ.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

*Lyons.*

"From your last kind letter, I concluded that your mind has been harassed by some unplea-

\* Otherwise, Mr. Bainbridge.



sant matter. May I hope that it has ceased to molest you?

"In obedience to your urgent wish, I have left Paris; and am now, as you perceive, hurrying to Rome.

"I continue to enjoy my travels; and feel happy in thinking that you will be glad to find that my health, and strength, and spirits, have all been benefited by the change.

"Your apprehensions respecting Count Emile de Valremy must have been suggested by some enemy of that gentleman.

"Poor fellow! he is dead. He fell in an unfortunate duel. My heart has bled, and bleeds over his fate. I shall regret it for ever; and for a thousand reasons. To me he was a devoted friend; and notwithstanding the misrepresentations made to you by a gentleman of your acquaintance, I think that had you known him, you would have considered him a good sort of a fellow. To be sure, he was a man of the world: but I know that you were always disposed to take men as they *are*, never insisting on their being as they *ought* to be. I remember when you spoke very forcibly on the subject, and how Mr. Bainbridge partly agreed with you, quoting the words, "*simulacra virtutis*," as the *ne plus ultra* of merit in men, generally speaking. . . .

"I hope you do not think the worse of me for having been enabled to enter society under the auspices of a man of unbounded genius, perfect manners, and high honour. He was universally

esteemed, except by the *Jesuits*, whom he had ample reason to detest; for they blighted his happiness for life.

"I cannot imagine who can possibly be the "gentleman," your authority for the dark insinuations you make against the unfortunate count; and I feel resentment against the "gentleman," whoever he may be; for he has traduced an absent man, and insulted me through my friend. Can he be a "Jesuit in disguise?" one of those whom my aunt was constantly dreading? Excuse this remark, my dear father; but I have good reason to feel the greatest concern for my unfortunate friend, Count Emile de Valremy.

"I hope you continue to enjoy good health; and that you will soon regain your usual spirits; and that my dear aunt is well and happy. Tell her that I shall endeavour in all things to steer the right course; and hope that her anxious and most respected advice will prove profitable, as it must do, in the end.

"I am at a loss to guess your meaning in the 'bliss' you have in store for me. Whatever it is, I can assure you, my dear father, that it will only add to the many motives which will ever make me

"Your most dutiful and affectionate son,

"LEONARD DEVIGNE."

FATHER PERCIVAL TO THE PROVINCIAL.

"VERY REVEREND FATHER,

"I hasten to inform you that the inscrutable designs of Providence seem to forward our purpose

more effectually than we ourselves, its humble, unworthy instruments.

"Mr. Devigne has had an attack of palsy.

"The attack is not very severe: but the sudden visitation has brought about that happy state of mind when the stony heart is softened, and may be moistened by the grace of heaven.

"I visited him this morning. He was very glad to see me. I consoled him, endeavouring to give a right direction to his depression of spirits at the thought of his dreadful malady.

"He fears death.

"He spoke, with dread, of dying.

"I seized the opportunity to speak with unction of the pious death of his child. I dwelt upon all the circumstances, and brought home every leading point suggestive of the *promise* he made to his dying child. I suffered him to lead the topics, and expatiated on all with hearty solicitude for the great accomplishment.

"He told me, with tears in his eyes, that he felt all the better for my visit, and requested me to see him as often as possible.

"The only fear is, that his sister, Mrs. M., may hasten her return to Ringwood Hall, in consequence of her brother's illness. This would be, in the present state of matters, very unfortunate. Is there no means of detaining her in Scotland? But a few days may decide on the necessity. When we are sure of *him*, we shall have no fear of her. He will take his stand as usual, and set her at defiance.

She will rage, as Father Lovel used to hear her, against us: but her brother will not endure it; they will part company, if we do not find some means of gaining *her*, too, and so comprise the whole family in the net of salvation. Even should they part enemies, much as we shall regret it, such things must be; did not Christ come to throw a sword among men?

"My opinion is, that Mr. Devigne will recover; but we must hasten the accomplishment, lest returning health should re-establish his former perversity: He appears to be a very sensual man.

"The woman — still loves him intensely; but struggles, seemingly, to overcome the feeling; and is very assiduous in prayer, and all pious duties. We cannot be too thankful for the providential ordination that she was a Catholic. Thus, his crime in first leading her astray will ultimately lead both to salvation, and promote the cause of religion. So mysteriously is virtue dependent on vice, and sometimes vice on virtue.

"I suppose you have been apprised of our enemy's destruction. We have thus nothing to fear in the case of Madame —; in which matter there was every chance of his terrible interference.

"I received the intelligence from Mr. Devigne, quoting his son's letter. How providential! One grand obstacle to our enterprise is now removed. The only chance of extricating the youth from that counter-influence, was his speedy departure for Rome; this I urged very forcibly on the father,

expatiating on the disreputable character of the libertine. Mr. Devigne told me to calm my fears, 'for,' said he, 'Valremy is no more — killed in a duel.' I turned the intelligence to good account, and brought it home to the patient, by forcibly dwelling on the awful judgments of Heaven on impenitence. My exhortation had a deep effect; he trembled all over. I expect good results from that *holy fear in which I left him*.

"His controversial reading, under my direction, seems to have almost decided his mind; but 't is his sensuality that presents the main obstacle. Disease commonly changes the heart in that respect; we may hope for the result; if not, we must try *other* means; for his conversion is of paramount importance in the main enterprise. Should he once declare himself a Catholic, all will be well; for I shall suggest the publication of his 'Reasons for becoming a Catholic;' and that being done, the man, such as I know him to be, will be *ashamed* to fall off, though he may continue his evil practices. The former is *necessary* for our enterprise, the latter only a *contingent misfortune*.

"So far, all is well, I trust; and I remain, very Reverend Father,

Your very obedient,

Very humble servant,

THOMAS PERCIVAL."

P.S.—We shall have it all our own way in this part of the country. The neighbouring 'clergyman'

is a 'breeder of race-horses.' 'He called yesterday,' said Mr. Devigne to me, 'but he only inquired how I was; he left his *card*.' See how these shepherds care for their flocks! See how these physicians of the soul visit their sick!

"I need not add to this."

## CHAPTER II.

## THE SICK-ROOM.

MR. DEVIGNE has passed a wretched night.

It is now morning. The day is gloomy, cold, and wet. The rain dashes against the panes of the windows fitfully, ever and anon startling the sick man by its sudden pattering. He is restless.

There has been a tempest—another is gathering. Soon the lightning flashes; the thunder shakes the firmament.

The agitation of the sick man increases. The wildness of his glance shows that inward terrors are more dreadful than the strife of the elements. Trembling with bodily fear—a prey to ghostly horrors, he turns from side to side, and cannot escape; he starts suddenly, sits for a moment, then falls on his pillow, gasping, exhausted.

He is alone.

How is it that his whole life is now mapped, pictured before the eyes of his conscience—that conscience of late so weak, and now so strong—strong as death battling for the mastery.

He is alone.

How is it that his memory with inconceivable velocity, darts from the present to his earliest childhood, gathering the spoils of conscience, and dashes them as they *were*, as they *are*, before its shuddering eyes, saying, "Behold thy deeds!"

He is alone.

And now the angel of Death—hideous Death, beckons him away, and points to an imaged cataract beneath his feet—a cataract, whose breadth without end is smooth as molten glass, slippery, rounded; tumbling down, down, down, with the roar of many waters.

He is alone.

And beyond that brink.

Oh! who will come to console him—to be with him in his fearful trouble?

Friends of his youth,—companions of his manhood,—ye who shared his pleasure,—will ye not come and make him strong to meet his enemy?

His worthy sister.

Why is she not beside him to whisper faith, to inspire hope, to defend him from despair and the terrors of unbelief?

He is alone.

No; his "friend and comforter," Father Percival, is come.

To the bed-side he walked, pressed the sick man's hand so gently; wiped the big drops of reeking sweat from his forehead, and in accents of sweetest compassion, whispered,—

"My dear friend; you are worse, I fear."



Mr. Devigne pressed his hand.

"Why did you not send for me? I would have sat beside you all the night. I am grieved to see you worse."

"Oh! you are too kind; too kind. I deserve no pity. My punishment is less than my crimes. For ~~me~~ there is no hope, no pity!"

"If thy sins be as red as scarlet, I will make them whiter than snow; and 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine just men.' Who can despair, my dear friend, when such are the words of life?"

"You have sinned; we have all sinned; but we have a Redeemer—a merciful High Priest; a Saviour to compassionate our infirmities; and where sin hath abounded, there will grace more abound, if we sincerely repent.

"Oh! bless God for that beginning of grace which has awakened your conscience to consider the errors of the past. Yes; bless God for that grace which, if not rejected, will be to you the harbinger of still greater favours from Heaven.

"Be not terrified, my friend, at your condition—or rather, *be* terrified; but let your terror be the fear of the Lord. Repentance be the effect, and peace will follow.

"Think not that you alone have felt these awful visitings of an awakened conscience on the bed of sickness. Oh! it has been my blessed lot to witness many, yes, very many, who after a life of reckless guilt, have been converted to the faith—the wounds

of conscience were healed—reconciliation was made perfect; and, by that peculiar grace of the sacraments, some have been even blessed with *health*, yes, with a bodily cure, as well as spiritual regeneration, though they were despaired of by the physician."

Father Percival paused; the sick man exclaimed, "Oh! speak on, dear sir; your words, your voice of sympathy, your earnest truthfulness, all console me."

"An humble instrument I am in the hands of God; believe that it is *He* in his mercy who consoles you, pitying your infirmities; eager, like the earthly father, to receive his prodigal son. Yes, your garment is ready, the feast is prepared. God invites you. God calls you. God entreats you. Will you not enter into his mansion—the one prepared for you from the beginning? Speak, my friend. Answer your good God. Are you willing?"

"Oh! yes, yes. I am willing. I am ready—now, now. I am convinced. Rid me of my guilt; you have the power. *Now* I believe all! I see it clearly, now. I am ready to cleanse my conscience—receive my confession—rid me of my guilt."

The sick man wept; the Jesuit knelt, and prayed aloud:—

"Oh God, Father Almighty! blessed be Thy holy name for ever. Oh! accept in Thy long suffering

mercy, the repentance of our brother. Pour down upon him Thy sanctifying grace, and perfect the holy work Thou hast begun. Thou hast heard the prayers of his *sainted child*, whom Thou didst take to Thyself, as a hostage for his living father:—and now, from that temporal affliction, O merciful Lord! Thou hast brought forth comfort, joy, and an earnest of eternal exultation.”

The thanksgiving ended: the Jesuit rose and blessed the convert. He signed his forehead with the sign of the cross, muttering the sacred words, “Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

It is impossible to describe the effect of that *touch*. The poor man turned to the Jesuit with an expression of utter submission, eager, confiding, entire hopefulness. He grasped his hand—kissed it as that of a superior, exclaiming,—

“I am ready—let me confess my guilty life—and make my peace with offended Heaven.”

“Were it not better to defer that solemn act till you are better prepared, my dear friend?”

“Oh! I am prepared. I now remember all that I have done. Have mercy on me. Take away my burthen. Oh! for the love of that God whose words you declare so well—for His sake, if not for mine, let me *now* confess, and be comforted.”

The auspicious moment was eagerly embraced.

Mr. Devigne made a “general confession,” or a confession of the sins of his whole life.

All the transgressions of his life—the most secret sins of the man in his youth, in his manhood, and

his decline—sins of thought, as well as sins of deed—guilty desires—the most concealed vices.

He had to declare the number of times per day, per week, per month, he had committed such and such a sin: whether in the presence of witnesses or not; what scandal followed; all aggravating circumstances—all, all, positively all, the dark things of conscience were wrenched from the deluded man by the *helping* questions of the skilful casuist, whose searching solicitude was bent on "*shaming* the devil." . . . . .

Father Percival gave the penitent absolution. This was, perhaps, an irregularity,—that rite being usually deferred, unless danger of death be imminent: but, doubtless, in the present case, the "perfect contrition" evident in his penitent authorized the indulgence. Besides, did not the poor man yearn to be free from guilt, and to *feel* safe? And was it not expedient to cry "Peace! peace!"

The *finale* was most edifying.

"And now, dear brother; let us compute the mighty grace that has been vouchsafed you.

"You might have been cut down in the midst of your sins: God has given you the grace of repentance.

"You might have died impenitent to fall into hell: God has spared you to rise to heaven."

"Born and bred in error, you have been enlightened. The light of faith has suddenly beamed upon you, as upon the persecutor who was destined

to become a vessel of election—the apostle of the Lord.

“How merciful in His ways with man is our God! He has given you a mind that *saw* proof: yes, you were *convinced*: but His grace was withheld till now—and oh, how abundantly poured forth! how gratefully received!

“Yes, brother; you are faithful to the grace. And may the same be increased ten-fold; yea, an hundred-fold for ever. And may the merits of your future good works, adorn the church which has received you into her bosom to become one of her greatest adornments.

“Your past life was evil unto evil: your future will be good unto good.

“Your *example* will preach the faith; will instruct others unto righteousness; and it is written, ‘those who do *thus* shall shine like stars for all eternity.’

• “Go and sin no more.”

## CHAPTER III.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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## FATHER PERCIVAL TO THE PROVINCIAL.

VERY REV. FATHER,

The work is done. Mr. Devigne is a convert.

I found him in the terrors of unbelief, and left him at peace with God, and reconciled to the One True Church.

His happy dispositions were promoted; and the grace from on high descending at the happy moment, he yearned to relieve his conscience of its heavy load. I heard his confession, and absolved him, deeming it expedient to do so, as the penitent's mind was so perfectly contrite, and eager to be reconciled with God.

He confessed with the greatest humility and candour.

The results of this signal conversion will be prodigious. *Benedicamus Domino*. From the character of the man, 't is possible that he may waver when his health is restored; and he is already much better; but, with proper tenderness and indulgence

on our part, the difficulties of his new position will be mitigated.

Possessing, as I *now* do, his *unbounded* confidence, it will be my endeavour to ensure what we have gained.

With the woman—I have some trouble. She has become sad and gloomy: says very little: the dumb devil has possessed her. But my efforts are incessant. I hope still that she will make no obstacle to the holy work. I have devised a plan which will doubtless be of some effect. It is this,—I will persuade Mr. Devigne to write her a letter, bitterly lamenting the disgraceful connection, and *advising* her to give herself to religion as the best atonement for her past transgressions. In his present state of mind, the thing will be easy; for the sting of the flesh is blunted by bodily weakness.

Even should she refuse to follow the advice,—exasperated, doubtless,—still one point will be gained, the *prevention of the marriage*—a most important point decidedly. This consideration even throws into shade the danger that might result from the anger of this exasperated woman: but even should she *disclose*, it will be *easy* to convict her of falsehood.

Of course the *sister's* indignation will be great: but her wild denunciations will only serve to irritate her brother into resistance. He will give her arguments which she cannot rebut; for he has a ready wit, and is vain of showing his logical powers.

The result will be a *separation*, as I premised

before. The sister will go back to her relatives in Scotland, and Ringwood Hall will remain the centre whence the diverging rays of Catholicity shall enlighten this benighted country. Need I expatiate on the results to follow in due time?

With earnest hopes that the work *abroad* is progressing, and that all will prosper as we trust most confidently, I remain,

Your very humble and obedient,

THOMAS PERCIVAL.

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II.

FATHER FRASER TO THE ENGLISH PROVINCIAL.

(*Important.*)

VERY REV. FATHER,

Rome.

I AM directed by our Holy Father General to inform you of the progress of the matter in hand, as follows:—

The youth has been here a fortnight, having been introduced to the *family*.

The scheme works well.

He is a constant visitor.

I have had several conversations with him, without, of course, touching on any topic which might seem to have reference to *the* topic; though it may well be doubted whether *any* topic can possibly be irrelevant to our object, if *skilfully handled*. It is an impression that must be made; a charm to be woven; a fascination to be effected. Will not *any* topic answer the purpose?



Has the youth not expressed his delight? Does he not court the society of the humble instrument who strives to influence his mind unto good?

I feel an indescribable interest in the youth; and when in his company, I frequently detect and suppress in my heart those lower *human* feelings towards him which must be uprooted, in order to do our duty in the right spirit, and in accordance with the grace which has inspired its accomplishment.

My struggle to overcome these human feelings has been great; but the grace of religion enables us, at length, cheerfully to perform all its requirements. I have endeavoured to *sanctify* these natural sympathies; and whilst unholy nature prompts me to love the *man*, the perfection of our holy state urges me to cherish his soul. I have gained the victory over myself: I have "chosen the better part."

He is worthy of our earnest attention. How quick in apprehension—fluent in speech—graceful in manners—and captivating in person!

Thus endowed, he must prove of great service in the cause of the Lord.

Whispers are abroad respecting his profligacy; but I am of opinion that nothing of moment has occurred *here*. He was introduced to the Brentons as soon as possible. Father *Laplace* (the colonel who travelled with him) brought him to us the very next day after his arrival.

Libertinism cannot have made deep inroads in

his heart; though there is a self-possession in the youth which can be the result of large experience only;—that experience which gives the wisdom of years to the mind of youth. He is *developed*: his character is decided.

That Miss Brenton is impressed by him, is quite apparent; though I believe she does not suspect my suspicion—my certainty.

This girl will be of vast service to our project.

Her personal attractions are great; but her mental qualities are greater. Still she has strong passions, but she unites to them considerable tact and discretion; and similar tact and discretion will be necessary to direct her in spinning the web, lest she *devour* the prey.

I have observed in the girl that singular power of strong minds—that power which enables us to seem what we are not, and not to seem what we are, when high motives prompt the necessity; in fact, the power which effects by *mind* what Jacob's mother effected by her *goat skin and mess of pottage*. She's a skilful dissembler: her dissimulation shall be sanctified by a pious purpose.

She has been brilliantly educated; her sunbeam flashes of wit astonish and delight.

Of course she has *vanity*:—what woman has not? She is vain of her charms and qualifications. I have taken advantage of this, turning it into a laudable channel; using it, in fact, as the Hebrews appropriated the silver and gold of the Egyptians. I hinted to her the prospect of a *conversion*: she

understood the hint, as was evident from the flashing eye. She has been looking over the "*Discussion Amicale*," that gentlest of polemics, by way of preparation for the combat.

There can be little doubt that the scheme will succeed; the youth was struck with her at the first interview; and the web is more and more entangled at each successive visit.

The main difficulty will be the management of the *girl*, *when* she has effected our purpose. *Sed dabit Dominus!* the Lord will open us a path through the Red Sea of worldly love into the Canaan of love divine,—though we may have to battle beforehand with the sensual daughter of Midian.

Prospectively to the contemplated result, I may state that Mr. Brenton, her father, is a weak-minded man, entirely at the disposal of his wife; whilst his wife, a "clever" woman, is directed entirely by *me* in all things. She is (how often have I observed the fact!) jealous of her daughter. The cause of this anomaly is her prodigious vanity—hunger for admiration. Vanity is a selfish feeling; hence she would eclipse even her own daughter if she could. But she is directed by me, and we shall manage the young lady by the passions of the mother, should she profanely prefer her selfish love—*herself*—to the cause of religion, and religious perfection in her lover,—which last is the *end* to which we consecrate her charms. Did not Jephtha sacrifice his daughter in obedience to his vow?

I am happy to inform you that Father Lovel\* has been rewarded for his great services in this important enterprise. He has been sent on the *foreign missions*, to supply the place of the martyred Verbiest, *lately devoured by the cannibals*. Thus did a pious want coincide with the dictates of *prudence*, as soon as Father Lovel's former connection with the infamous Valremy was made known by you to our Holy Father General. It seems, however, that the necessity of his absence was only the hint from Heaven, as it were, that called Father Lovel to the field of merit; since the *necessity* ceased almost as soon as he departed. I allude to the death of the clever fiend, Valremy, which you have heard. A fit retribution for the mortal devil.

I conclude with assuring you of my unbounded esteem and affection, remembering you in my constant prayers, very Rev. Father, and earnestly requesting the same from you, in behalf of,

Your very humble and very obedient,

D. FRASER.

\* Poor Mr. Bainbridge.

## CHAPTER IV.

## LOVE AND CONTROVERSY.

LEONARD DEVIGNE is announced: he comes to pay his daily visit to Miss Brenton.

He has hurried to the meeting: who does not, when Love, the great mesmerist, has imparted to us another existence, a new self, new eyes, new ears, and an ardent will that seems to annihilate all space, all time, in the presence of the object beloved? So *much* is effected in the twinkling of an eye; and yet makes an hour eternity in that absence whose moments the sluggish heart chronicles with unavailing sighs.

Day has dawned *at last*. At last the detestable clocks have told the hour. Why must they always wait till every wheel has turned the very exact number of times? Cannot they *feel*, iron-hearted as they are, how much transcendent bliss is promised to that hour which they will *not* strike?

It *has* struck, at last.

The ardent lover is admitted into the presence of the beautiful Helen Brenton.

She sat on an ottoman.

Whoever has contemplated—for that's the only word to suit the thing—whoever has contemplated a beautiful woman reclining on an ottoman, must admit that there was something in it—a something which no one can describe, even if it *be* felt by *all* “the hapless sons of clay.”

Helen was a brunette. Her hair, brilliant raven, fell in natural curls, tickling her neck and the surrounding undulations, as if to remind the fair owner of *one* charm, at least. Her eyes were light, but of no decided colour; for they varied with the light they reflected, and the feelings they expressed, through their long and regular lashes. Her head was well proportioned; but if intellect beamed from her brow, there was that in the form of the nose, mouth, and chin, which suggested a combination most dangerous to woman.

Her dress, what was it? It is forgotten. Her taste was so exquisite, that you felt its *effect*, and the cause was unheeded; or at least you could not ascribe it to muslin, silk, or satin. Whoever remembers a woman's dress was either disgusted by it, or saw little else to admire; so important is that characteristic of woman.

“So you have been presented to his Holiness,” observed Miss Brenton smilingly, after the first salutations.

“Yes; and have been delighted with the reception. He quite charmed me with his mild and affable manners. I was sorry that I could not reply to his questions myself; for I could have wished to

enjoy a few minutes more of his pleasant conversation. Mr. Fraser was interpreter. His Holiness spoke of England and Englishmen in the kindest spirit; and expressed the great pleasure he felt in receiving their visits. "The difference of religion," he said, "produced in him only affectionate solicitude, not repulsive displeasure." And then he added, 'Frederick the Second of Prussia, finding himself dangerously ill in a Catholic country, was asked how, in the event of his death, he chose to be buried? "Dig a grave," said the philosophical monarch, "some few feet lower than the spot where the Catholics are interred."\*' 'For my part,' said his Holiness, 'I shall exult to meet those after death, whom I cannot meet during life.' I was much pleased with him; he is so liberal-minded."

"Well, and you kissed his hand,† did you not?"

"Oh, of course; and I bring the impress of sanctity on my lips, to print it on *your* hand, if you do not reject the proffered grace."

Leonard suited the action to the word. Then the smile passed from his countenance: he was about to talk of his love—to urge that *consent* which, oft demanded, had been deferred, indefinitely deferred; for the lady was undecided: how could she be otherwise? The difference of religion was a paramount obstacle. True, her lover was a most patient hearer;

\* Lemalstre.

† A celebrated opera-dancer has lately enjoyed that bliss. His present Holiness is determined to storm the world with his extra-Catholic liberalism.

argued but little, unless to provoke her enchanting fervour of expression, to behold her in all her charms of mind and person animated by discussion. All this is true; but "delay" was the watch-word of the genius presiding over Leonard's destiny. Miss Brenton "submitted," without daring outwardly to ask *Cui bono?* What's the good of it?

"Thanks for the relic. I'll transfer it to my lips;" and she kissed the spot which the kiss of her lover had crimsoned.

"Oh, when will you—when will you bless my heart with that Yes which will add tenfold intensity to my love? Why not *now*? Speak the word—in pity, speak it."

Helen disengaged her hand, and rushed to the window, which she threw open: the cool fresh air relieved her sudden fever: the beating of her heart was lessened. Leonard gazed on the answerless maiden.

She turned, completely self-possessed; and, with her usual animation, she exclaimed:—

"Well, Mr. Devigne, have you read what I appointed? Let me see, we were on 'Indulgences,' was it not?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Brenton, I have read it all up; quite satisfactory. I admit it; it's all perfectly correct, no doubt," answered Leonard, smiling in his disappointment.

Miss Brenton resumed her seat.

"Now, let me see if you are convinced, Mr. De-



vigne. I'll be Protestant, you Catholic; in other words, I'll be *you*, and you *me*."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Leonard, "I consent, with all my heart. Let me begin; mind you are *Leonard Devigne*, and you must answer exactly as Leonard Devigne would answer. Well, *Mr. Devigne*, will you consent to be mine?" . . . . .

"Oh, you are wandering from the subject in discussion. You must keep to the point, of course. Let me begin. What scripture proofs have you for the doctrine of Indulgences?"

"Oh, let me see. St. Paul's forgiveness of the—the Corinthian."

"Very good; any other?"

"Yes; it's implied in the pardon to Adam, which was accompanied by temporal pains."

"Very good; what else?"

"David, after his very mean transgression."

"Very mean? Mr. Devigne, you didn't find those words in the book, did you?"

"Oh, no; beg pardon; David was punished by the loss of his—his—"

"Child; very good. But how do you deduce the doctrine of Indulgences from these texts?"

"How? I! Oh, let me see. Ah, yes, that's it; why, *something* remains after the sin is forgiven; and that is what is remitted by an 'Indulgence.'"

"Very, very good indeed. How diligent you have been. We shall soon be done; and then ——"

"Oh, *then*, adored of my heart! will it be *then*,

say you? Why not now? I'll subscribe to anything for you—anything to be with you, my all on earth!"

"Nay, Mr. Devigne," exclaimed Helen, with an inner struggle; "your conversion must be from *conviction*, not from *passion*." You must chastise those ardours. Think of the sacredness of the human heart; which, after all, is due to God only. Its raptures should rise to heaven. Earth has nothing worthy of them. In its Creator alone should the heart find its centre. The love of cherubim and seraphim is to be its model. Its energies are spiritual; its fires immortal; and in the Eternal Spirit alone should it seek its bliss, its infinite consolations."

"Then transform me into yourself. Let my soul mingle with yours. Let me become part of that ineffable purity which you are; angel be you, and I but a feather in your wing; then fly with me to that heaven where I *may* love you as you wish, as you desire, as you describe." . . . . .

"Oh!——"

The exclamation of her struggling heart was arrested by the sudden intrusion of Father Fraser.

"Ah, Mr. Devigne, may I congratulate you on your late presentation?"

"Decidedly. I was much gratified; thanks to your kindness."

"His Holiness pleased you?"

"Excessively."

" You are not, then, disappointed by your experience of Catholicity ? "

" Oh no ; the more I see of it, the more I like it ; my heart is open to conviction. "

" You mean your '*mind*,' Mr. Devigne. "

" Oh, *both* ; I like your—your—your everything. It's so warm and cheering ; so full of—of—I know not how to qualify it—I am delighted, ravished ; but, excuse me, my dear sir, I have an appointment. Good-morning, sir. Miss Brenton, *good-morning*. "

The lady went to her room—to weep.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE HEART.

HELEN BRENTON retired to her room, and wept. She loves.

She loves intensely ; but is withheld from the confession which would gladden her heart, in gladdening that of her lover.

She may not tell : she must submit.

Father Fraser has enjoined her silence in that matter, till he thinks it expedient to give *his* consent.

And why must she submit ? She knows not why.

Sometimes she resolves to break the command : but then, perhaps, her lover will not be "converted."

But is she so devoted a Catholic as to make that a necessary condition ? Perhaps not, if she loves intensely ; and yet, perhaps, she *will* insist on that condition. Who can predict the feelings of woman ? Who can do more than weigh them at each successive moment, asking the while, What next ? What next ?

Helen hopes to be blessed with the hand of her lover, if he be converted ; but he is so ready to admit all she urges, that Father Fraser "suspects him," and says, "*Delay* will prove the mind's conviction."

And she must "submit" to the will of Heaven; for is not Father Fraser its instrument? . . .

Thus she reasoned with herself, weeping alone. The heavy day has crept away: evening is come: 't is night.

Helen has prayed.

She prepares for rest: but there she stands, doubtful whether she will not sit a little longer, and *think* of him.

She has decided: she will sit up.

Her cheek resting on her hand; her hair let loose and streaming on her neck, the maiden recalls a pleasant evening-walk amid the ruins, in company with her lover. He had commemorated that evening. They had parted in sadness—both seemed to have thoughts which they would eagerly express—but how?

On the day after that evening, Helen received from her lover some verses expressive of his feelings on that occasion. On these verses her eyes are now bending: they feed her heart.

"I saw thee, and my eyelids fell—a cloud  
Belike, that veil'd their future sun;  
And could I then have thought aloud,  
Thou wouldst have known my doom begun.

"We parted : 't was a cold, a bleak farewell ;  
We met once more, and oh, how sweet !  
For absence will enforce the mutual spell,  
Till kindred hearts together meet.

"Since then, an age is number'd in my soul ;  
An age of thought and bitter pain :  
Thoughts that my will can ne'er control ;—  
I hope, despair, then hope again.

"For I would *die*—and then the thought of *thee*  
Makes me love life, and shrink from death :  
And I would *live*—but what is life to *me*,  
If thou'rt not mine ? my only life !

"Visions of bliss anon beguile : meseems  
Thou, my Undine, art sent to bless,  
To cheer me in my night of toil with gleams  
Of light, thy voice, and sweet caress.

"Swooning as often thus entranced in bliss,  
I live, not I, but thou in *me* ;  
And I would die by that unearthly kiss,  
For ever thus to be with *thee*.

"Oh, bliss ! to find, each hour, my love expand—  
Finding its heaven, yet craving more.  
Oh, pang ! to *know* the love thy charms demand,  
Must ever prove me debtor poor.

"Yes, 't is in loving *thee* that I can feel  
How angels love their God above ;  
Where, blest and blessing, words can not reveal  
The boundless gratitude of love !

"For what am I ? . . . Nay, rather let my heart  
Reflect *thee*, love ! so sweet, so kind !  
Importraiture by Love's own gentle art,  
There, by its life-nerve intertwined.

THE PORTRAIT.

" I stood beside her : 't was a star-lit eve,—  
 When, longing for the rising moon,  
 She sat and watch'd, and oft her breast would heave  
 Some thought, by sighing check'd too soon.

" Reclining on the hand that kiss'd her cheek,  
 Her sweet bright eyes the heavens read ;  
 Seeming some mystic solace there to seek,  
 For grief, wherein her heart was dead.

" Thus heavenward arose her ardent eyes,  
 Fringed by their lashes into shade :  
 Still bright with light their own, amid their skies  
 Her oval brows in thought array'd.

" Her ample tresses negligently fell,  
 Seemingly scatter'd down her face :  
 'T was only art conceal'd by art, so well  
 That negligence was perfect grace.

" And I beheld her features change the while,  
 Like wavelets of the restless sea :  
 Now dark, then sad, and then the seeming smile  
 That mocks a hope in misery !

" Yes, in thy lineaments I see thee traced ;  
 Thy flash of mind, thy flame of soul—  
 Thy soul, a giant in the world's wild waste,  
 That nought but *love* shall e'er control.

" And I have loved thee ; and have felt my soul  
 Ennobled by my love,—my mind  
 Illumed : I pant to reach high honour's goal  
 For *thee*, my mind and heart combined.

"Oh! dwell within my soul a mirror'd frame,  
Wherein I'll gaze to read my praise,  
What time I shall achieve an honour'd name,  
And see *these* bless'd with happy days.

"And thou wilt smile on me, and none may blame  
The transports of thy gen'rous breast;  
And thou wilt proudly bear and bless my name,  
And on my grateful bosom rest.

"Sweet hope! though twinkling through the haze of years,  
Beyond a sea without a shore,  
Still thou art *there*, sweet hope, to dry my tears,  
And point to coming bliss in store.

"My friend! my sister! angel! Paraclete—  
My *all*! for thou hast *fill'd* my heart,  
Ne'er fill'd before, with gushing joy, as sweet  
As heaven only can impart."

Again and again Helen read the verses, more and more affected at each perusal, her tears flowing as from a fountain that would flow on for ever. Why did she weep? Is she not beloved? Ardently beloved? But listen:—

"Oh, yes!"

———"the seeming smile  
That mocks a hope in misery!"

"Yes, yes; I remember those feelings that racked my heart on that evening, and yet made me feel so happy. Happy and wretched every moment. Oh, how near was I then the fatal confession! How weak at that moment! Yet, he knew it not. And yet, has he not described almost all that I felt? Had he then pressed the question—Oh, could I



have resisted? What could I have refused at that moment? How my soul burns even now at the remembrance of that gushing emotion, so painful and yet so sweet, of love's unspeakable madness! Oh, why did he not seize the auspicious moment? My dissimulation, my vile hypocrisy, would have been at an end. What silenced him *then*? Did an angel protect my weakness? . . . .

"Oh! to love him as I love, and thus be *forced* to seem indifferent. His love has made a torrent of my soul, and I must seem a stagnant pool. His love—the strong, serious thought of my soul, I must make my pastime; must meet his burning protestations of love with flat insipid controversy. What is his "belief" to me, if I believe that he loves me?

"Oh! had that cruel man not entered so soon this morning, I would have confessed my love. Wretch that I was to let pass so many moments of bliss! Why should I obey this man? Why should he rule my heart? What evil can there be in pledging myself to my lover? He must be converted first. Well; he *shall* be converted—he'll be converted to please *me*—I can promise that; but they will not take my word for it; he must be converted first. . . . .

"Meanwhile, they will have me feign indifference; conceal my ardent love; play the hypocrite. Till I become a thing of deceit, contemptible to myself. . . . Well; if it be right in one case, it must be so in another: my resolution is taken.

"I'll confess my love to my lover; pledge my heart irrevocably; but continue our controversy as if 'delay' *were* necessary. We'll understand each other; and shall have rest. My inner torments will cease—yes; my heart must and *shall* be relieved of this harassing secret. And then what joy to meet. How sweet the interchange of love's sweet words! Oh! my heart will be satisfied at last; I have found him that my heart has craved: him that my mind must esteem and respect, my heart love and adore. How happy will my confession make him. Yes, it will call forth a burst of that enthusiasm which makes him divine. Oh, happy, happy moment! Would it were now!"

Helen's tears ceased flowing: she retired to rest; and her calm, sweet slumbers seemed an earnest that the resolve she had taken would, in its execution, give the desired peace to her mind, and joy to her heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the following day, Leonard came, as usual, for his controversial lesson. How is this? A change, has taken place, seemingly. Whether the high-flown ideas of love divine which Miss Brenton had so ardently expressed at the last interview, had mitigated his ardour by the insurmountable difficulty of her model; or that he had taken the resolution suggested by necessity to let a woman have her own way till she *turn*, like a gorged pike; or whatever shall appear hereafter to be the cause, certain it is, that to the unspeakable disappoint-

ment of Helen, her lover seemed *all* for controversy that day !

How annoying !

She had firmly resolved to make that interview compensate for all her past "coldness." Good, generous girl. And yet, the determined catechumen was unusually eager in proposing real or fictitious doubts—holding out for a while—to yield when some brilliant argument prompted that sweetest of flattery, a graceful concession of the point in debate.

He had never fascinated Helen so much before: he pleased her that morning more than ever.

What! Has he resolved to win her by *flattery*; by that species of flattery so pleasant to women of wit? It *may* seem so: for so determined was he to keep to the subject in discussion, that a sigh or two escaped from Helen's lips, unheeded, though not unobserved.

In vain did Helen seem absent at times; seem to forget what she had just said, or was about to say—look him in the face, and then instantly drop her eyes, as if abashed at her own feeling.

She even seemed impatient, annoyed, restless for a few seconds.

All in vain.

The cruel lover exulted in the change which he fancied his new system of attack had produced; and hoping that a night's sensation of her wounds would make surrender certain, at his pleasure, he determined to take leave for the day.

Helen's affliction must be imagined. But observe, fair, gentle reader, she admits that she has dissimulated; has lost many opportunities, or, as she calls them, "moments of bliss:" still, perhaps, you will sympathize with her. 'T was indeed a sad disappointment, and destined—alas! for her—to be indefinitely prolonged. Read the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

ON his return to his apartments, Leonard found a letter from his father. On reading a certain passage of the letter, he exclaimed, "So my scheme is just begun in time!"

MR. DEVIGNE TO LEONARD DEVIGNE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SON,

Your several letters I have duly received. I confess that the spirit which pervades your late letters is much more consonant with my *present* feelings than that of the former: I allude particularly to the one in which you speak of Count Emile de Valremy. Far be it from me to speak evil of the dead or the living; but I think that your escape from that individual was a providential dispensation. However, as it seems to be a sore subject with you, my dear son, let it pass.

I am truly pleased with your late letters. Your description of your fellow-traveller, Colonel Amand, convinces me that he must be a man of merit;—a union of wit and virtue,—things that don't generally

go together, or follow so close on each other as their first letters do in the alphabet. I congratulate you on his disinterested friendship. I am obliged to him for the introduction, which seems to have been a source of gratification to you. You speak highly of Mr. Fraser and the Brentons; "but," say you, "they are *papists*." It is at all times impolite to call names, my dear son: "Catholics" is as easily expressed or written, therefore avoid the nickname. This leads me at once to the main subject of my letter. Perhaps you will be surprised at what I am about to say: I hope it will have a better effect.

It has pleased Almighty God to afflict me with a severe and sudden malady. In his great mercy He did more; He opened the eyes of my conscience to all my many past errors, and blessed me with repentance. I have repented; and, having duly matured the subject, sifted it to the bottom (you know I never take things on trust), I am happy to tell you, my dear son, that I have embraced the one true faith, and am a Catholic. I have given to the world *Fifty Reasons* for my change; and I trust that the pamphlet will be the means of opening the eyes of many.

I have no intention whatever of interfering with *your* belief: my only hope and trust are, that all men may see the light held up to their eyes, and follow it unto eternal life. But how much more solicitous should I be in the case of my son? But, I repeat it, I have no intention of interfering in *your*

belief, though I shall be vastly surprised to find that such arguments as we can adduce have no effect on a son of Peter Devigne. Another subject demands a word.

In your description of the family to which you have been introduced, you allude, in passing, to a Miss Brenton. Without, for one moment, supposing that there is any necessity for remark, on my part, I merely wish to explain the obscurity in my former letter to which you alluded. The fact is as follows: A very intimate friend of mine, of whom you have often heard me speak, Benbow of Calcutta, has written to me, proposing an alliance between you and his daughter, a very handsome and good young lady, by all accounts.

She will be immensely rich. Money is an object in this world: nothing can be done without it, except starving; and an Indian bride is a black swan that's not to be found in every pond. Of course this is but a proposal on both sides, subject to your and the young lady's will and judgment; for neither Benbow nor myself can, for one moment, be supposed capable of using compulsion in the matter. Nor do I intend to bias your choice of a wife,—not the least in the world; but I strongly submit this offer to your consideration, my dear son. Mr. Benbow is a very old friend of the family—your father's own bosom friend—and is enormously rich. These are very grave considerations, and I urge them upon your attention: but, at the same time, do not for one moment suppose that I am anxious

to coerce your judgment. Only, if you think I have any claims on your filial duty and affection, I beg and pray that you will not enter into any promise, bond, or understanding, before you come to England. *I have set my heart on this marriage: it is the last desire of my heart:* I wish it for very many reasons, too numerous to detail. But if, on seeing the lady, you object to her (which is impossible), or she to you (equally inconceivable), then the matter is ended.

This is fair, I think. I feel certain that you will comply with my request.

Two or three months (for you'll soon leave Rome) will decide the matter. Mr. Benbow and daughter will be here by the next arrival, I hope. I feel sure that you will like the young lady; and you will *bless* your father should you marry Miss Benbow.\*

So be vigilant, my dear son. If you are as yet free, and I firmly believe you are,—unable to admit the supposition that you would take such a step without your kind father's consent,—then, *as* you are free, since I have not consented, for God's sake! remain so; and confide in the lasting love and esteem of

Your affectionate father,

PETER DEVIGNE.

\* The reader will subsequently discover the probable reason for Mr. Devigne's extreme anxiety lest his son should not marry the rich Miss Benbow.



LEONARD DEVIGNE TO PETER DEVIGNE, Esq.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I hasten to reply to your kind letter, which I have just received.

The announcement has surprised me; but it has, at the same time, gratified me not a little; inasmuch as you will, at some period not far distant, find me an easy convert to your new faith: I am indeed *half* converted, and *wholly* charmed with the thing: not that I see any paramount necessity for ever changing one's religion, whatever it be, provided we live up to its wholesome dictates; but circumstances (to which all the world require us to conform) may chance to make a change necessary, when, of course, *conviction* will easily follow—I mean, *precede*.

Your great kindness in repudiating all compulsion in the matter of the proposed match is very gratifying to me, and is not thrown away, my dear father. I am grateful to you; *and have resolved to comply with your request to the very letter*; namely, to avoid all “promise, bond, or understanding.”

However, it seems to me, if you will allow me an opinion, that love cannot be *given*, it must be *wrenched* from the heart: consequently, I cannot promise to love the lady you propose; but I *do* promise to comply with your preliminary request, leaving the match an open question. It would,

indeed, be an infinite satisfaction to me to gratify you in *all* things, my dear father.

You will be pleased to hear that I have been presented to His Holiness, who received me most graciously.

All the specimens of *Catholics* I have met with here have pleased me exceedingly. With Mr. Fraser I am more than delighted: he surpasses even Mr. Bainbridge in conversational power and resources. I see some resemblance in their way of thinking, and that ready apprehension by which they seize at once your meaning, although you only discover its fag-end. What's curious, is, that though a Catholic priest, he has not attempted my "conversion!" It is always I who put questions to *him*, not he to *me*; indeed, he seems *indifferent* to the matter. This surprises me, after all that my aunt used to say: indeed, I am candid to avow that she was most severe in her denunciations. They were frightful, too frightful to be true. But then we must bear in mind that the abduction of her son was ample provocation to a mother's heart: besides, is she not the best of women, when we forget a few of her strong sentiments? The Catholics seduced her son, and she lost him for ever! A mother's affliction at the bereavement must be judged by the dictates of *nature*, not those of theoretic "charity and forgiveness."

I never knew all the circumstances of the case, for she always alluded to it with excessive impatience. What could have become of him? Does

he never think of his mother? If the Catholics inculcate an unnatural forgetfulness of our parents, my aunt's denunciations were most just. But the same fever that carried off his father, doubtless ended the son's days: 't is probable, and, for the sake of your religion, I absolve the Catholics of the imputed wickedness;\* they are so benevolent, affable, and disinterested in all their acts of kindness.

As the Brentons leave Rome, on their return to England, next week, I shall do the same; and hope to see you well and happy, on my *twenty-first birthday*, which will be about the time you specify.

With heartfelt love and gratitude,

I remain, my dear father,

Your affectionate son,

LEONARD DEVIGNE.

\* Mrs. Malcolm's son had become a Jesuit. Had Leonard mentioned the matter to Father Fraser, he *might* have enlightened him on the subject, if thought expedient by Holy Obedience.

## CHAPTER VII.

## LOVE'S AGONY.

A NEW feature has appeared in Leonard's disposition. His father's request has confirmed his resolution.

Miss Brenton's apparent "prudery" (whose real cause he could not suspect) produced in the man the determination to *punish* the girl, now he was convinced that she loved him. His father's request would have had but little effect, had there not been in his nature that sentiment which prompted his revenge, for such it was.

The idea pleased him ; it would gratify his vanity to show the same power, with more effect, by which the lady had tormented *him*, in the first instance. But there was an evident difference in the case of the Jesuit's instrument. Leonard's conduct was that of the cruel tormentor which plays with its captive prey.

He loved Helen, or rather, perhaps, desired her intensely ; but she had annoyed him by her "prudery," for such he deemed it ; and he resolved to exalt his pride for its past humiliations. He would

enjoy Helen's humility ; each sigh of hers would be his triumph.

If conscience suggested the reproach of cruelty, he dismissed the admonition with the words, "I'll propose at last—I'll marry her ; she'll then rejoice."

It is curious to remark how this determination on his part tallied with the Jesuit's scheme and his father's wish. How often in life do the most opposite, disconnected motives of human conduct, conspire to one and the same fulfilment !

It is only Helen who suffers here. She suffers for her compliance with the Jesuit's wish, whose real object she knows not. She also suffers for having dissimulated.

It may be imagined that cunning in woman is a gift of nature, to compensate for the absence of manly strength ; but how often does it effectuate its own punishment ? It tempts us in woman, but perhaps sincerity would tempt us more, at least, the *best* of us.

Several interviews followed the "disappointment" of Helen. Each was attended with the same result. How did she bear it ? Her love was so devoted, so intense, that she wept in secret, and strove to appear cheerful in company, checked every rising sigh, seemed perfectly herself, because she still hoped for the happy day.

What was the term proposed to himself by Leonard, to his cruel suspense ? His arrival in Paris, just before leaving for England.

Hence he could now, carried away by this artificial, unjust, cruel whim, prefer to see Helen in company with her parents, rather than strive to be with her alone, as formerly. The man who could thus forego a known bliss, to suit a purpose, must have been gifted with great self-restraint, if his heart was capable of the intense love which he had professed.

And did not Helen conclude that his love was departing? She did; but listen. They are alone.

"You *once* talked of love, Mr. Devigne; I have almost forgotten your energetic ardours. Have *you*?"

"Why do you ask me that question, Miss Brenton," he replied, smilingly.

"Why, Mr. Devigne?"

A tear was rising, she suppressed it; a sigh was on its way, she drove it back; but a gentle blush bloomed, in spite of her self-possession. Leonard observed it, and yet he asked *again*,

"Why do you ask that question?"

Helen opened a book, and turned over its pages; perhaps she turned a dozen unconsciously; and she looked her lover in the face; but her glance could not stay; it fell to the ground—she sighed.

What man could resist that appeal? Leonard Devigne!

Helen rose and left the room.

\* \* \* \*

Alas, poor Helen!

This is not the pining of a heart devoured by

jealousy, or by neglect when wedlock has given a bond to love. 'Tis the anguish of a heart tormented with a question which it *cannot* answer—an eternal why? to which neither angel nor imp will answer but with its echo.

Who could read without sympathy Helen's diary, from the day of her disappointment to the day when—but 't is not wise to anticipate either bliss or misery. Disappointment may ravish the former; Heaven may avert the latter. Let us rather moderate hope, and check despair. "Thy will be done," is the fountain of life.

And yet, alas, poor Helen !

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE AND THE PAST.

THE travellers are nearing Paris. What an interesting journey to Leonard Devigne is it made by the conversation of Father Fraser! How harassing to Helen, by the steady coldness of him whom she loves so fondly!

But she conceals her anguish. She would *not* be humiliated by her cruel lover. How was it that she did not despise him?

She loved him in spite of his neglect. She would love him for ever. Her reflections on the past were bitter. She had lent herself to the scheme of conversion — (innocent enough in itself for the poor girl). To that scheme, and the consequent restraint placed upon her by Father Fraser, she ascribed her present wretchedness. Though not exactly the right cause, still it sufficed to explain her punishment.

She naturally conceived a dislike for Father Fraser, and his controversy, which she now avoided most resolutely — referring Leonard “to Father Fraser for farther discussion on *that* subject.”



The Jesuit observed the change from the very commencement; and, though ignorant of Leonard's motives, he exulted in the fact. The lady had served as a decoy. His preparatory conversations with Leonard must now become more intentional. They were now to be "business." He gladly encouraged the advances of the youth to *himself*. He became the fortunate rival of Helen.

Helen fancied that her lover became daily more and more indifferent to her; but daily he was more and more in the company of Father Fraser. They were frequently closeted together.

At length she began to suspect the fact, that the Jesuit's object was to gain her lover to the *Society*; and then she traced all his advice and conduct in the matter, from the beginning, to that intention. Thus forced to admit herself a mere tool in the hands of the Jesuit, her bitterness of heart was increased. She felt humbled.

It must have been an interesting study to the Jesuit to observe the effect of his conversations on the youth; to mark the gradual substitution of one feeling by another—or, rather, the different application or direction of the same. Thoroughly understanding his pupil, he dissected his sentiments so skilfully, pointed out their natural tendencies with such precision and certainty, that an older head would have surrendered to the seemingly divine penetration and power to guide, as evidenced by the Jesuit,

"Consider yourself," said the Jesuit; "dive into

your heart; ask yourself the question, What is my destiny? You *hear* no reply. But the reply *is* whispered. I will enable you to hear it. Hurried onward in the career which you have begun, your life is entirely *external*. You are unconscious of the powers, the faculties, the sentiments, which have been consigned to your mind and heart for the most exalted destiny.

"Hitherto woman has been an object with you. But *how*? You have never *loved*."

Leonard looked up. The Jesuit continued:—

"I explain: I conclude this from your own admission. Have you not told me that your conquest is enhanced in your estimation by its *difficulty*? That is not the sentiment of those who love strongly—those who love because they cannot help loving. Those who love *thus*, love the more from being readily beloved. An irresistible sympathy draws them to the object. It is power that *you* seek: *influence* over the mind and the heart is the desire of your soul.

"And how have you sought that boon hitherto? How will you seek it henceforth? Shall the noble ambition of your soul be lowered to the grovelling of mere love-conquests, when boundless power is offered to its grasp over the minds, and hearts, and consciences of men? A power is offered to you; wherewith endowed, single-handed, you may brave the very tyrant who sways the destinies of millions; for *your* influence will be *divine*—*his* but brute force, which force can overcome.

The destiny offered to you will put you in possession of *yourself*, which is itself the highest reach of the mortal ; and the same destiny will invest you with the powers of the Eternal, delegated to those only who rise above the weaknesses of their fellow-men."

"And the means of finding that destiny?"

"Would you embrace it, if offered to you?"

"Be it mine to decide : explain you the means."

"I belong to that Society whose name is a terror to the world ——"

"Then you are a Jesuit?"

"I am a Member of the Society of Jesus, and exult in the name."

"I have heard hideous things of the Jesuits."

"And yet, again I say, I exult in the name. From the foundation of our Order, envy has pursued the sons of Ignatius ; but through the thick mists of calumny, the central star of their glory has beamed brightly forth. It beams, and shall beam for ever. Name me the men who have endured every calamity that man on man inflicts. You must name the Jesuits. Name me the men who have left no region of the habitable world without a monument of their labours. You must name the Jesuits. Think of those who have promoted every science—perfected every art. You think of the Jesuits. Cast your eyes over the map of the world. Call to the angels that preside over kingdoms. Ask them whose labours have been most indefatigable—most successful in spreading the name of Christ.

They must name the Jesuits. We bless God, as his instruments, and we thank him for the sufferings with which he has permitted *men* to reward us."

This disclosure took place on the evening of Leonard's arrival in Paris. The whole conversation made a deep impression on his mind. The effect intended by the Jesuit was made. But Leonard was still "undecided." Why should he leave the world, where he had every promise and earnest of success? Was he not wealthy? True, the rewards held forth to his ambition were such as his heart desired. But the pleasures of life had still their voice in his heart. He had but tasted the world. He was not surfeited as yet. There was ample time to consider his "destiny."

Such were his reflections.

And Helen?

Yes; Leonard gave her a thought—and he also thought of his father's proposal.

His intention is to leave Paris in three days, to pay his respects to his expectant father at Ringwood Hall.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

MEANWHILE, "The Ringwood Hall," East Indian, has arrived.

The owner of the vessel and cargo is the only passenger, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Jane Benbow; of whose beauty, qualities, and *wealth*, her father and Mr. Devigne have spoken with merited approbation.

The rich Calcutta merchant is impatient to see his friend; or rather, to use his own words, he wants "to enter upon the business without any digression."

Mr. Benbow also wishes to take his friend by surprise. The latter, with Mr. Percival, otherwise Father Percival, is now "thinking over" the all-important topic which brings Mr. Benbow to England.

"His letter is certainly very interesting," ejaculated Father Percival, returning Leonard's letter to Mr. Devigne; "it is most gratifying: he writes with all filial respect, and cheerfully complies with your request. Besides, how promising his senti-

ments on our holy religion. The grace which has been given to *you*, my dear sir, is, as it were, reflected upon your son. There is much hope."

But Mr. Devigne was thinking of *another* important matter at that moment. He said :—

"I am most anxious that my son should marry Miss Benbow. Her father is my earliest friend ; our families were neighbours before they emigrated.

"I have many reasons for wishing Leonard to marry as soon as possible ; and Miss Benbow must be the lady."

"I sincerely hope your wish will be gratified, Mr. Devigne ; there seems to be every probability ; indeed I can see no reason to doubt it."

"You always console me, my dear friend. But somehow I have my misgivings. Yet, I desire the event so intensely that I cannot induce my mind patiently to contemplate the chance of a disappointment."

"God directs all things, my dear sir. Even what grieves us most often proves a blessing in the end ; witness your late malady and ——"

"True, very true ; but it will be a sad trial for me if this marriage does not take place."

"Let us hope all things, my dear sir : your son promises filial obedience ; your friend is anxious, as you have said, for the marriage. Surely there is cause for hope, not despondency."

"True ; but the chance of ——"

At that moment a carriage drove up the avenue ; Mr. Devigne rushed to the window, and saw his old

friend, stumbling out of the carriage. He hastened to meet the nabob.

Hearty greetings, after thirty years' absence, were given and received.

"Take Jinny's arm, Peter," said the nabob; "I'll climb your ladder by myself, just as I got through the world. Nobody helped Benbow—no thankye—much obliged; but I'd rather *do all and have all*—that's my motto; no digression, if you please. I say, Peter, how many more steps to the main-top? Oh, here we are, at last."

Mr. Percival passed out, wishing Mr. Devigne good-day.

"Here we are," continued Mr. Benbow. "Hollo! What the deuce! Peter—*St. Aloysius*, . . . . *St. Francis Borgia*, . . . . *St. Ignatius*. Why, this is heaven upon earth with a vengeance! What, *what* does it mean? Peter! the devil! an image of the Virgin Mary too—no—I'm blessed! No, I'm blind! Conflagration! What! what! you—you—you haven't turned *papist*? Oh, Lord! No, no, impossible! Thunder! What! Peter Devigne—a—pa—pist! Zounds! Man! Why, your great-grandfather's bones will rise and club you to pieces! No, no; the deuce is in it—speak out, man! D——, let's have it out; tell me I'm *blind*, and I'll believe you; but—but—thunder! O Lord!"

Mr. Benbow sank under his energetic expostulation; his daughter gave him a chair, endeavouring to calm his excitement.

"No, no. Tear 'em down, Jinny. Let me smash the idols. Thunder!"

Mr. Devigne turned pale: his head resting in his hand; his tongue refused its office: he was struck dumb.

Suddenly Mr. Benbow became calm; and with a firm voice addressed his friend:—

"Then it's a *fact*, Peter? You have turned papist. You have betrayed the religion of your fathers; have you?"

Mr. Devigne remained silent.

"Well, then, I tell you, and I swear it too, that Benbow and Devigne shall never mix. The bargain's off.

"Why, I hate the very name of papist. Haven't I been bothered and pestered by the infernal Jesuits at Calcutta, enough to make me wish them all to the — ten times over? Don't I know the whole race of them? They're pagan half-Christians, and everything to suit their purpose. Have they not meddled with everything from earth to heaven, and t'other place included, to suit their purposes? And *you*, my best friend, my only friend, my intended brother, you to disgrace your Protestant name so vilely! Gad, I'm sick! And I've done!

"The bargain's off. I wish you all luck. Good-day to you."

"Stay, stay, my dear friend. One word—one word, for God's sake; one —"

"I have no confidence in you; once deceived, twice shy. Good-day."



Seizing his daughter's arm, Mr. Benbow hurried down the stairs faster than he had mounted. He found his way into the court-yard, ordered his horses to be put to, and drove off to London.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Mr. Benbow had scarcely left when the following note was handed to Mr. Devigne, still in the greatest excitement:—

“ SIR,

“ You seduced me. But let that pass. You proposed to marry me. Well, I should have taken you at your word ; but Father Percival, having designs on you, persuaded me to refuse your offer, *for a time*. Well, he effected his ends with you : you are converted ; and you have written to *advise me to turn nun*. I am much obliged for your advice, but I don't choose to follow it.

“ Your cruelty, and Father Percival's deceit (a man of God!) have maddened me. God have mercy on my soul!

“ Oh, how you have been played upon! Why, the very letter you received from me was dictated by Father Percival! I'd tell you more ; but Heaven rest the soul *of my poor child*, though he remembered Father Percival's *lesson* so well. My poor child! But he didn't know better.

“ I have done ; may you be happy. *I* am wretched enough. Your despairing—

“ MARY TRUMAN.”

Half an hour after the delivery of this letter, a servant found Mr. Devigne on the floor, quite senseless, but still breathing. It was another attack of paralysis.

He died about nine o'clock the same night.

\* \* \* \*

Events are hurrying us to the "end:" we cannot tarry for reflection. Else, what serious, painful, warning thoughts rise, like the ghosts of the dead, from the fate of this unhappy man! . . .

One fact we will suggest: the final catastrophe of his life points directly to his ruling passion—that source of healthy, moral life, if directed by reason and right religion; but a self-tormenting, self-punishing fury, if permitted to run riot in the fleshly heart.

This reflection may partly exonerate the Jesuits of the final result. That result was not their *object*; but meditate the whole "transaction" from beginning to end, and then indulge your heart's more just indignation at *priestly, jesuitical influence in the family*.

\* \* \* \*

But we are now only at "the beginning of the end." The Brentons, Leonard, and Father Fraser, have arrived at Paris. Leonard's "Destiny" is still undecided.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE ASTROLOGER.

ON the morning after the travellers reached Paris, Father Fraser observed to Leonard :—

“You once casually alluded to astrology. I find we have now in Paris a most consummate *soi-disant* adept in the art. ’T is astonishing how men permit themselves to be deluded by such absurdities.”

“I don’t exactly agree with you : a prediction of *evil* will add to one’s *caution* (supposing astrology to predict only hypothetically), and a prediction of *good* will add to one’s *confidence*. Now, caution and confidence, in their respective circumstances, are mighty aids in the affairs of life, you will allow.”

“I see the inference ; and take this to be the process ; if we cannot find support *within* us, we must seek it *without* ; the mind must rest on *some* foundation ; it cannot support itself ; but like an infant, should lay its head on the cradle of Providence, hoping in its watching hour, and yet, in sleep, *not* despairing.”

“Truly,” said Leonard, “with *such* sentiments in the heart, we need not consult astrology ; but superstition is perhaps the last sentiment which enlight-

ened piety sacrifices to religion. Superstitious belief in astrology, or any other art which unfolds futurity, is so deeply grounded in our nature, that we can detect it in the greatest, the wisest, the best of men, as well as the vilest. Catharine de' Medici, Henri Quatre, and other historical worthies of all times, consulted astrologers, soothsayers, and oracles; what wonder then if common men, or uncommon rogues, should apply to the stars when they cannot find a guide in their minds and consciences? But there is a fascination in the thing, which, like that of the serpent, overpowers the mind the more it is looked on."

"True, my friend, you reason accurately; and you might add an argument from science. The reciprocal attractions of the planetary bodies doubtless produce physical changes of some kind in each other. Now, those physical changes may influence, however infinitesimally, every being on those planets. The influence will be first merely *physical*; but how intimately is the *mental* connected with the *physical* state of man. Now, it is the mental and physical state of a man that fashions his fortunes in life; therefore the particular attractions or 'aspects' at birth *may* influence the individual's fortunes thus indirectly, since they influence the system of which he constitutes a part."\*

\* In this very specious argument, Father Fraser seems only to expand the sanctioned declaration of his brother Jesuit, *Richard Arsdekin*, who says:

"If any one affirms, through conjecture founded upon the influ-

"A very plausible recommendation from one who *rejects* the art. I should very much like to see this astrologer; the interview would be at least curious, and it will serve to convince me of the absurdity by experience."

"Your curiosity can be easily gratified; his placards are in every street."

"I'll start at once," said Leonard, delighted with the idea.

#### THE ASTROLOGER.

D'Altremond Tul, the "Divine Astrologer," as he styled himself, was a wonderful man in his way, and a prosperous man in his business.

From morning to night—and a late hour of that—his antechamber was crowded by eager pilgrims to consult the book of fate. Men and women, young and old, married and unmarried, masked and unmasked, there came a motley mass of human hopes, innocent hopes and horrible hopes, human fears and devilish fears, despairing love, fiendish revenge, unconquerable hate, gulf-like avarice, and the untold thought of blood,—for the murderer *fears* to do the deed, and craves to be assured of safety.

D'Altremond Tul looked the character he played.

ence of the stars and the character, disposition, and manners of a man, that he will be a soldier, an ecclesiastic, or a bishop, this divination may be devoid of all sin, because the stars and the disposition of the man may have the power of inclining the human will to a certain lot or rank, but not of constraining it.

*Theol. Tripart.* Tom. II. pars. ii. Tr. 5. c. 1. § 2. n. 4.  
*Ed't. Coloniae.*

Imagine a tall, Herculean, though not robust figure; a countenance pale, but smooth and radiant, surmounted by a forehead that might have been the model for the Olympian Jove.

His age was about sixty; and yet his hair, though perfectly white, still clung to his scalp as to an enchanted spot, and fell to his shoulders in graceful snaky curls—

“ In labyrinth of many a round self-roll’d  
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles.”

His beard, which the razor had never shamed, covered his breast, and tapered to his belt. He wore a robe of blue stuff; and there were embroidered thereon in gold and silver, sacred and mysterious characters, on which, from time to time, he fixed his eyes as if in prayer.

He had a belt and breast-plate, doubtless in imitation of the Urim and Thummim which adorned and deified the High Priest of old; and there lay beside him a wand entwined with the image of a serpent, so life-like, you would have thought it moved incessantly, and was

“ ————— inspired  
With act intelligential.”

Daylight was not admitted into his Holy of Holies, a circular apartment, on whose ceiling and sides the celestial sphere was accurately limned, the rolling ball of universal worlds.

A single lamp, suspended from the ceiling, gave

sufficient light where men came to *hear* and not to see.

Ever and anon mysterious sounds were heard ; perhaps it was only fancy, and still you thought you heard a whisper, a sigh, a titter, a laugh or a piercing hiss,—for do we not hear in dreams of the night ?

The house was situated in the quiet suburbs of Paris, just where “ the busy hum of men ” ceases to molest “ the country that God hath made ; ” as if to mock by the hubbub of fiendish passions, whose asylum it was, the sweet serenity of nature.

An ugly hag—never was that name more appropriate—sat in the porch, with a huge mastiff close beside her.

Leonard tapped gently.

“ Your wish ? ” growled the woman, in the tone of a curse.

“ D’Altremont Tul.”

The door opened, Leonard shrank back at the sight of the mastiff ; but the woman, placing her right foot on the dog’s head, pointed to a door opposite.

Leonard walked forward ; an attendant gave him a mask, and pointed to a chair.

He saw about a dozen men and women, only some of whom were masked. The expectants sat in silence ; not a word was exchanged, and that was a wise precaution ; for a disconsolate maiden might have heard the voice of her faithless, cruel lover ; a wife that of her husband ; a father that of his

spendthrift son, come to calculate the value of a reversion.

They were seated in such a manner as to be admitted to the astrologer in the order in which they came. From ten to fifteen minutes elapsed between each admission, when the astrologer's page, the perfect embodiment of a fairy, descended, and, bowing to the party whose turn it was, led him to the Sanctum of Fate.

After waiting about two hours, Leonard was summoned. He followed the page.

The unexpected vision bursting on his eyes somewhat disconcerted him for an instant; but the astrologer smiled blandly, pointing to a chair. Recovering from the shock, he gazed around, and on the astrologer; not bewildered, but curious to inquire. The astrologer began:—

“Young man, what seek you to know?”

“First,” replied the youth, “I wish to know by what means you undertake to predict the future. Is it by the Art Magic?”

“No, young man. If I did, I should be amenable to the laws of the land and of God. My art is that of *Samuel*, who foretold to the shepherd his exaltation to the throne of Israel. D'Altremont Tul is no magician. To the sincere seeker, the secrets of the Most High will be revealed. He has written them on the everlasting stars that sang together at the opening of the womb.”

“Would it be possible for any one, for *me*, to



learn your art?" asked Leonard.—The astrologer replied, with solemnity :

"All cannot receive, save those to whom it is given. All *might* learn, but all *may* not learn. A spirit was given to him who was admitted into the school of the prophets. The preparation of deep meditation in the divine science of the rule and compass—prayer and fasting—must precede the gift. Innocens manibus et mundus corde—inno-  
cence of hands and cleanness of heart must go before, must attend, and accompany to the end for ever. To all it is *not* given to read the stars, which are the *everlasting* prophets of Heaven—their voice shall never fail. What seek you to know?"

"My destiny," was the reply.

The astrologer closed his eyes, and opened his lips ; but how describe his *tone* ! He intoned :—

"When the book of Reason was opened, Infancy read *words*, and nothing more ; Childhood drank in many *abuses* ; Manhood sighed over *superfluous regrets* ; but Old Age tore the pages to pieces. To know the evil is half the cure. The gulf that threatens may be avoided ; but the strong desire of youth, who shall keep it from a fall ? My inner eyes shall see, and my lips shall tell, and forewarn ; but the human will—*your* will, young man—must lead you therefrom. The Most High is above all. Fate is subject to *Him*. Therefore, the destiny which the stars in concert singing at your birth foretold, is still *in posse*, dependent still on the will of the Most High ; and *He* will reason with your will.

“Happy, happy, happy, if you seek *His* aid.

“The prophet foretold the fall of Nineveh; but it came not to pass. Did he prophesy falsely? No; he spoke *in posse*. It is for the Most High alone to speak *in esse*. The everchanging aspects and directions of the heavens may evolve a merciful exodus from the direst nativity.

“It may be but for a moment; and that moment may be now.”

The astrologer paused, and glanced on his belt, as in prayer. Leonard was impressed by his vehement address. The astrologer resumed:—

“Name the place, year, month, day, and hour of your birth.”

Leonard was unable to reply as to hour. The astrologer exclaimed:—

“It matters not. *Abyssus abyssum invocat!* Events point to events. Mention some important event in your life—death of father, death of mother, protracted illness, dire calamity.”

Leonard mentioned that his mother had died in childbed.

The astrologer went through his calculations with great rapidity; and, in a few minutes, whilst drawing the scheme, he exclaimed:—

“Good. In the *Second House* the native will be fortunate. Alas! the first note of man and the last are notes of anguish. He was born to weep. ‘I was born in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.’ ‘Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in

the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.'"

Thus he continued muttering, as it were, mechanically, but with emphasis at times. He was casting the

## NATIVITY.

"Hear, and be wise.

"The good that is in store for thee may escape, if thou seek it not; the evil threatened may be avoided, if foreseen, thou provide against it.

"Luna in trine, with Mercury in the ascendant, indicates good speed and success in all employments—propensity to travel—skill in human arts, which God demands in his holy cause.

"The Greater Fortune, majestic Jove, was rising at thy birth. Thou shalt overcome every evil direction, which would otherwise prove fatal. Thou art healthy, cheerful, jovial. Thy delight hath been in divine philosophy, though the frown of the Greater Infortune, gloomy Saturn, saddened thee for a term, till Venus, mother of mortals, made thee pleasing to the fair.

"There is one that *loves* thee.

"But thy Creator loves thee more.

"By woman came death. Who loves her must beware.

"God hath made thy heart for Himself. Thou art destined for the greatest.

"Mars is *malefic*; there is anger.

"But the *hyleg*\* is not afflicted.

"Thou shalt prosper."

Here the astrologer seemed to become violently agitated. His form seemed to dilate; and, fixing his eyes on vacancy, as if they were glass, he exclaimed:—

"Stand fast, fortunate youth; for mighty shall be thy deeds—mighty shall be thy triumph.

"Thou art called to govern thy fellow-men. On thy lips sweet persuasion shall dwell, to guide their guideless steps; and in thy breast shall be the gushing fountain of prayer, which shall be thy strength, thy hope, and that of many.

"To God, to God, to God thou dost belong. Who shall claim thee beside? Who has protected thee with the wings of angels in thy wild transgressions, when fierce temptation hurled thee into its burning furnace? Who speaks to thy heart now the word of warning, the word of hope, the word of invitation, thy glorious destiny?

"Give thanks; yea, be thankful.

"Stand fast.

"Stand fast to the thought now in thy soul awakened.

"Go forth, and prosper."

\* Or, "Giver of Life"—*Astrological term.*

The astrologer rose, and, extending his hand to Leonard, trembling with agitation, he added, with abenignant smile :—

“And may the God of D’ALTREMOND TUL be with thee, and bless thee for ever.”

Then placing both his hands on the youth’s head, he modulated his voice almost to a whisper, and, in the tone of the softest dulciana, his words seemed to glide from his lips as he spoke, saying :—

“He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season : his leaf also shall not wither ; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.”

\* \* \* \*

Leonard staggered out of the house, confounded and bewildered. To reflect was impossible : he could only feel. His step was hurried—his eyes bent to the ground—onwards he darted as one that rushes from an awful dream.

His steps were arrested.

Two gentlemen walked up to him ; he woke from his dream to a stern reality.

As soon as he appeared in the street, one of the parties had said to the other :—

“Yes, there he is—’t is he—that’s your man.”

The party addressed was—*M. Gramont*. It was *Gramont* ; he who killed Valremy.

“Sir,” said he to Leonard, “we have waited for you. I need not explain my object. Be so

kind as to send a friend to this gentleman, in order to make the necessary arrangements. *To-morrow at eight.* Our friends will fix the place."

Gramont's friend presented his card to Leonard, who bowed to both, and passed on.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE DUEL.

As chance would have it, Gramont and his friend were at the astrologer's when Leonard entered. Gramont panted for revenge.

Few will be able fully to conceive the state of Leonard's mind at this moment. From such a dream to such a reality ! . . . . He shook off the dream, and grasped the reality. Fierce resentment routed his emotions. The suddenness of the encounter roused his indignation.

Other considerations——

His skill in fencing has been adverted to. He was brave.

Shall it be added that the desire to avenge the death of his friend Valremy, made him exult at the meeting ? . . . .

Again, men generally hate—feel a jealous hatred of those whom they have injured as Leonard injured M. Gramont.

Did he not think of Helen ?

Yes; the thought passed through his mind. The mystifications of the Jesuit had taken effect; the astrologer had expanded them; *ambition* had silenced love, as in the case of Napoleon with regard to his devoted Josephine: the astrologer's "predictions" fortified the "great idea" of his soul. . . .

But was that passing emotion of a disordered mind likely to withstand the temptations of a young, vigorous, pleasure-seeking heart, only just introduced to the deceptive world's paradise? Would not the reflection be forced upon him that his ambition, to be gratified as promised, must pass through an ordeal, to submit to which his counter-temptations would be too strong? *Why should he leave a world which offered him all his heart desired? . . .*

Such is the picture of his mind: at the moment in question—at this moment, the duel fills his thoughts.

He has entered his apartment.

A letter has arrived.

It is from his aunt.

"MY DEAR LEONARD,

"Why have you not returned sooner, dear Leonard? Why have you not spared me the bitter sorrow to sadden your heart? Which misfortune shall I tell you first? My heart is desolate, I know not where to begin.

"Your father changed his religion. God pity and forgive him! He was wretched from that



moment. He was never himself again. God warned him. He became more and more confirmed in the evil. And now, my poor dear nephew, love *me* as your mother. Yes, I am your mother. I will console you, and preserve you for God, and the memory of our father. Your poor father is no more. . . .

"Come to me, my child, my dear child. Supply the place of him who deserted his mother. I will be your mother. *You have now nothing on earth. Your father has left you nothing. His estates are mortgaged for more than their worth.* Come to me, my son, and you shall share God's blessings.

"I can write no more. My heart is sad and torn. Come, my son, and let us together lament our afflictions, and pray together that God may console us.

"Your loving Aunt,

"ELIZABETH MALCOLM."

The signs of the approaching tempest, though few and short, ere it bursts, still give warning: but unforeshadowed, utterly unexpected calamity, bitter misfortune, suddenly inflicted, suddenly announced, how hard to bear. And the brain is maddened; the heart recoils, shudders; the chillness of death strikes its life-nerve: we become desperate in the hour when we *feel* that all is lost; hope is wrecked; ruin yawns to devour us.

Leonard determined to meet his challenger. His hopelessness, he thought, might end for ever. And then rage filled his soul with rancour; he

would wreak his despairing vengeance on the man who called him to the field!

How fearfully did every passion lacerate that breast, lately so buoyant with hopeful thoughts!

That state, must it not end in death or madness? . . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Leonard applied to an acquaintance, who consented to be his "friend" on the occasion: the affair was arranged to take place at St. Cloud.

The morning was brilliant; the sky cloudless.

St. Cloud was soon reached: the parties alighted, and walked arm-in-arm in the appointed direction, where they were met by the other principal and his friend.

Then respectful bows were interchanged: on such occasions the bitterest enemies observe all the proprieties.

A convenient spot was selected. It was a smooth, level green, sheltered on all sides by a rising ground, topped with trees, forming a sort of amphitheatre.

How cheerful and smiling those trees, clothed in their summer garb, appeared on that eventful morning. Little birds there were singing merrily, and skipping from branch to branch in the sweet blandishments of nature's love — God's universal brotherly love.

And now the beautiful sun shines forth in all his splendour. All nature is gladdened by his thousand rays;—not a cloud shades the warmth of heaven from the heart of man; even yon ruined tower lets

pass those piercing rays, like brilliant and gentle thoughts through the mind of the old in years.

But, hark!

Swords clash: the strife is begun.

The salute is given with admirable precision and grace on both sides; the combatants fixing their eyes each on each—to read the very soul.

They recovered position, eyeing each other for an instant, as if undecided; but there was no indecision. Instantly, each other's thought fully known, they engaged. Gramont advancing—pressing his antagonist, who retreated, parrying every thrust, baffling every feint.

Gramont had made a discovery. He saw that all his skill would be needed to glut his revenge.

He provoked an attack.

Leonard advanced upon him with a boldness and tact which seemed for a moment likely to be fatal.

Then was the deadly strife at the highest. Every thrust was given—every parry needed—every feint tried and defeated; the combatants are equal—victory was for neither, or for both—attack and defence were perfect.

"MORT!" exclaimed Gramont, with a yell never to be forgotten, as he plunged on the youth, whose *feint had deceived him*. In the instant Gramont's sword flew from his grasp—the *hilt* stuck in the turf before him,—he lost balance, fell forward on his own sword, whose point passed through his body—he sank to the hilt.

"God of heaven!" cried Leonard, frantic, and

clasping his hands, as he knelt beside the dying man—dying and blaspheming.

Gramont rejected his hand—expired with a curse on his lips.

“Oh God! forgive me!” cried Leonard, in the anguish of his heart. “I am a murderer! *I* killed him!”

With difficulty his friend tore him from the body. He cried to Heaven for pardon; he wept; he wrung his hands; he begged them to let him remain, or kill him on the body.

\* \* \* \*

And thus it is! The ravening heart’s desire gratified—in the very instant of fruition—lacerates us with remorse.

How deceitful is the promise of fruition—how true the certainty of remorse!

Its cause is obvious:—the desire being gratified, *faints*, as it were; and then—in that instant of calm—conscience asserts her power, appealing to *other* sentiments, stifled by delirious passion.

## CHAPTER XII.

"IT COULD'NT BE BETTER!"

THE Jesuits in Paris were aware of Gramont's threats against Leonard Devigne. They had taken measures to prevent a meeting.

They had managed to decoy him from Paris just before Leonard's arrival; but Gramont returned unexpectedly. Hence the "danger" predicted by the astrologer; for it need scarcely be stated that the whole scheme was concocted and paid for.

Father Fraser was actually awaiting Leonard's return from the astrologer, fully prepared to deepen the impression already made, and, perhaps, work on the youth still more, as he imagined, by hinting to his "danger" with regard to Gramont. At all events, they would have prevented the duel, as soon as projected; having taken means, as they thought, to arrive at the discovery.

How striking the fact, that the very scheme they planned to *move* the youth to his "vocation," threw him into the very jaws of peril, by accidentally bringing him in contact with the man they dreaded!

When Leonard was brought to his apartments, his agony of mind was increased.

He had not called on Father Fraser, according to his promise, to give an account of the astrologer. Father Fraser called at Leonard's in the morning. His valet told him enough to fill him with dread. He entreated the valet to give him the earliest possible intelligence of his master, and left in the greatest anxiety.

On Leonard's return, the valet hastened to Father Fraser. The youth was safe. Then the despair of the duellist gave joy to the Jesuit's heart. He started instantly. What must have been his reflections as he went! All his precautions had been unavailing to prevent the duel; it had taken place; and, behold! it, the duel, if "skilfully managed," would crown "the holy work!"

"O, inscrutable judgments of Heaven!" How Providence seemed to work for "the holy cause!" Yes, the Jesuits might have dispensed with the desperate and disreputable measure they took to decoy Gramont from Paris; the expense might have been saved. Yes, they might even have dispensed with the astrologer's aid,—for the terror of conscience is the readiest handmaid of Jesuitism; it can be made to yield all, if "skilfully handled."

These reflections made the Jesuit eager for the work.

"It couldn't be better," he said to himself, as he entered.

Leonard was lying on the floor. The Jesuit

approached: Leonard rose, but remained kneeling, weeping, tearing his hair, whilst his eyes seemed still to behold the horrible death just witnessed. He cried, gasping for breath,—

“Oh, what a death! I am his murderer! His curse is upon me! I am doomed!”

What would have desolated every other heart, found the Jesuit cool and calculating. He raised Leonard from the ground, pressed his hand to his breast, exclaiming,—

“How I feel for you, my son! Oh, and are you a *murderer*?”

“No, no; I did not kill him, he fell on his own sword; but I am the cause,—my crimes are the cause.”

“God be blessed! your hands are not stained with blood.” . . . . He kissed them fervently. “Oh, my friend, my son, can you not see the hand of God in this terrible meeting? Has it not been appointed to lead you to your good God, who has saved you from the death of time and eternity, and yet has spared you the crime of murder? . . . . Oh, has he not yearned to possess you—you, whom he has adorned with so many gifts—for Himself,—yes, for Himself! . . . .

“You have hitherto plunged into vice, broken His commandments, committed every crime,—and yet, from the fangs of death, see how He *has* snatched you—saved you, and, above all, *touched* your heart with the fire of repentance,—the *greatest* blessing given to sinners! . . . .

“Ever eager to pervert all the good gifts of God, the Evil One strives to pervert the grace now given to *you*: he strives to change your salutary remorse into despair. But, my brother, can a mind and heart like yours despair of God’s love and mercy, conscious as you are of the numberless favours which he has lavished upon you—this last the greatest? All hitherto lavished in vain, still your God courts you—invites—entices you to Himself. What *more* can even *God* do to prove how He loves and desires you for Himself?” . . . .

Father Fraser paused, contemplating the effect of his moving appeal, and continued:—

“Are you not disgusted with your life of sin? Have you found aught to *satisfy* your boundless heart? What *could* fill that abyss, which He alone who made it can fill?

“Then seek and you shall find. . . . Your God will pardon the past, and make your coming life a time of meritorious deeds,—such as will console you and millions by *you*, here and hereafter. Come with me.”

Leonard went with the Jesuit. They reached the Novitiate. The Jesuit led him to the chapel. They knelt together. The Jesuit prayed aloud: Leonard’s tears flowed fast and full: it was a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. Then he kissed the floor thrice, and rising, led the youth into the garden.

And now—his features glowing with animation, radiant with a “heavenly” smile—the Jesuit poured



forth the balm of conscience. Numerous anecdotes he related to the point; all illustrative of "sudden graces" vouchsafed to hardened sinners. How eloquently he expatiated on the "call" of *De Rancé*, the founder of La Trappe! "In a manner," said he, "you remind me of the blessed William Elphinston. He was a young nobleman of Scotch extraction, and a relative of King James. Born in heresy, he continued to live in it; but, enlightened with divine light, he began to see his errors, came to France, and, aided by a good Father of the Society, who was also a Scotchman, and still more by the prayers of the Blessed Virgin, he finally came to a knowledge of the truth, abjured his heresy, and became a Catholic. He then went to Rome, and thence to Naples, where he died prematurely, but not before he was admitted into the holy Society of Jesus, at his earnest entreaties."\*

The Jesuit concluded. How gratifying it was to see the youth's consolation effected—to see him so resigned, so calm, after that tempest!

He did not say, exactly, "What shall I do to be saved?" but he said, "I will repent, reform, and make amends for the past. Aid me, guide me,—do with me as God shall direct: I am ready."

Instantly the Jesuit knelt and gave thanks. Then, rising, he assured him, in the name of God, that his offering was accepted, and that grace would be given him to accomplish the holy desires of his heart.

\* Foundations of the Society of Jesus in Naples, lib. v. cap. 7.

How can we explain the causes of that calm, that hopeful rest! How are the words of man enabled to arrest grief—soothe the agony of the heart—change despair into hope? Is it not, that the secret of imparting consolation is the humouring of the ruling passions of the heart, since we cannot uproot them? And what humouring, what flattery, can compete with that which proves to us so clearly, incontestably, that even our follies, and even our crimes, may cease to be evil if they are made to lead us to good? To *good*!—that *undefinable* object of all our aspirations,—to which we must be impelled by some blind *Instinct*; for *Reason* is bewildered, when she sees the *good* of one heart the *evil* of another. And all, nevertheless, can *justify* themselves,—can “give a reason for the hope that is in them!” . . .

This irresistible flattery was brought to bear on Leonard Devigne: this changed his anguish into joy,—this transformed his “noon-day devil” into an “angel of light.”

But why did Leonard not mention his father’s death and its ruinous consequences? Why did he not impart *that* affliction to the Jesuit? He did *not*, however; and thus the Jesuit lost another field for his consoling powers. It would have been more *candid*, however, if Leonard had disclosed the fact of his utter dereliction.

But, then, his *aunt*!—yes, his aunt still offered to be his mother. . . .

In the garden the Jesuit continued to entertain his pupil till the bell rang for dinner.

Stepping aside, he repeated devoutly to himself the "Angelus," and then led his convert to the Refectory.

The devout demeanour of the novices, sitting around: their downcast eyes—but still with cheerful, happy, contented looks—conspired to enhance that serenity which soothed his mind.

The Reader read a chapter from the work entitled, "The Difference between Temporal and Eternal." If its serious, awful thoughts, found associations in the convert's mind, the sensation produced was but a mingled pleasure-pain, which makes us pensive, not unhappy.

After dinner, Father Fraser left the Novitiate: the Master of the Novices took charge of Leonard.

The Jesuit's first visit was to a friend of the Society, at court; who readily promised protection to Leonard, in the matter of the duel. Reassured on that score, he wrote to the English Provincial, to report progress; and then returned to the Novitiate in the afternoon, to prepare Leonard for his "Spiritual Retreat," which began on the following day.

Having made all arrangements, and promising to return early in the morning, he proceeded to *Mr. Brenton's*.

His narrative of facts edified the father, interested the mother, but dismayed the daughter. Helen felt a presentiment.

"He is now in his Retreat," said the Jesuit; "it will last a week; and may the grace of God confirm his faith and repentance, so that he may come forth

to do honour to the cause of holy religion,—a worthy son of the Church !”

“ We shall be most happy to see him again,” said the mother.

“ We shall be delighted,” added the father.

Helen sighed : she spoke not.

But the Jesuit did not say that Leonard was lost to her. No, he did not : still she sighed. . . .

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE NOVICE.  

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FATHER FRASER TO THE PROVINCIAL OF ENGLAND.

VERY REVEREND FATHER,

In my last letter, I gave you a full account of matters so providentially evolving our cherished result.

All succeeds to our utmost expectations.

The Retreat has been most successful.

The novice received communion this morning ; and is now, I feel confident, perfectly happy.

His retreat was a source of spiritual gratification to me.

All progressed calmly, sweetly, *soberly*.

His determination, as it were a fixed idea that looked into futurity, carried him on, undazzled by raptures ; untterrified by desolation.

From this symptom, we have reason to hope, without a single misgiving.

Many a sudden conversion have I seen ; it matters not *how* promoted, but all promised well at first. There were signs of an apostle—a Xavier

seemed to be forming. But the first days of exaltation were followed by depression; then came doubts and fears; and then the novice, surprised by the devil, was robbed of his vocation, which perished miserably.

Not so in the present case.

Not so our novice.

His energetic, calm will is centred in his fixed idea, which has *now* its spiritual, its holy impress: it is sanctified.

I have studied him.

I have examined and diligently weighed all the events of his life. What tenacity of purpose in everything that he has undertaken! These events fill but *one* year—but what events!

He became a disciple of that infernal Valremy. In a few months he equalled his master. He is allowed to have eclipsed him in company, excelled him in the delicacy of intrigue; and, but for our providential designs, he would have become as famous, or rather infamous, as his execrable master and corrupter.

He is eminently cool-headed: the love of woman is not his passion. His intrigues resulted from vanity, the love of display, not mere appetite. Such a man will talk of beauty, enhance it by description; but he expresses not what he *feels*, but only what he would have *others* feel, in order to enhance the idea of his fascinations, his power to win, his arms to conquer.

Cool-headedness enabled him to take his mea-

tures; keen observation suggested a copy to his features, his eyes, his voice, his manner; strong perception seized on the point for attack: he struck, and conquered.

These reflections have been suggested by his own lips detailing his past career, which he did with the greatest candour. I was filled with wonder.

So much effected in so short a time!

But—and this is the man's paramount characteristic—his *secrecy* was most astounding. The affair of Mlle. Duplessis is the only exception: but that was a providential interposition, and of blessed results. All his other adventures have been carried on with such wonderful tact, such surpassing discretion, that we may almost say that the Tempter alone is the only *enemy* who can accuse him.

We have indeed gained a great acquisition. His *name*, his *wealth*, will be of due importance: they aid the holy cause. He is now of age. I have announced to him the death of his father. He received the intelligence in the proper spirit; and writes to-day to his aunt, announcing his resolution.

There was, of course, one slight difficulty—his acquaintance with Miss Brenton. I anticipated the difficulty, by succinctly explaining to him the motives which led him to win the lady's affection—alluding to his conduct throughout the affair—insisting on the absence of all compulsion, on both sides, and concluded by assuring him that the lady would exult to resign to God, a heart which *she*

was incapable of filling, and give to religion a mind that would be rendered so efficient in the holy cause of salvation.

Not thinking it expedient to take the matter entirely in my own hands, I advised him to write to her, explaining his motives. He has done so. I shall be the bearer of the letter this evening ; and will obviate, as much as possible, its effects in the lady.

I have already secured the acquiescence of the mother. She acquiesced most readily ; and I suggested *divine* motives to sanctify the mere human feelings which seemed to prompt her very ready acquiescence. I need not assure you that her husband will cheerfully submit to the will of Heaven.

Thus are we fairly in port : our barque safely at anchor.

You will easily imagine all else that I would add, and that I remain,

Very Reverend Father,

Your most obedient very humble

D. FRASER.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

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MRS. SELINA BALFOUR TO MRS. MALCOLM.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your reply to my last letter was rather stiff and frosty ; but you see you have not deprived me of Christian charity. I was always devoted in my friendships, and never said *black* when I could possibly imagine *white* ; but I must confess that your wonderful cousin would make me forgive you anything. You didn't manufacture him at Ringwood Hall—did you ? Why, he's the véry eighth wonder of the world. All Paris is in an uproar about him.

I alluded to his *commencements* in my last ; but his *middles* and *endings* have far eclipsed the first. He fascinated right and left—scattered stings of desire in a thousand hearts, which he did not condescend to bless.

Your beautiful nephew went to Rome. Heaven only knows what *else* he did there ; but he made love to a pretty papist. No doubt she converted him for his pains, and with the aid of the celebrated Father Fraser. Well, he returned with her to

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Paris. Meanwhile, a former rival challenges your nephew. They fight; and—oh, your nephew's brilliant star!—he disarms his enemy; the sword sticks in the ground by the hilt; the enemy falls upon it, and dies blaspheming. Your nephew is horrified, thunderstruck, *penetrated*, as they say in France, and is very sorry. He goes home a true penitent, sends for a Jesuit, is now in the Novitiate, and, by the time *I* am converted, I hope he will be the first to hear my confession—the fine, noble fellow, your admirable nephew.

Everybody's mouth is full of your nephew just now; and the affair of the duel is quite forgotten in the great manifestation. It is even said that the Queen of the French has ordered a grand mass of thanksgiving to be offered up on the holy conversion of your admirable nephew, Leonard Devigne, of Ringwood Hall, *ci-devant* Esq., now novice of the Society of Jesus; and Heaven only knows what to be hereafter. They say the Jesuits expect plenty of money with your nephew; but I hope good Mr. Devigne will last many years yet, for the sake of *universal charity*, &c. &c.

Hoping that *this* letter, at least, will interest you, believe me,

Your affectionate,

SELINA BALFOUR.

P.S.—I open the letter to say I have just been informed that the *poor young lady* whom Leonard was to marry *has gone mad*, and has been taken to the *Salpêtrière*!

THE *NOVICE* TO MRS. MALCOLM.

MY DEAR AUNT,

My father's sudden death has afflicted me greatly ; but it is most consoling to reflect that the grace which he received to embrace the truth was made efficient to lead him to eternal life. I pray for the repose of his soul, and shall continue to pray incessantly ; thus enabled to prove my gratitude to my dear father in death more than it was my lot to manifest during his life, ere God in his mercy called me to Him.

Do not, my dear aunt, be indignant at my words. What I have done, I did in all sincerity, believing I did rightly : my conscience is at rest. I have embraced the one true faith ; and, earnestly praying that the same grace may be granted to you, whom I love more than ever, since I love you in God,

Believe me ever to be,

Your affectionate nephew,

LEONARD DEVIGNE.\*

THE *NOVICE* TO MISS BRENTON.

---

Our good Father has announced to you the late events which have snatched me from the world to Heaven.

\* The Novice had added the fact of his present position and determination to enter the Society ; but he was *ordered* to strike out the announcement. It is also curious that he makes *no allusion* to his *aunt's letter*. He is very cautious, seemingly ; *he has not told all*.

I have endeavoured, and am endeavouring, to remain faithful to the grace.

*You* first imparted to me the truths of our holy religion—you it was who first began the work of my conversion; and oh! how thankful I am to you for that beginning, which was destined to be completed so ravishingly by the greatest blessings that Heaven can lavish on the heart of man—I mean the call to religion—a vocation to the state of perfection.

Oh! you will pray for me—you will pray that I may remain steadfast, that I may stand firm, and thus be enabled to retrieve my past life of worldliness, by leading others to repentance and to God.

Should any worldly feeling induce you to repine at my step, oh! think of what you once told me, that God alone can fill the heart, and He alone is worthy of its eternal raptures. Yes; you will exult at the fulfilment of your words—yes; you will pray that I may be filled with that grace from above which is now all the desire of

Your servant,

LEONARD DEVIGNE.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

"How has she passed the night?"

"As usual, doctor; not quiet one moment. Always singing, laughing, crying, or talking to some one she fancies with her. It's dreadful to hear the poor lady. She won't touch a morsel of anything—and we haven't the heart to force her, poor dear soul. One would as soon touch an angel. And sometimes I think she looks like one. . . . Listen! She often sings that . . ."

A plaintive voice is heard: 't is poor Helen's.

"Have I not prayed for my cruel love?

Yes; and I hope to meet him above:

Come to me, dearest, and bear me away—

Come to me, dearest, oh! do not delay."

Poor soul; see, now she kneels—oh! how beautiful those melting eyes, gazing above—she fancies she sees something. See how she turns following the vision. She's going to speak—she sighs—her features change—they are convulsed—she falls to the floor. 'T is but for a moment. Pale

---

and haggard, she wrings her hands, tears her hair. But suddenly her anguish is at an end; a ringing laugh is heard; then her face crimson; her eyes dart fire; her bosom heaves; listen! She speaks—

"Oh! such a death that I might die;  
My final gasp love's final sigh;  
What time the heart has drunk its bliss,  
And lips to lips still press the kiss;  
When *all* is known, and yet forget,  
What 't is, oh, God! or what 't is *not*."

See how she clasps her hands in the ecstasy of delight—and now she sighs and hums a merry tune. She begins to talk rapidly:—

"Oh! you would like to see my love, would you? He's here—here in my breast: but you sha'n't see him—no, you'll take him from me, like the bad Father, won't you? Promise me then? Well, look! look!"

She bares her breast.

"Don't you see him? Yes, you do; wicked spirit. Yes, you do—my love is here—I'll keep him warm—

"Warm in the dew;  
Warm in the rain;  
Lest it pierce him thro'  
And give him pain.  
Warm in the snow,  
Of the depths below;  
Frost shall not harm,  
Whom love can warm.

"I'll tell you a tale, good spirit. Come, sit you

down here. I'll not harm you—poor Helen is not wicked. Come, then, come, dear sweet spirit—so—so—close—close to me, so—

"Well, I wander'd in the sky,  
Was a bird on high;  
And my wings flew afar,  
To the farthest star.  
What a journey was that  
For the wings of a bat;  
I pass'd thro' a cloud,  
Like a winding shroud;  
And higher I went,  
With my strength unspent;  
For I went for my love,  
To the regions above.  
And I came to a star,  
Where the angels are;  
'T was a beautiful place,  
And the Land of Grace.  
And I flap'd my wing,  
And began to sing;  
For my joy was great,  
At my happy fate.  
Shall I tell thee why,  
To that spot I'd fly?  
'T was to bring to my love  
From the realms above,  
As much as he'd crave  
Of that land to have;  
For, he said to me, love,  
I'm a-seeking above  
For the grace to be good!  
For the grace to be good!

"Oh! I'm cold—cold—cold. When will he come? To-night? Yes, yes, to-night, to-night. . . . Stand off—touch him not. Fiend! he is my husband. Help! oh, help!" . . . .

"Dear lady, how do you feel to-day?"

"Quite well, I thank you—quite well."

"Will you not eat something?"

"Thank you. I'm not hungry yet."

"You need rest; will you not oblige us by going to bed? You are so kind, I'm sure you'll go. Will you not?"

"Bed—bed; oh, yes."

(She sings.)

"Oh! rest my spirit there  
From every care;  
How sweet 't will be,  
If I find but thee;  
If I find but thee."

The nurse led her to bed. She knelt and prayed, or seemed to pray. Suddenly she sank to the floor: she made an effort to rise, but in vain. The kind nurse helped her into bed.

She asked her how she felt; the poor patient could not reply.

She had lost her speech!

In this state she lingered about a week, rejecting all nourishment. The attempt to use force was too heart-rending to be repeated.

Her sufferings became dreadful: spasms and convulsions distorted her features: she pined, and pined, till, on the fourteenth day of her confinement, her sorrows closed in death.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE SON.

MR. DEVIGNE had been consigned to his grave. His temporal affairs had been put into the hands of those most concerned in their arrangement.

Mrs. Malcolm was preparing to return to Scotland when Leonard's letter was delivered. How anxiously she expected an answer from her nephew! How eagerly did she desire to see her nephew, in order to adopt him as her son, to make him the heir of all she had to bequeath, and thus console him, in some measure, for a disappointment so bitter to those who have expected a boon, without a single misgiving, and yet find their most sanguine hopes, at length, denied fulfilment.

"I will take my Leonard," she would say to herself,—“I will take my Leonard with me, the last of our Protestant family. He will perpetuate the memory of those who preferred exile rather than betray their faith, and sin against conscience. God rewarded them with His approval. Yes, my nephew shall perpetuate the name which his father

has unhappily disgraced, by the cunning devices of Romish wickedness, thus seduced into the crime of perfidy. Oh! how the Evil One must deceive them, to make them see light where all is darkness—the darkness of guilt. For what craft have they not used to pervert my poor brother. His very heart's best affections they tortured to seduce his soul. Yes, I believe the woman. But she has deserved her sufferings. Those who lend themselves to deceit cannot complain if they are made the scape-goat to bear the malediction.

“When will my nephew write? He cannot be long, now. Oh, what a disappointment for the poor boy! And yet, am I not his mother? Will I not console him, and make him forget his misfortune?”

It was whilst engaged with these reflections that the two letters before given were delivered to Mrs. Malcolm.

“At last!” she exclaimed; “God be thanked! my nephew is near me. I shall be no longer alone. Comfort of my old age! Pride of my heart! For he shall grow wiser and good——Mercy! No, no. What! Donald again! Leonard turned *papist*! Oh, merciful Heaven, grant me strength! Have I lived to see the day?”

“I’ll go and snatch him from the gates of perdition. I’ll go myself.”

A flood of tears relieved her full heart; her resolution was taken. But Leonard had given no address. Still she resolved to discover his abode,

wherever it might be. She opened Mrs. Balfour's letter. Indignation added to the feelings agitating her breast. Disgusted though she was with the flippant style of the letter, still she was glad that the lady had written, since that lady might direct her to her nephew.

She set off on the following day. Arrived in Paris, she went directly to Mrs. Balfour's address. The desired interview, so unexpected on the part of Mrs. Balfour, was readily granted.

"What, my old friend! Why, I'm ravished to see you; but you seem sad. Oh! I see—your nephew. But really, my dear friend, don't let that disturb you. For my part, I think it a mercy to have a little excitement now and then. To be sure, it's very annoying to think that these Jesuits will run riot in Protestant gold hereafter; but what's to be done. There's no resisting the clever fellows. They can filch your very *heart* out of you, let alone your purse. But you are in mourning, my friend?"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Balfour. I have troubled you with a visit to ask one favour from you."

"Name it, my dear friend, I'm all in all to my friends; never so happy as when I can serve them; name it, 't is granted."

"Will you tell me where I shall find my nephew?"

"Oh, ho! what! you intend to give us a winding-up scene. Oh! that's glorious. I admire your spirit. You are right, my friend. The men give way, we women should give battle. Let's assert

our rights, and reform the world ; purge out society, purify religion, and banish the Jesuits,—those ravenous wolves in sheep's clothing. You're right ; have at 'em. Now, this is beautiful. I'm in ecstasies. Oh, yes ; I can tell you where you'll find your nephew. My old footstool, Count Poodle, as I call him, knows where everybody lives in Paris. I expect him here every moment. Oh, here he is."

The Count entered, bowing to the ladies. He was introduced to Mrs. Malcolm.

"My dear Count," said Mrs. Balfour, "the affair of young Devigne, you remember. Mrs. Malcolm is his aunt."

"*Vraiment !* Oh, it's killing. My dear madam. It's epigrammated, epic, episodic, tragic, melodramatic. It's all the rage, all the fury ;—a most entrancing uproar. Gad ! madam, everybody is obliged to your nephew. He has quite revived us. We were dying for a blaze. Now we're all up. Twenty epigrams have been published, two episodes ; our magnificent, prodigious, and sentimental poet, Elecampine, is engaged on an epic ; the inexhaustible Macedonian is spinning a tragedy, and, out of the stray remnants thereof, he intends to fling off a melodrama. See what glorious excitement your heroic nephew has produced ! Permit me to sit down, ladies ;" concluded the Count, quite exhausted, and fanning himself with his handkerchief.

It must be evident that Mrs. Malcolm was excessively annoyed. Mrs. Balfour was "ravished" of course ; she said,—

"Do, Count, describe the *duel-scene* once more. I want my friend to see how you can enter into the thing. Believe me, my friend, the Count is another Talma ; you 'll be ravished."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Balfour, you can easily suppose that I am ill at ease. I would not interfere in your merriment, but sadness suits me best just now. If your friend can give me the information I need, I will disembarass you of my presence, for I feel that I must be a burthen."

Mrs. Malcolm spoke so touchingly, that her gay friend could torment her no longer. She said,—

"Count, can you tell my friend where she may find her nephew ?"

"Oh, certainly. I'll escort her myself; should be most happy to protect her in case of violence; for believe me, madam, these Jesuits are terrible fellows; but I'll put a veto on them any time. Will you honour me with your arm ?"

Suiting the action to the word, the Count rose, but Mrs. Malcolm said, —

"I am obliged for your offer, but I need no protection except that of the Almighty. Give me the address, if you please."

"Certainly, madam."

"Write it, if you please ; my memory is unsteady ; my thoughts will get the uppermost."

The Count wrote the address on a card, which he handed to Mrs. Malcolm, adding :—

"I hope you will favour us with an account of

the *interview*, madam. We shall die of impatience till we see you again."

Mrs. Malcolm made no reply, but hastily took leave of Mrs. Balfour and the Count, and started for the Novitiate.

She found the house with some difficulty. She was admitted by the porter.

In a few minutes one of the Fathers entered, and bowed to Mrs. Malcolm. She began :—

"I beg the favour of an interview with Leonard Devigne, my nephew."

"I fear, madam, that your wish cannot be complied with at present. The regulations of the house interdict the indulgence which we would otherwise be most happy to grant."

"But, sir, I have come to France for this express purpose. I have important questions to ask my nephew. Surely there can be no harm in my seeing him but for five minutes. This is all I wish. I only want to know if he is happy."

"Oh, on that score, madam, you may rest satisfied; he is quite happy."

"But, sir, excuse me; I must be assured of that from his own lips. Why should you *fear* to let me see him?"

"*Fear!* madam,—there is no *fear*," retorted the Jesuit, pointedly, but politely.

"But there *is* fear, sir; there *must* be fear where *craft* triumphs."

"Excuse me, madam; you are excited."

"I admit it; and have I not enough to excite

me? Have you not insulted—dishonoured the name of my fathers—insulted my religion—perverted my son—my brother—and now my nephew? Is not this enough to excite me? But I insist on seeing my nephew. I'll appeal to the authorities of the land. They'll enable me to see justice. Will you, or will you not, grant the interview?" exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, firmly.

The Father requested her to wait a moment, promising to bring an answer. He left the room. A consultation ensued: it was decided not to grant the interview. "But," said the Superior to Father Fraser, "go and announce the refusal, and pacify the lady. Perhaps further success is in store for us."

The Superior's look and manner, as he uttered these words, inspired confidence, and forcibly appealed to the man's vanity, or the Jesuit's spiritual ambition. The "merit" of Leonard's conversion was his; he had conquered the nephew,—might he not subdue the aunt? Had he not already and often tested the charm of his eloquence on woman, on many a difficult occasion? Always ready, always self-possessed—he gladly obeyed the command. Prepared for the worst, he hoped for the best, and opened the door to enter, with persuasion on his lips.

At the sight of the venerable lady, her grey hair partially dishevelled on her brow, tears streaming from her eyes, poignant grief in every lineament of her face, Father Fraser stood, and gazed in sudden

terror ; his lips parted—eager to utter a name long consigned to oblivion.

“ Donald ! ”

“ Mother ! ”

The mother and her son were together once more.

The mother and son, long lost, gazed on each other, gasping, unable to speak. The mother's arms stretched towards her son, inviting a son's fond embrace.

He stood motionless.

She rushed forward, embraced him tenderly, exclaiming,—

“ My Donald ! my son ! Is it not to console me that you are come ? Oh, bless me now, my son ! I am wretched—desolate ! Yes—you will repent for the past. God will forgive you. I will love you as fondly as ever. My son, bless your afflicted mother, and God will bless you for ever.”

The Jesuit made no reply ; he was regaining his self-possession. The mother began to feel his coldness.

“ What ! my son, silent ? Why is your heart voiceless ? Do you not love your mother ? ”

She disengaged her arms, stepping back, but still gazing on her obdurate son.

With eyes downcast, he solemnly said,—

“ Mother, the will of God has been accomplished in me. I have obeyed the call of Heaven. Wherefore was I born, but to seek, and find, and obey that crying voice which commands us to leave all in order to gain all—that all, eternal life ? Bitter is



the pang to those whom nature inclines us to love ; but Christ overcame nature, and commands us to do likewise. . . . I have remembered you, mother : my prayers for you have ascended without ceasing. I have not ceased to love you ; I love you still ; and may that love enable me to console you now and for ever. I am ready to die, if my death would ensure your salvation, for which I constantly pray."

Mrs. Malcolm had listened with difficulty to this address : the heart of the mother was chilled ; the allusion conveyed in the last sentence fired her indignation. She was herself again.

"Wretched man!" she exclaimed ; "then you are confirmed in guilt ! You have grown bald in your iniquity, to blast my aged eyes with the sight of those rags that cloak the sons of Belial ! Fortify me, oh Lord God of my fathers ! . . . Would that you had died in the womb, mother's shame as you are !—your father's murderer ! and now, *what* ? Yes, *Fraser* is the name—you are the man. You have pierced your mother's heart with endless anguish. From the moment of your transgression, I have not ceased to weep, to pray for you ; but God hath rejected you,—you were unworthy a mother's prayers. You had steeped your soul in the dregs of wicked cunning—Satan's own arts ; God had nothing in you.

"I adopted your cousin, the last remnant of our family ; and you, the son of my own breast, with blackest envy, envied God his soul. You have perverted him. Oh God ! and you made him for-

swear himself. You have deprived a poor girl of her senses, to howl in the wilderness of the heart, and curse your evil deeds. Yes, *Fraser* is the name; and you are the man. Why did I not think of my son when I read the name? The thought would have killed me. But now I am strengthened.

"Well, you have succeeded: you have secured your prey,—secured it through horrible anguish. God bring you to repentance! I have done with sorrow now: the greatest is come. My eyes have beheld the depth of woe. I shall now be at rest till God calls me away. I leave you. I would not see my nephew now; no,—I leave my cause in the hands of God. If God deems him worthy of mercy, He will touch his young heart. Tell him,—yes, tell him that his aunt pities him, bewails his fall, and will *receive* him, should he repent. No,—you will not tell him that; you fear to lose your prey; but I tell you, you will be disappointed in your greatest hopes,—the hopes that make you so eager to entrap the sons of the wealthy. Yes, you will be disappointed. *Leonard is not worth one farthing*; his father's estates are mortgaged for more than they are worth. So perhaps you'll reject him now. If so, send him to his aunt—his mother. I shall strive, with God, to make him worthy of the name which you have disgraced, and, with a mother's curse upon you, will disgrace for ever!"

Mrs. Malcolm retired: the Jesuit left the room, and gave a circumstantial account of the interview as calmly as if he had seen a panorama; for after

the first shock, he completely recovered his self-possession, and listened to his mother's awful denunciations without evincing the slightest impatience; his eyes downcast, his hands crossed upon his breast, his attitude that of a statue,—cold, cold as its solid marble.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## CONCLUSION.

A FEW words will bring this narrative to a conclusion.

The unexpected announcement respecting Mr. Devigne's bankruptcy was a shock to the Jesuits; but they did not on that account reject his son, as Mrs. Malcolm imagined they would; Leonard Devigne was a *mine* of wealth in himself: they had not erroneously computed the wealth he would produce, when "skilfully handled."

He realized their most sanguine expectations.

Eight years after his admission into the Society, his career began with a brilliant conversion.

Since then, his success has been unparalleled in the annals of Jesuitism in England.

His comely person, elegant address, fascinating manners, carry all before him: his heavenly look, when in the pulpit, is itself a conquering argument; but the music of his voice—the subtlety of his persuasive eloquence! No syren ever charmed so wisely.

He is the perfect man of the world rendered divine by all the spiritualities of Jesuitism. How fertile in resources; how inventive his penetrating

genius! What mind of "heresy" can he not first entice, then dazzle, persuade, convince?

And has he not realized all his hopes—his *sanctified* hopes and desires? Has he not verified the Jesuit's and the astrologer's predictions?

And is he not happy?

And does he not sometimes think of Helen?

And again, it is asked, is he not happy? . . . .

Did not Valremy strive to forget himself in his awful excesses? And may not a holy man—a pious man—a Jesuit—console himself by the business of "religion?"

It is amongst the rich, the great, the learned, that FATHER DEVIGNE has pitched his camp; and ever and anon, some choice remnant of Luther's time-honoured Protestantism clanks the chains so sweetly and gently riveted by this incomparable Jesuit.

He flourishes . . . . .

Mlle. Duplessis was permitted by Providence, to undergo a severe affliction; but her strong heart and enlightened mind stood the trial, firm to the last, and blessed with consolation.

The fatal secret which had been likely to compromise her happiness, was at last revealed—involving her father's disgrace.

M. Duplessis was the Procurator of the Jesuits. He managed all their "temporal concerns." Having been recommended to them as a clever, shrewd man of business, they had eagerly enlisted him into their service.

It is the fatal lot of all cunning to be self-duped at last. The shrewd Jesuits were duped by the shrewder Duplessis. He played his part most skillfully. Permitting certain excusable weaknesses to appear in his conduct, which he humbly admitted and bewailed, he concealed from the Jesuits the most extravagant enormities—sufficient to justify Valremy's assertion as to his profligacy. He secretly maintained a splendid establishment, and indulged in the vices of the most depraved nature. Jesuit money supplied the means. He falsified accounts, overcharged, robbed his employers, for the space of three years, undetected.

Gramont, who was everywhere, in accordance with his vocation, suspected, detected, and accused the thief; but promised secrecy, "with ulterior views." The proposal to the hand of Mlle. Duplessis, an heiress, soon followed, and the daughter was to be sacrificed on the altar of a father's guilt. We have seen how that doom was averted. But at length the rogue was detected: he fled the country.

Adele came forward and paid the amount of the embezzlement—about eight thousand pounds.

She stifled her grief at a father's disgrace by liberally supplying his wants, and maintained him in competence, afar from the scene of his dishonour.

Meanwhile, confirmed in the religion which she had conscientiously embraced, she continued her works of charity—a mother to all the children of affliction.

A few years since she was married to a Protestant

clergyman of Evangelical principles—a man of sincere piety, extensive acquirements, refined taste, and elegant manners. Her early dreams were realized. Why should not all our hopes be blessed with the fulfilment, if they be founded on the heart's uprightness? If we hope in accordance with the aims of Providence, we are guaranteed the consolations of Heaven in the appointed success. That hope which does not descend from above, is but the deceitful mask of despair.

Miss Benbow, also, was rewarded for her filial piety. She was happily married to an English nobleman; and the nabob had the gratification to enjoy his "hammock" under the happy roof of his son and daughter: "the patriarchs of twelve tribes," as he hoped, are likely to arise.

These pleasant realizations must be somewhat saddened by the remembrance of our most revered friend, the unfortunate and sorely-tried Mrs. Malcolm.

This excellent lady retired to Scotland on her own property. Chastised by her sorrows and disappointments, she gave herself entirely to the practice of piety, and shared her means with the poor.

Seeking peace and rest, she studiously avoided every topic that could remind her of the dismal past. To the future, from the present, she looked forward hopefully, prayerfully—her trust in the Redeemer ever firm and consoling.

If her sincere and just indignation on many occasions has induced some of our readers to pass the

same condemnation on Mrs. Malcolm as was so unfeelingly expressed by her irreverent brother,—her severe trials, her unequal position, must extenuate, if not entirely excuse, her heartfelt religious feelings. Does she not represent the condition of pure Protestantism—of heartfelt religion—in the present day? Pressed on all sides by the phalanx of error, how could she conquer? But she was herself unshaken; she did not conquer, because “her kingdom was not of this world.” The superficial, artificial, flimsy mind will not sympathize with our respected friend, for the same reason that the scribe and pharisee shunned the Redeemer, or sought him only to propose their puzzling questions. *They* were humbled for their presumption; but still they triumphed perversely at last; their perverse hearts were permitted to witness the awful “end.”

The Jesuits, and all those who side with them, may thus exult at the issue; but the only representative of Religion in the conflict which we have witnessed, was more blessed by that calm, placid hopefulness and resignation, which, piercing the veil of futurity, could suggest and inspire the words of faith, “Thy will be done.”

The triumph of craft is for this world: that of truth and sincerity for the next. God is the God of both: His long-suffering is not a proof of His approval.

At her death, which happened ten years after that of her brother, Mrs. Malcolm left a few legacies to her husband's relatives, equally dividing the pro-



perty which she had received from him : but her own patrimony—the property which her Protestant ancestors had brought to this country—was bequeathed to be funded for the support of Protestant schools for the poor, and an almshouse for poor widows.

She desired that a simple stone might be raised to her memory, inscribed with her married and maiden name, ending with the words—

*The Last of a Protestant Family.*

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OR,

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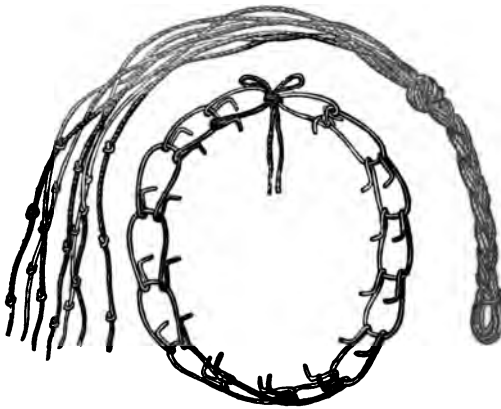
BEING

**A YEAR'S RESIDENCE AMONG THE ENGLISH JESUITS:**

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY ANDREW STEINMETZ,

AUTHOR OF "THE JESUIT IN THE FAMILY."



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"Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse!"

*Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Scene III.*

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"This is a remarkable book—a revealer of secrets, and full of materials for thought. . . .  
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